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C. Prince, Dun R

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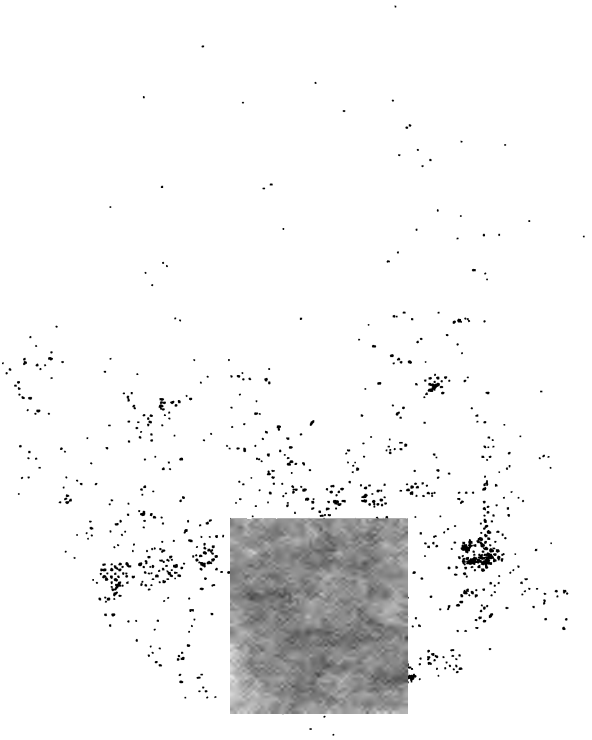

MEMOIR

AND

SELECT WRITINGS

OF

WILLIAM REED PRINCE,

EDITED BY N. A. PRINCE.

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS QUALITIES AS A PREACHER,

BY GEORGE SHEPARD, D. D.

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, BANGOR.

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SONNET

TO

THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM R. PRINCE.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Thou wert to us, oh pure and gifted one,
Like to a voice, heard in the summer eve
Where old gray rocks and trees their shadows weave—
A strong, thought-joyful and up-stirring tone
From a full being uttered, and then gone:
We listen—where away the bald cliffs heave
The voice dies out, and silence sits to grieve—
Thou the sad echo in the hearts that moan.
Thrice blessed thus to go with thy strong dower
Of thought, and will and love, the dregs of life
Untasted—to have felt the solemn power
So wondrous in ourselves, and then all rife
With thine unclouded being, in the hour
That saw thee fit for combat, go—nor know the strife.

Soon after the decease of Mr. Prince, a desire was expressed by many, that a memorial of his life and character, together with selections from his writings, might be given to the public. The present work was accordingly undertaken. Such extracts from his correspondence have been inserted as may revive in the minds of some reminiscences of past friendship, and disclose to others his prominent characteristics as a scholar, as a friend, and as a candidate for the office of the Christian Ministry. Moreover the hope is cherished, that his example of energetic and successful effort in encountering the obstacles incident to a course of thorough preparation for the work of preaching the Gospel, may incite others to a like undertaking, and encourage and strengthen those already thus engaged. Such selections from his discourses and other writings have been made, as exemplify his habits of thinking and style of expression, and as, it is hoped, will aid in promoting that cause to which he had devoted himself.

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM R. PRINCE.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

William Reed Prince was born in Cumberland, Me. Aug. 11th 1817. He was the fourth son of Mr. Paul and Mrs. Abigail R. Prince. He was lineally descended and of the eighth generation, from Rev. John Prince, who in the early part of the seventeenth century was rector of East Strafford, Berkshire County, England. The eldest of his four sons John Prince Jr., having spent two or three years at Oxford University, and embraced the principles of the Non-Conformists, emigrated to Massachusetts in 1633. He is the ancestor of most of those, who bear his name in New England.

In infancy he was consecrated by his parents to God in baptism. He was but little more than two years of age, when his mother died. She was a

godly woman, who dedicated all her children to God from their birth. Though deprived of his mother so early in life, yet he was wont to speak of her with deep interest. He said, he had a distinct recollection of her. Her memory to him was indeed blessed, as it is to all her surviving children. Her fervent prayers in their behalf have been richly answered. Three of them are with her in the heavenly mansions, and the three who yet remain on earth, cherish the hope of meeting them there when life's work is done.

The elementary principles of the christian religion were early inculcated on his mind by his father and excellent step-mother. For their untiring efforts to bring their children to the knowledge of the truth, he often expressed much gratitude during the latter part of his life, both in his conversation and letters. This appears in the following extract of a letter addressed to his father, Dec, 29, 1841.

"Had I not had a pious and kind father, I know not what I should have been; probably a miserable, ruined mortal, a pest to the world and a grief to friends. I feel grateful that God gave me pious parents. The reflection that my parents have prayed for me, and do still, has filled me with joy in my saddest hours. Thewords of my dying mother, "God will take care of them," have often in the darkest seasons of life filled me with the assurance that I should never be abandoned of God. And then I feel that that there are many prayers filed on God's altar for me—a legacy richer by far than any earthly possession. I know not but I am receiving the answers to those prayers. What a blessed thought to have bank-stock in Heaven, receiving daily a large interest. It is a good

and safe bank, where the poor man and a pious mother may deposit wealth, that will make a child happy while on earth and rich through eternity."

Feb. 4th 1845, he thus writes to his father:

"My prayer is that God will remember his covenant with our family through all coming generations, that down to the latest posterity they may ever hold fast the form and spirit of sound doctrine. I have blessed the Lord a thousand times for the sound doctrines that were taught me in my youth. Those doctrines are now sweet unto my taste. The impressions which you made upon my religious life will never be effaced. The truths you taught me are now the life of my soul. They have been as anchors by which I have been safely and calmly moored amid the wild heavings of delusion and error. The more I drink into the spirit of them, the more often I thank my Heavenly Father, that they were taught me in early childhood. I remember your prayers and tears for me, and shall till I die. God bless you, my beloved father. May Heaven grant to you a rich reward in your own bosom for your many prayers and acts for me."

His means of education were limited, for the most part, to the common district school. He felt but little interest in books during his earlier years. He had naturally a great flow of spirits, and confinement to study was not very congenial to his feelings. He found more pleasure in the labors and recreations of the farm, than in his studies. Nor is this to be regretted, as by these means he acquired much physical strength and energy, which afterwards proved of so much service to him. When but a mere boy he manifested a fondness for exercises in declamation. He no doubt at this time received a lasting impulse in this direction. He, at

least, gave some indications of what he was capable of doing as a speaker, if properly trained.

HIS CONVERSION.

His mind was occasionally awakened to the necessity of preparation for eternity. The warnings and counsels of his father were not without effect. Though his anxiety for his spiritual welfare was often of short duration, still he was not entirely at rest.

During the summer of 1830 a good work of grace began in his native place. Many of the young were awakened, and some of them hopfully converted. In this revival his attention was arrested. For some weeks he exhibited a deep solicitude for the salvation of his soul. But his feelings gradually subsided. The following summer of 1831, God was pleased to pour out his Spirit powerfully upon the people of Cumberland. He was again wrought upon; his former convictions were revived. While the revival was in progress he was brought to yield his heart to God. He had been for some weeks in a distressed state of mind. His prospects were dark. No ray of hope gilded the future. He was a condemned sinner. His sister explained to him one evening the nature of submission to God and of faith in Christ. He paused, he reflected. He saw what he needed, that faith in Christ alone would save him. At this moment he was enabled to give up the contest. He submitted and found peace. From this time,

for one of his age, he began to advance rapidly in the christian course. Though young, he had a good understanding of the great doctrines of the Cross.

In the autumn of the same year, he united, together with a large number of others, with the Congregational Church in C. It was a day of great solemnity and of joy to the church and its faithful pastor.

HIS ACADEMIC COURSE.

It was not long after his union with the church, that he began to show a strong thirst for knowledge. He read to a considerable extent what works he could obtain. But at this period he thought he had not sufficient natural talent to authorize his entering upon a course of thorough education. He was, however, induced by some friends, and through the influence of his pastor (Rev. Isaac Weston,) to turn his thoughts to this subject. Many obstacles presented themselves at the outset. These were soon so far removed as to warrant the attempt.

In the autumn of 1833 he entered North Yarmouth Academy. His previous privileges had been so limited, that his mind had received but little discipline. He at once commenced the study of Latin with an energy and zeal, that promised well for the future. He advanced rapidly considering the difficulties he had to encounter at the outset. He remained at the academy but one term, and then resumed his labors on the farm. But he was not to

be satisfied with these. His strong desire for knowledge impelled him onward. The next spring he returned to N. Yarmouth. His mind was acquiring new strength, and new and brighter prospects were opening before him. But he was again under the necessity of relinquishing his favorite employments for a few months. The subsequent autumn he was engaged in his academical studies, and a part of the following winter in teaching. After this time he pursued his studies with but few and short interruptions, up to the period of his entering college.

He acquired at this time much skill in debate. The exercises of the Phi. Log. Society of the academy afforded an ample opportunity for the development and culture of his reasoning powers. In debate he made it a point to found his arguments upon some general principles, which could not be easily shaken. His manner was earnest, his arguments strong and logical. The mere assertions and rhetorical flourishes of an opponent never satisfied him. His mind always demanded proof. These youthful encounters had great influence in shaping his future course. They created a taste for polemical subjects, and a disposition to guard vigilantly the boundaries of Truth.

His limited pecuniary resources imposed upon him the strictest economy. In no part of a student's course is there needed more of energy and enthusiasm than in his academical. This is especially true if his means are stinted. He has old habits to break

up, new ones to form, and at the same time to make provision for future wants. There is of necessity a heavy burden laid upon him in the very beginning. He is beset on all sides with difficulties. And he, who has nerve enough to meet these at first, need never despair afterwards. If an education is worth having, it is worth laboring for; even if it is to be obtained on the severe terms which poverty dictates. Such were his feelings. He determined to press forward at all hazards, casting himself, to use his own language, "upon the wave of Providence."

While at N. Yarmouth he had many social and religious privileges. He availed himself of these so far as a proper regard to other duties permitted. His open and generous expression of countenance, and his honest and straight forward course of action won him many friends at this time. His letters written during his last year at the academy show that he was not only deeply interested in his studies, but in religious matters.

He speaks of the weekly prayer meetings of the students, and of a strong desire for the outpouring of the Spirit upon them. He was associated with several kindred spirits, strongly attached to the Redeemer's cause, and like himself ready to employ all their powers in its promotion.

HIS COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Having completed his preparatory studies, he en-

tered Bowdoin College in Sept. 1836. He had looked forward to this period with much interest. Nor was he disappointed in his expectations respecting college life. He soon became deeply absorbed in its pursuits. He found there choice spirits. Many of his classmates possessed a high order of talents and piety. He associated with these for the most part in his freshman year, with his characteristic frankness.

His limited resources for meeting his current expenses rendered it necessary for him to engage in teaching a part of each year while in college. To this employment he devoted himself with an energy and zeal that uniformly insured success. The first two winters after entering college he spent in teaching Vocal Music in Waterford and its vicinity. Mr. H. Hamlin of Boston, at that time a resident in Waterford, thus alludes to his efforts in that place.

"It was his first school. He commenced it under some disadvantages. He wished to introduce the Pestalozzian system of teaching, and we wished to have him. But it was unknown in that place, and objected to by the most influential singers, and ridiculed by others. But he persevered and sustained himself most admirably. The school was pleased with his method of teaching and made rapid progress in a knowledge of the science. He was at that time but nineteen years old, although we supposed him to be much older. He maintained strict discipline in his school, which was

very large, and won the esteem and respect of all classes."

"The Congregational Church and society in W. had that season built a meeting house, which was dedicated soon after Mr. Prince commenced his school. The choir connected with the society requested him to assist in selecting and rehearsing the music for the occasion, and the chorister insisted that he should take his place for the time, which he consented to do. The choir succeeded remarkably well, and the energy and skill with which he conducted it were noticed by all, and were spoken of by many of our friends of other towns. He certainly appeared like an experienced leader, but he assured me he had never taken charge of a choir before, on any public occasions, and but a few times only on the Sabbath."

"We employed him again the next season and he devoted himself to his school with equal energy and assiduity, and succeeded quite as well as before."

The winter vacation of his junior year he spent with his friends in Cumberland and in Brunswick. In the subsequent autumn he was employed in teaching a select school in South Paris, at the close of which he returned to Bowdoin, and applied himself during the winter to study and general reading.

Notwithstanding many necessary interruptions in his collegiate course, which he always regretted, he sustained an honorable rank as a scholar. The

studies of the senior year were very much adapted to his taste. He delighted in the investigation of philosophical subjects. He had the power of grasping the strong points of a subject and skill in detecting fallacies. He was choice in the selection of authors, generally preferring such as require of the reader no small share of intellectual acumen and strength. Much of his time, not otherwise occupied by the regular college studies, he employed in the examination of metaphysical and theological questions. His fondness for these was much increased by frequent discussion of their merits with some of his classmates. He was cautious in his researches for great principles, and when he had once settled them in his own mind, he was bold in their defense, and zealous in urging and enforcing the practical duties growing out of them.

He was ardent in his attachment to his classmates. He respected and loved them. In their trials and seasons of despondency he was ever ready to tender them his sympathy and aid. His strong affection for them did not cease with the termination of his college life, as will appear from subsequent correspondence. Those most intimately acquainted with him felt that they had in him a friend, whose constancy and devotion would not tire. For those of them looking forward to the same profession as himself, he cherished a warmer friendship. This was but natural. In their social and religious interviews they often alluded to the

coming conflict in the arena of public life and mutually encouraged and strengthened their hearts to meet it. He felt a deep solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his classmates. In a letter addressed to a christian member of his class, dated South Paris, Oct. 30, 1839, he writes,

"The time of our college life, Edward, I feel, is fast passing away. What we do for the cause of Christ, we must do quickly. I cannot look back upon the religious life I have led, since I have been in college with any degree of satisfaction. As I look upon the past, I can discover nothing but the thick mist and dark clouds of sin, that seem to rise up as from a stagnant pool. H. I understand, is in an anxious state of mind. We ought to pray earnestly in his behalf. I fear, if he does not now become a christian, he never will."

In the exercises of the religious meetings of the students he took an active part. His efforts with the unconverted were always judicious and well timed. He knew how to approach, and how to deal with the mind of the anxious.

The prayer-meetings in college are often seasons of the deepest solemnity. Many minds there receive an impulse, that can never die. Of such a character were many of the religious meetings in the spring term of his senior year. For awhile these meetings were held every evening in his room. Those, who attended them, will not soon forget the importunate prayers there put up in behalf of the unconverted and the earnest appeals to their consciences and hearts. His roommate was the amia-

ble, the devoted, and much lamented Eli Wight. Their solicitude for the salvation of their fellow students was of no ordinary kind, and exhibited itself in their conduct, conversation and prayers. Those labors and intercessions, we trust, were not all in vain. Their influence is still felt by the christian brethren associated with them and by some, we hope, since born into the kingdom of God. His christian character in college was very uniform. His piety was not fitful. All his movements and labors as a christian were characterized by sound judgment tempered with love.

There was one trait in his college life worthy of note in this connection. He was always the firm and unflinching supporter of all measures designed for the good of the college. He held in the utmost contempt that spirit of insubordination to the wholesome regulations of college, so often exhibited by many, and the idea of manliness in thwarting the the designs and wishes of the Faculty. He respected his instructors and was ever ready to assist in any undertaking for the benefit of his companions in study, and for the general interests of the college. It was very much owing to his influence and that of a large number of his class, that Bowdoin enjoyed in their senior year an unusual degree of quiet. They felt, that they had a duty to perform in opposing every form of insobriety and dissipation. They did this, and the result proved the correctness of their position.

In the spring term he took part in the senior exhibition. His performance was characterized by much strength of style and energy in speaking, and was highly creditable to him.

In course of the summer term he delivered before the College Peace Society, at its anniversary, an oration on the examination of some of the principiples which sustain the practice of war. It was a production exhibiting maturity of mind, and much logical acuteness.

Immediately after the annual examination of his class he took leave of his Alma Mater.

HIS RESIDENCE AT ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

In the latter part of August he went to St. Stephen, where he engaged in the business of instruction for a year. His labors in this place were onerous and successful. In addition to the instruction of his day school, and that of a large class in music, he found time for several hours of severe study each day.

Writing to a classmate Sept. 10, he says,

"I study more hours per day than I did in college, and intend to study still harder. I have been over the Introduction to Butler and am determined to go over the whole work again. It is a book of books. The more I study it, the more I like it."

Sept. 30, he writes to an intimate friend and classmate respecting a plan he had formed of going to the West, and in a subsequent part of the letter thus alludes to his classmates:

"I have not heard from any of my classmates except R. They are scattered to the four winds of heaven by this time. It is rather hard to be separated from classmates dear. When I meet one of them again, I shall feel as though I had found a brother. I did not know before, S., that the ties which bind the members of a class together are so strong. They are almost as strong as those that bind happy hearts around the family altar. I find my affections rather cold to all others. I almost fear they are self-centering. In this barren world,

> "Our young affections run to waste,
> Or water but the desert."

There are but few that enter into a student's feelings like his own classmates. I think the great failing in — as well as in some others, is want of power of will. I believe this is indispensable to great attainments and noble deeds. There is but little persevering action, when there is a want of it. But where this power is exhibited in connection with strength of intellect, and the best qualities of the heart, I think it gives us an exhibition of the moral sublime. The will of such a person in times of excitement stands like a lofty rock in the moving seas of feeling: and

> "Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
> And oceans break their billows at its feet,
> It stands unmoved, and glorious in its height."

Oct. 10. He writes to his father,

"If in the sunny days of boyhood, my affections clustered around the paternal hearth, as the place of joy and peace, and I sought it as eagerly as the traveller seeks in the desert some happy spot of verdure, where he may lay his weary limbs in repose, and in his gladness and rest forgets his days of toil and pain; yet they have not so far become chilled by the cold frosts of the world, that the pulsations of my soul cease to beat high at the name of "home, sweet home." No; the farther I wander from home, the more I love and value it. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." Not a day passes

but I think of those, who alone can feel the deepest interest in my happiness; and would that I could repay half of their care and affection. The only means I have of doing them good is to go to the throne of mercy and there pour out my full soul for their happiness and safety. And I find pleasure in doing this, because I can leave them in the hands of that Being, who bestows blessings not after the manner of an earthly benefactor. I love to think of home, for that is the place where, I believe, prayer daily ascends for me. A parent's heart will always pray, though all others cease."

There was an overflowing of affection for his friends, especially those with whom he had been associated in the pursuit of learning. The following letter is to a classmate, who had gone to Andover Theo. Sem., and with whom he had contracted the closest friendship.

"St. Stephen, N. B. Nov. 7, 1840.

My Dear Edward:

I sit down and think, almost every evening, after I get a good fire built in my room, of days "lang syne;" and I can assure you, amid the toils of the present and after the fatigues of the day, the memory of those days comes over the mind, like the refreshing gales at evening, breathed from the ocean of the past. I conjure up the forms of old friends and classmates, and they pass before me clothed in their wonted love and kindness; but no eye beams with warmer splendor upon me than that of Edward."

"You are at Andover, the School of the Prophets. I suppose you begin to wear a sober face in good earnest. Well, life is rather a sober affair after all. The study of theology should lead us to view it in its true light. We should watch unto prayer and be sober. But how hard it is for one to be guarded in his words, and grave in all things. I hope, dear E., you pray for me. I feel at times, when I have no heart to pray for myself, that I

can pour out my whole soul for you, that the richest of Heaven's blessings may be yours—that what ever may become of me, you may live to bless the world—to shine as a light to illumine its darkness. I hope, E., you live near to God, enjoy much of his presence; that is the best place for a poor sinner. May Heaven bless you.

Your Friend William."

To his former roommate, E. Wight, in a letter dated Feb. 22, 1841, he says,

"You ask in your letter if I mean to be a first rate speaker. I do, if God spares my life and health; and not only a first rate speaker, but a sound, deep theologian; and above all things a most humble and devoted christian. Without the last I shall be only as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and for this I hope I have your sincere prayers. I find a desire springing up in my heart to live nearer to God—to live more devoted to Him—to live more as a stranger and a pilgrim on earth. I feel at times as though it would do me good to kneel down with you, and pray as we used to do. How many such delightful seasons did we have during the last spring term in college. I can look back upon those scenes with some degree of satisfaction. I wish that I felt as engaged now as I did then; but I feel more so than I have. I pray more, I trust, and more fervently. I hope, chum, you have not forgotten me in your prayers. When you bend the knee before God, and gain a nearness to Him—if it is not too much to ask, remember your old chum, and pray for him, that he may live like a christian—may feel the obligations that rest upon him—may walk with God—may have a spirit of prayer continually leading him to the throne of grace."

"Do you think much of eternity? I almost tremble sometimes, lest I should never have the privilege of seeing you again in this world. One of our class has already gone to the spirit land. How soon we may follow! Ah! how little did he think last spring term that his end was so near! O——, I understand, is also dead. And

soon the same may be said of us. I hope, we shall not forget to pray for our beloved Alma Mater."

The apprehensions expressed in the above letter, in relation to the health of Mr. Wight, were fully realized in course of a few months. After leaving college he was engaged as Principal in the English Department of N. Yarmouth Academy. He remained there till near the close of the following spring session, when the impaired state of his health rendered it necessary for him to suspend his labors, and he returned to Bethel, his native town. His strength gradually failed, till he found a happy release from his sufferings in the early part of the succeeding autumn.

There were many admirable traits in the character of the beloved Wight. He was naturally of a mild and gentle disposition, of winning manners, of deep sympathies, and of a gracious smile, that welcomed the pure and the good to his companionship. In the walks of science he stood among the first of his associates, and by his urbanity, large-heartedness and constancy, won the respect and love of all. He had devoted himself to the cause of the Redeemer. He looked forward to the Gospel ministry with an eagerness to enter upon its duties. For this he seemed peculiarly fitted both by nature and grace. He possessed a sweet and fervid eloquence, that always enchained the attention of his hearers. Of him it may with truth be said, as Cicero has remarked of an ancient orator, *ex ejus lingua melle dulcior fluebat oratio.*

His piety was deep and practical. He prayed and labored for the salvation of his fellow students. "While in college (says the subject of this memoir in a letter to a classmate) Wight (a name dear to me) and I often kneeled together in our room and made you the subject of our special and earnest prayer. I can almost hear my old chum putting up his supplications with all the fervor of his soul. Often, after I had retired to bed, did I hear him sometimes for an hour pray for his beloved classmates." None knew him but to love him; none listened to the sweet tones of his voice till his sentiments had penetrated their hearts, but who wished to listen again. His high aspirations, his attachment to truth and holiness, and his bright example, are embalmed in the memories of all who knew him.

To another classmate he writes,

St. Stephen, Mar. 17, 1841.

"I have just been reading WESLEY'S VIEWS ON PERFECTION, and find some things there, that are very interesting. I think he is greatly wanting in logic in many parts. His mind is not well balanced, nor can I possess such high notions of his greatness as some of his followers appear to have. What are your views in relation to perfection? I have just begun the examination of the subject; yet even thus far I find many objections to the positions assumed. Wesley says, (and I believe it agrees with the views of others on the same subject) that "first, every one may mistake as long as he lives; secondly, a mistake in *opinion* may occasion a mistake in *practice*; thirdly, every such mistake is a transgression of the perfect law; therefore, fourthly, every such mistake,

were it not for the blood of the atonement would expose to eternal damnation."* Now this mistake of judgment, or of the understanding, as they term it, and a state of perfection or of perfect love, may exist in the same individual at the same time. Let us look for a moment at some things, that would result from this. What if a person, perfect in this sense of the word, makes a *mistake* as to his personal duties, or the character of God; he is still perfect. What, if he by an error of judgment mistakes his own feelings of heart— *his need of atonement for his acts of misjudgment*, he is still perfect. But according to Wesley, this mistake would expose him to "eternal damnation." Ergo, though sent to hell, he would still be perfect, and we should have perfect men in hell! alias, *a perfect hell*!"

"St. Stephen, April 10, 1841.

Dear Friend E,

I am growing very avaricious of time. I wasted so much while in college that I feel I ought to make it up some how. I study most of the time five hours per day out of school, and some days 'more. You perhaps remember I shook hands with D., to study four hours per day out of school. I have received a most fatherly caution from him not to exceed that number. His counsel is like the rain poured on the desert."

Here alluding to some of his studies, after mentioning several authors, he says,

"But my favorite book is Butler. The more I read that work the more I admire, and may say, am astonished at the power of Butler's mind. The work is, as Barnes says, a book of "principles." And the application of these principles to the great truths and doctrines of Christianity fills me with delight. Barnes' Essay is first rate, in my opinion, and contains much and valuable thought."

"I have made up my mind to read less and think more. Thought is the great thing after all. One may

*Vid: Wesley on C. Perfection p. 54.

read all his life time, and be a very ignorant man notwithstanding. I fear that heretofore I have not been sufficiently influenced by love of truth. But in future I I hope I shall be impelled with an earnest desire to know the truth, and follow it. I believe it is perfectly safe to follow truth wherever it leads. This principle ought to be embedded deeply in the heart. Hence if the transcendentalism of the present day is the truth, it should be received. I am not prepared to assert any decided opinion in relation to it, for I fear that I do not perfectly understand it; but I am inclined to think, if I have correct notions on the subject, that there is some truth in it, enough perhaps to overthrow the whole system of Unitarianism. Transcendentalism is more prevalent among Unitarians than any other class; and I think, it is a reaching, on the part of the higher order of minds, after a more vital, life-giving and spiritual system than Unitarianism."

"I do not at present think that Upham's argument against the self-determining power of the Will can be shown to be a *petitio principii*."

"I am glad you are giving your attention to mental and moral science. It is the field where I love to rove, and it gives me pleasure to have my "old fellow pedestrian" by my side. Here it is that we are sure of meeting with the greatest and best of men and philosophers, such as Socrates, Plato, Cicero, Cousin, Locke, Burke, Stewart, Bacon, Reid, Butler, &c. One can but be instructed in the company of such men."

"How does the doctrine of perfection get along among you at Andover? Have many embraced it? I have began the examination of the subject, but thus far must still believe, that there is no perfect holiness on earth. I desire to know the truth in respect to the matter."

About this time his mind was actively engaged in the examination of certain principles in philosophy which, carried to their legitimate results, cannot be otherwise than subversive of the foundations of

truth. Some of his friends entertained fears, that he had wandered from the beaten paths and that he would become the firm supporter of the opinions of the transcendental school. But it is no matter of wonder, that a mind, glowing with the love of truth, should for a time be arrested by some of the specious forms of error. In his case, however, it was but for a time. The tendency at this period in his mind was to extravagance in mere metaphysical dogmas. But it is evidence of his nice discrimination and prudence, that he seasonably perceived and corrected this tendency. It was a principle with him to gather the seeds of truth wherever found. In the transcendental system he discovered both truths and errors. What seemed consonant with his pre-conceptions of man's spiritual nature, and the teachings of Christianity he cordially embraced. Alluding to some of his views in a letter to a friend soon after his entrance upon his theological course, he remarks,

"I hope you will not call them transcendental, as T. S. does. I cannot make a speech, or say any thing, but it all goes the same way with him. It is transcendentalism! And yet this *trans*-theology I hate above all things."

The latter part of August he left St. S. and returned to Cumberland. He spent a few weeks in visiting his friends and giving occasional lectures. It was very evident, that during his absence his mind had acquired much additional strength and activity.

HIS THEOLOGICAL COURSE.

In October 1841, he entered the Theological Seminary at Bangor. He commenced his studies here with his characteristic ardor.

A short time after entering the Seminary he writes to an intimate friend,

"I devote four hours and a half to Hebrew, half an hour to Mathematics, two hours to German, two to Greek, one to Latin and one to French. If you could step into my room, you would judge, that I intend to do, or have the appearance of doing something, from the number of books around me. I feel a literary spirit springing up within my soul, that is almost irresistible. I want to do so much, and have so little time to do it in, so many books to read on so many subjects. I suppose, however, I must be content to get knowledge in the old fashioned way, little by little, and by close study; the last of which I will most readily consent to, but the other condition is a hard one. You see I am filled with enthusiasm at the commencement of my course. I hope it will not soon subside."

"I really don't know what news to write you, friend D. You always want to know much about "number one," and I believe I am not slow in putting in the Is. I think with Coleridge, "that an excessive solicitude to avoid the use of our first personal pronoun more often has its source in conscious selfishness, than in true oblivion." Coleridge, by the by, has become quite a favorite of mine. I admire his independence of thought, of which we see but little at the present day. Then there is much depth of thought, real wells from which one may draw daily."

Alluding to the necessity of disciplining the heart "as a source of enjoyment and of knowledge," he says,

"There are some *practical moral conditions* necessary

to the mind, before it can come into a distinct and vivid consciousness of some of the sublimest truths. This is particularly the case in relation to many of the truths contained in Christianity. "If any man will *do the will* of God, he shall *know of the doctrine.*" This verse contains a great *moral fact*, which is almost entirely overlooked at the present day."

He applied himself so intensely to study, that in a few days after the date of the above letter he was rendered almost unfit for mental exertion for several weeks, in consequence of a nervous affection of the heart. But he soon recovered from its effects by a strict regimen and exercise. After referring to this in a letter to his friend D, dated Nov. 16, he writes,

"I have become very regular in all my habits even to a minute. This, you will say, is good. I hope to persevere in it; but "to err is human."

"You give me credit for looking far into human nature. I wish sometimes I could not look quite so far. One does not always find in the heart of man what is pleasing. I have often to turn away in disgust from the sight, and can only recover myself by looking up to God, where there is always something delightful and glorious. I admire man as God made him, for he was then like God; and love him, when I see all his godlike powers acting in perfect harmony. But to look at him, as we are compelled to do, with all his powers perverted—supremely selfish—the creature of prejudice—controlled by a course of wrong habits, it is sickening to the soul. And yet I find I am one of these very beings, and what can I do? I can only look up to my Savior and pray to be kept, and delivered from myself."

"When I look out upon the broad world of mind, and see how little regard there is to right, how little to conscience—how much to expediency and selfishness, I sometimes wonder at the forbearance of God. I am glad

God is not like ourselves. The great mass of mind is characterized by the most guilty indolence, or a more correct term would be *laziness*. Indeed, some think that this is the principal element of depravity and perhaps this is not far from the truth. Men hold to the grossest errors, because they are too lazy to examine whether they are true or not. They shut out the pure and healthy rays of truth, because they are too lazy to take off the blinds, which prejudice has nailed to the windows of the mind. We are born in the midst of prejudice, and it is therefore the more important, that we be on our guard against it. But I must stop this, as you know all of it, as well as I do. I find enough of prejudice and indolence in myself to make me humble and forgiving towards others."

The following extract is from a letter addressed to a gentleman of St. Stephen, dated Theo. Sem. Bangor, Jan. 30, 1842.

"I do not know as I have spent three months, during which I have felt so well satisfied with my progress and attainments in every thing but holiness, (and I hope I have made some feeble advance in that) as I have this term. I have spent my time almost wholly in my room, except three evenings a week in religious meetings, which I cannot well dispense with. I commenced at the beginning of the term with a little too much zeal and had to atone for it by a few weeks of sickness. But I trust, I have learned wisdom by experience. I am now more careful as to my exercise, and by devoting from three to four hours per day to that, I am able to accomplish as much and even more by way of study. By this means my health has been restored, and is now as good as ever. I take my exercise at all events, rain or shine."

"I should like to see my old friends in St. S. again very much. I was never in a place where I became so strongly attached to the people in so short a time. Your meetings I miss not a little. I like the Methodist prayer-meetings after all, *such as you used* to have, better than those of any other denomination. There is some LIFE to them and not so much formality. I think the Con-

gregationalists can learn a good lesson from their Methodist brethren in this respect."

"I should really delight to hear our brother S. talk once more. It does one's soul good. I often think of him, how heavenly, how devoted to his Savior. Prayer is the great secret of his piety. How it lifts the soul from earth to Heaven. It rolls up the curtain that hides eternity, and permits us to behold it peopled with living and bright realities. It causes the Christian's heart to sing for joy, and his face to shine with the light that beams upon it from God's throne. It fills the soul with strong faith in God,—his promises,—his providence—his watchful care, his undying love.

"How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
Thy will, O God, be done."

"How unspeakable the privilege to pray to our God—a privilege procured by a Savior's blood, bought by his dying groans. And yet how often do we feel it a task to pray?"

"What would become of us, if God was as unwilling to hear, as we sometimes are to ask?"

"Some of those who attended my singing class, I understand, have left you and gone to the Spirit Land. Death is ever busy. Soon we must take his cold hand, and be led down to the silent grave." * * *

"The time is come, I believe, when parents should early dedicate their sons to the great work of evangelizing the world. Samuel was thus early set apart for God. While iniquity and wickedness are now making rapid progress, and Romanism is rolling in upon the Christian and heathen world like a flood, all evangelical Christians should be awake, and preparing to meet it. There is a fearful struggle yet to come—a more terrific contest than has ever yet been witnessed; the lines are fast being drawn; the foes of true religion are ranging themselves together, and the various Christian evangelical denominations are forgetting their trifling differences, and uniting

more and more against the general enemy. Thus it should be—thus it will be, and then our eyes will be permitted to see what kings and prophets waited for, but died without the sight,—the complete and triumphant reign of Christ on earth."

In the Autumn of 1842, he spent a few weeks in Union. From this place he writes his friend D— October 15th.

"My Old Friend,

I have spent the time here very pleasantly, have studied most of the time, have preached my Peace sermon once, talked some on the Sabbath."

"Have you seen the last North American Review? How do you like the article in relation to colleges? I think President Wayland has thrown out some most valuable thoughts in that little work which he has published on the subject. I think there is need of some reform in the present system of collegiate education. I do not adopt all the notions of the Reviewer of Wayland, but think as a whole they are very good."

"You speak of the reason why you did not visit me again before you took your departure from Bangor. Your reason is altogether a satisfactory one. I but love you the better for obeying the noble dictates of conscience. I would that I had more of that ennobling conscientiousness. You acted on the wiseman's advice. I ask that you may always do so. You feel the influence of the early education of your moral sentiments. May you always feel it, and may they tinge with glory the horizon of your setting sun. I admire intellectual greatness. I feel proud to hobble along in the pathway, where some mighty genius has left the impress of his shining footsteps. I feel emotions of grandeur as I gaze upon the man, who scales the battlements of Heaven in search of the footprints of his God. I feel the gushing of warm feeling towards the man whose heart flows with love, and is touched with quick sympathy; but I look with greater veneration and

deeper feelings of love upon that individual, who inquires in every act of his life at the Delphos of his own heart for the oracle that shall guide his steps, and yields his ready obedience to its sacred response. He, who obeys the promptings of conscience, dwells at least in the outer Court of Heaven; there is something of divinity about him; and if he holds by prayer a still nearer union with the Eternal Deity, he dwells in the council-chamber of the Almighty, and his soul reflects the moral lineaments of the Creator. We look upon such an one with delight, and often feel the truth and force of those words of Cowper,

> "When one, that holds communion with the skies,
> Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
> And once more mingles with us, meaner things,
> 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
> Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
> And tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

To an intimate friend at Andover Theological Seminary, he writes, Dec. 14, 1842.

"I have thought of writing you every week, but have been putting it off until I should have time to write you a long theologico-metaphysical epistle on the self determining power of the Will, in answer to the one I received from you on that subject. But it will be some weeks before I shall be through with the examination of it. I am not going to discuss the subject in this letter. All that I wish to say now is, that so far as I have thought upon it, I am convinced that you are in the wrong—are on Arminian ground; rather a dangerous place for an *Orthodox* to stand. I, of course, have not got all your sentiments,—as a letter but poorly conveys one's thoughts—but I can perhaps infer them from the writings of those with whom you have taken your stand. I confess, I have not seen Coleridge's remarks on the subject, for I have not been able to lay my hands on his work. Yet I have read his other two works, and have some idea of his system—not a very elevated opinion of his mental system. I believe I can understand Coleridge, although he is vastly more obscure than Butler, and has a great deal less sense. He

makes pretensions to much more than he is. A really great man, a *clear-headed thinker*, always expresses himself in a much more intelligible manner, and with fewer words, than is the custom of Coleridge. Butler could see a point clearly, and never fails to make his way to it in a straight line, with but few words. But Coleridge often does not have a definite idea of what he means to say before he starts—but strikes off for something dimly seen in the distance; and though known to be a Hercules by his strides, and by the strokes of his club, yet he is now listening to hear Apollo tune his lyre—now wandering from his path to gather some flowers near by—now mounting a hill to gaze at the rainbow and admire its colors, and then again, he is musing deeply like a philosopher—and now he begins to look after the object for which he first started. It is near, it is brighter, more beautiful. He walks towards it, and finally reaches it with his hands full of flowers—his pockets filled with minerals, and his cap well supplied with feathers. And now, if any one has lost the track, or thinks there might be a shorter cut to the object, and will not acknowledge him to be a *deep thinker—a profound logician*, he will just notify him that Mr. Coleridge is "in town with a pocket full of stones," and he had better be careful what complaints or remarks he makes about obscurity—long sentences, ambiguous words, &c."

To his sister he writes,

"Bluehill, Dec 15, 1842.

I feel as though I would sit down with you, and have a good talk about the Savior. What a Savior! How can we love him enough? I believe I do get clearer and more exalted views of the Savior, the more I study Theology. He is the great centre around which all the great doctrines of Christianity revolve. Take the Savior out of the Bible, and what is it worth to us? Take the Savior out of Heaven, and what poor sinner would care about going there? Take the Savior from the Church, and how soon would she be like "the pelican of the wilderness, and the owl of the desert"? What Christian can part

with the blessed Savior? Who that prays can afford to lose his Intercessor in Heaven? And who, with such an Intercessor, will not pray much? Christ is the all in all. He can make a poor sinner sing while racked with pain, and while he is stepping down into the grave, light up his countenance with the smile of Heaven."

"Bluehill, Jan. 29, 1843.

Dear Bro. G.,

I have just returned from meeting, a very good one too. It is now eight o'clock. I have a violent head-ache, but I feel as though I should like to sit down and talk a little while with you. And oh! if I could only kneel down and pray with you, as I used to do last summer, how refreshing it would be! I wish I could just step into your room, and talk about the Savior, and God's great moral government, and providence. These are subjects sweet to me, and the contemplation of them fills me with joy and peace, that I cannot express. Mr. S. gave us a sermon this afternoon on God's law. I got to reflecting after meeting on God's law, and oh, what a law! how good! I felt something as the Psalmist did, when he cried out, "Oh, how love I thy law!" That law I would not alter, if I could."

"I have been reflecting on God's providence towards me. I did feel as though things might perhaps have been ordered better in relation to me. Why could I not be permitted to go on with my theological studies? God is omnipotent—has all hearts in his hands, and can turn them as He pleases. Why could He not turn the heart of some rich individual to furnish me the means to go on with my studies? The remark of our Savior in relation to the two sparrows sold for a farthing occurred to my mind. One seemed to come and light on my finger. "Bird of parable, whence and what art thou? Who created thee, and wherefore? Who has taken care to clothe thee with warm feathers, has given thee wings adapted to thy nature and safety? Why those eyes, that bill, those little legs, those instincts, thy lungs, thy voice? And who cares for thee, to feed thee, to shield thee from want, from danger? And what art thou good for? One

year, perhaps a month, and thou art not, nor do any know that thou hast ceased to be, or that thou ever wast." Yet art thou something, and God forgets thee not. From his bountiful hand dost thou each day feed, and then dost sing a sweet song of thankfulness. And will not thy Protector and Benefactor be mine? Shall I be left to want, be forgotten, uncared for, unsupplied, who am to live forever—born to a higher destiny? No. Here is comfort, brother G. God will take care of me. I know not what He means to do with me; but no good thing will He withhold from me. If it is best for me to go on with my theological course, then He will contrive some way for me. I don't know how, but then He will do it. I have had my mind much perplexed about this subject for some time. I have been asking to be taught what to do. I think I hear a voice within my soul, and also a voice coming forth from outward circumstances, speaking, *return, go back!* If nothing contradicts these intimations, I think I shall by all means return. I desire most earnestly to preach the Gospel, to preach the truth. I don't know but my motives are wrong, but I hope, if they are, I may have right ones."

"I have felt this evening as though I could rejoice in the government of God, that I am in his hands. Nor would I for worlds take myself out of them. Is there not a joy, brother G., to the soul, when it feels thus? "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." Who would not have God for his friend? I went to meeting this evening, thinking I would speak of God's law. But the meeting took such a turn that I could not very well do it. I did not know what to say for a long time. At last that little word "*not now*," came into my mind, and I got up. The house was full. They all appeared to me to be very solemn. I traced the "not now," from the cradle to Hell, and through Eternity; and then, why this "not now?" Is it from the expectation that God will change—or his law—or the terms of salvation—or your feelings towards God? I spoke with ease, because God helped me. I think there is some feeling. I have seen some weep while I have been talking, espec-

ially a few Sabbath evenings ago, when I remarked upon the reflections of a soul in Hell! I remarked that some one then might have those very reflections in the world of woe. How solemn to have to deal with immortal souls!"

To the same individual he writes under date of Feb. 4th.

"My Dear Bro. G,

I have just come in from our Saturday evening meeting, and the most solemn meeting which I have yet attended. We can say with truth, God is in this place. Yes, He is working powerfully upon the hearts of saints and sinners. I wish you could have been here this evening; it would have done your soul good. Some, who take part in singing, stopped short. The tears flowed too fast to give utterance to the notes of harmony. Mr. S. and myself, with a few others, finished the hymn. It is always solemn to be surrounded by weeping sinners. The parable of the Prodigal Son was read. I could not very well keep my seat. I begged of sinners to return to God; and in speaking, those beautiful lines came to my mind,

"Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face, &c."

I repeated three verses and sat down. It seemed to take hold of their hearts. Now this is just what we have been praying for, a long time. We have been waiting, and asking, "is there no sweet pity in the skies?" God has heard our prayers. The blessing is being bestowed. One of my scholars, who is fitting for college, hopes his sins are forgiven. Another, who is fitting for college, is deeply anxious. Two others of my school are very anxious. I hope to see them all so. Pray for them and me. I have a large class of young ladies in the Sabbath School. They fill three pews. I will try to do them all the good I can. I want you to pray for me, that I may be faithful, and wise to win souls."

"A letter breathing the feelings of friendship comes to the heart, like cool, sweet waters to the thirsty soul. I

have thought sometimes that I am a complete Stoic, destitute of all feeling. It seems to me that I have not tha gushing forth of the soul, which I so much admire in others. But after all, I find my happiness lies far more than I am in the habit of supposing, in my feelings. I do sometimes feel the mountain torrent rushing through my soul—but then again, I am as calm and unmoved as the lofty, craggy mountain, though surrounded by storms and tempests, or with all the beauty of the silvery clouds and the joyful rainbow. But when I find a friend, whose heart sends up kindness like the waters

> "Of the fountain to the wearied traveller,
> With soft and even pulse,"

I like to linger around it. Few are my friends, but those I love. It gives one some relief from despondency to know that there are some, who are willing to take him by the hand and call him *friend.* One, who has no feelings of friendship, which link him to others, no friends in the wide world, is like an old oak withered and dead, standing upon the mountain top. The blasts, that prostrate others, pass harmlessly by him. He stretches forth his barren arms to the passing winds, and though he bends not to their influence, yet he gives forth dismal groans, which tell of his loneliness and sterility. He is looked upon as having something of the majestic, but no one seeks for quiet repose, or finds a grateful shade beneath his barren branches."

"Did the class study Edwards thoroughly? There is more in that book than in all the theological books I have read, except Butler. The shadow of one of their thoughts is enough to crush us poor fellows. I have read Martin's Review of Tappan's work in the last Bib. Repository. As a whole it is well done thus far. I think, however, he misunderstands Tappan at the bottom of page 47 Bib. Repos. He says, "the inability to which it is *not just* to ascribe the non-exertion of a volition is a *moral* inability." Now in my opinion, Prof. Tappan says no such thing, but just the opposite. I wish you would just look at the passage, and see if I am not correct. I am reading Edwards, pen in hand; and I then take Prof. Tappan's

Review, and compare page with page. It is as hard as any mathematics I have found yet. I should deny Tappan's *consequences* of Edwards' System. He has mistaken it altogether, as Martin says of him."

While at Bluehill, he applied himself with the greatest diligence to the examination of some of the most difficult questions in Systematic Theology. He speaks in one of his letters of devoting six hours per day to study, in addition to as many spent in teaching.

It was while here, that the symptoms of the disease, which terminated his life, first appeared.

Early in the ensuing spring he returned to Bangor. Application was soon made to him to take charge of the High School for Young Ladies. He accepted the proposals made, and continued instructor of this school for over a year, at the same time retaining his connection with the Seminary, and pursuing his theological studies, so far as his duties as a teacher permitted. To the instruction of his pupils, he devoted himself with untiring assiduity. His knowledge of the secret springs of human action, his strict and healthful discipline, his promptness in the execution of his plans, his constant regard to the physical training and the spiritual welfare of his scholars, as well as to their intellectual progress, rendered his labors as an instructor eminently successful. He always seemed deeply impressed with the fact, that thought and influence are imperishable; and therefore in putting moral lineaments upon the canvass, he endeavored to paint "for Eternity."

We here insert a letter to one of his pupils, which shows not less his manner of faithful dealing, than his intense solicitude for the spirit's life.

" My dear pupil,

I have found a note upon my table, expressing your desire to know in what way you shall approach into the presence of a holy God in prayer. I rejoice that there are any of my dear pupils, who are turning their thoughts to so important an inquiry. I am glad you have expressed your feelings to me, though I know not who you are. Yet it is enough to know that you are one of my scholars. I shall make no effort to know who it is—but shall leave you to act your own pleasure in respect to it, though it would give me great pleasure to converse with you upon a topic so full of interest. You say, you have a view of your dependence on God, but dare not approach Him—do not know how to do so—have often tried—feel forsaken of God. If I can say any thing to lead you to the throne of grace with a humble and childlike spirit, I will most joyfully do it. I rejoice that you feel your dependence on God. I only wish you could feel it still more. Let the thought of your absolute dependence ever remain in your mind. You draw not a breath but by God's permission. How is it possible, that you can be more completely under the controlling power of any being, than you are under his? It is this, you say, which fills you with fear. But why afraid of God? If He is a holy and just Being, why are you afraid of Him? Will He deal with you contrary to goodness or justice? Certainly not. Have you any thing then to fear from such a Being? If you are holy, you certainly have nothing; but if a sinner, you have every thing to fear. It is the consciousness that you are a sinner, are unholy, are guilty, that makes you afraid of God. And you have reason to fear Him. You are, my dear pupil, a great sinner. It is a wonder that God has let you live so long. The fact of your guilt is beyond denial. Now what are you going to do? You of your own choice have placed yourself in this difficulty. Three things are certain in your case. The first is, that you

have broken God's holy law. The second is, God will not give up his law, or alter it in the least. Should He do it, all Heaven would be clothed in mourning, and every harp be unstrung. God would be an object of contempt to all holy beings. The third is, you cannot do the least thing to repair the mischief you have done. It is wholly out of your power. Oceans of tears will not wash away one sin. Here you are, a guilty sinner, self-condemned. There is nothing which you can do, that will at all relieve your condition. You may well inquire, then, how you can approach the great and holy God. You dare not come yourself alone and unattended; nor does any sinner. It would be dangerous for you to do so. God could not, would not listen to you. The good of his moral government would forbid Him to do it. It is at this point you are now standing, and anxiously asking, how can I approach this holy God? Let me point you to one, who is able to meet your wants, and stand in the presence of God for you. "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Christ is just the Being you want now. He has died to show to the Universe, that God is determined not to give up his law. He has, by his death, done as much, and infinitely more to sustain good order and holiness in the Universe, than your eternal punishment could do. So that it is now possible for God to forgive you on certain conditions. These conditions are that you ask to be pardoned *solely in consideration of what Christ has done* Christ is your friend. He died on purpose that it might be consistent with justice for God to pardon you. Go to Him; tell Him you are a sinner, self-ruined and helpless. Make known to Him all your requests. He will present them to God for you. He will do it much better for you, than you can for yourself. He is a daysman between us and God. We have Him as an advocate with the Father, to make intercession for us. He presents our prayers before the throne of God, not imperfect as when they go from us. He represents us before the throne and intercedes with God, that our prayers may find acceptance with God, in view of his atoning blood. Is not this just what you need? Does not this

Savior meet the wants of your case? Approach then the mercy seat of God in the name of Christ, and you will find no terrors clothing the brow of the great Jehovah. He desires you to draw near to Him. Hear his langaage, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." "Ask and ye shall receive." Is not this plain language? Now *believe God, and act as though you do believe Him.* This is *faith;* all the faith the Bible requires. *Take God at his word.* But, my dear pupil, I must stop here. I have not time to write more. Here is the Bib. Repository, which contains a very good article on prayer, which I recommend to you to read. But the best book is the Bible. That is better than any thing else. Read it carefully and may God bless you. Your Teacher,

W. R. P."

The following was addressed to the Editor, dated July 26, 1843. After speaking of his employment as teacher of the High School, he very naturally alludes to himself.

"But here I am, writing about school! school! I am all *earthly, earthly, earthly!* How much of happiness do I seek from earth. I who hope I have been born of Heaven, why do I thus linger around earth?

"When the young eagle, with exulting eye,
Has learned to dare the splendor of the sky,
To bathe his crest in morn's empyreal source,
Will his free wing from that majestic height
Descend to follow some wild meteor's light,
Which far below, with evanescent fire,
Shines to delude, and dazzles to expire?
No! still through clouds he wings his upward way,
And proudly claims his heritage of day!
And shall the spirit on whose ardent gaze,
The dayspring from on high hath poured its blaze,
Turn from that pure effulgence to the beam
Of earth-born light, that sheds a treacherous gleam?"

"Oh, how much one needs to converse with Heaven and Eternity, in order to live wisely and happily on earth? I wish I could climb above time and dwell in Eternity. I have so little time for reflection, that I do not gather those clear and large views of God, that produce deep piety in the soul. I want to study God—that makes me feel that I am a *mortal*, and that God is all and in all. I shall make but a poor Christian here at best. God grant that my powers may be employed in some way to glorify Him. I have an earnest desire to live long on earth —not because I fear to die—but because I wish to labor long in this great field. When I hear of the desolations of the land—the wants of our own country as well as others, I want to live a hundred years longer. How long does it take to prepare to do good—how poorly prepared, and then how short the time to labor! I wish I could go to the West the coming autumn. The West, I believe, is the place for me. I think, I should be willing to be a Colporteur there, if I can do nothing better. What will one do without a heart burning with holy love to God! He may shine like the rainbow, attract the gaze and admiration of the multitude for a time, but like the rainbow he will soon disappear and be forgotten. It is not the rainbow that fertilizes and refreshes the earth. Let me rather be the rain, or like the dew, silent and unseen, live to bless rather than to be admired."

As intimated in the preceding letter, he was looking to the West as the field of his future labors; nor did he relinquish the idea of going thither, till the ensuing spring of 1844. The strong apprehensions felt by himself and others as to the issue of his disorder induced him to abandon it. He observed, that his life must be of short continuance. But his fears in a measure soon subsided, and he devoted himself to his studies with renewed energy.

The latter part of August he completed his regular

theological course at Bangor. He remained there a few weeks subsequently, devoting his time almost exclusively to writing. A portion of the months of October and November, he was employed in preaching for the Congregational Church and Society of West Machias. He afterwards returned to Bangor, where he continued as a resident licentiate the remaining part of the academic year, with the exception of several weeks spent in New York in June and July.

TRAITS OF HIS CHARACTER.

The following brief sketch of some of the leading traits of his character is from the pen of the Rev. Josiah Merrill of Eastport.

"It was my happiness to be acquainted with our departed brother, during the last three years of his life, in the course of which we contracted an ardent friendship. My opportunities for intimate acquaintance with him, and a just appreciation of his talents and moral worth, were peculiarly favorable. Engaged in the same course of sacred study, seated side by side in the recitation room, and at the social board, often thrown together in our morning and evening walks, our minds were brought into continual contact. I saw him under a great variety of circumstances, and witnessed the development of his mind in all its phases."

"The first of our acquaintance was in the Autumn of 1842, when we became classmates in the Semi-

nary. I very soon remarked the prominent traits of his mind, clearness, discrimination, vigor of thought, and sound logic. These combined with unusual decision and energy of character, I regarded as omens of great promise."

"The qualities of his intellect were at that time more prominent than those of his heart. Secluded from society, he applied himself with untiring assiduity to his books. Obliged to struggle against difficulties, which to most young men would have appeared insurmountable, he found little leisure to cultivate the social feelings. This was owing, not to any want of the sympathetic element, but to his thirst for knowledge, and close application to study. There was a deep fountain of feeling within, which needed only to be unsealed by some kindred spirit, and its living waters gushed forth with a generous, refreshing tide."

"During the last two years of his life, the estimable qualities of his heart were more rapidly unfolded. He felt the importance of educating his whole soul for Christ and his Church. More than once he expressed to me his regret, that he had not valued mere intellectual greatness less, and true greatness of soul more. To the sacred orator he felt that a well educated heart is quite as essential as an enlightened understanding. He longed to have his spirit baptized with the dews of Heaven, and to stand enchanted on the heights of Pisgah, that he might catch from thence the eloquence and inspiration of the preacher's themes."

"A letter written soon after his return from New York, under date of Bangor Theo. Sem., July 24, 1845, corroborates the preceding remarks."

"Well, brother M., I am here again at my old desk, writing you a letter, as meek and gentle as a lamb. I do not feel elated at all, as you may have supposed, by my distinctions. For, first, I have none, and secondly, I should be very foolish to be lifted up with vanity, if I had. But, my dear brother, instead of feeling at all elevated by any thing God has given me, I feel more, day by day, how ignorant and mean I am. I can boast of greatness in nothing, neither in talent, nor goodness. I wish I was great in *goodness*. I do wish I could empty my heart of all pride and vanity and selfishness. There is an elevation of thought and feeling, upon which I long to stand, where I can breathe a pure atmosphere—have a wider vision, and feel a calmness and blessedness of soul that nothing earthly can disturb. Let us, my dear brother, strive to be great in *goodness*. We will leave the men of this world to strive for the glitter of mere intellectual and worldly greatness. That will shine but a few brief hours; but goodness will be radiant through Eternity, and like the sun, will bless while it shines."

"I love to write to you, brother M., because you *have a soul*—you have some sentiment. I believe, we do disgrace our intellectual powers too much. We make the mind a mill-horse, to grind all day, without permitting it to pluck the fresh food, or even look upon the green face of nature. Our sensibilities slumber in coldness. We do not think enough of *feeling*, and idolize *thought*. Thought will never ascend the heights of the sublime, nor muse upon the lovely and beautiful, unless winged with strong feeling. I feel that I have abused my nature, in that I have not cultivated enough of feeling to give a noble activity to the intellect. To live in a dronish,—half asleep and half awake state of existence, is to live below our origin, and unworthy of ourselves. Oh, if I could only sit at the feet of the Savior, and catch that gentle sympathy that beamed from his eye, that self-sacrificing benevolence that swelled his heart, that rectitude

of purpose, which gave him power to move calmly forward in the path of duty, it would be blessed. How differently should I view earth, then! With what tenderness should I love man! How willing to make *sacrifices!* I am conscious, brother M., that there is a field of *intellectual* joy, that I have not yet entered. It is given only to the *pure in heart to see God.* Ah! that is what I want. There are *intellectual visions* given to such, that I have had only a glimpse of. I feel like one, who has heard notes of strange but rapturous melody faintly breaking upon the ear, and longs to listen to the full swelling chorus. But where shall I go to find the full perfect harmony? Oh, let it not die. I would listen till every star had poured forth its song, and everything of earth had become vocal. If we were pure in heart, should we not see God in every thing? Where others see nought that is lovely, should we not be delighted with beauty? Ah, this world is not so destitute of what may feed the soul, if we were only pure in heart."

"Brother M., can we not commence a higher and more blessed state of existence? While we are none the less beings of thought, be more the children of feeling? To what heights of vision might it not carry us? I mean not to travel out of the path of the *truthful*, but walk with our eyes open to the ten thousand objects of beauty, of love, of sentiment. I feel grateful that our holy religion furnishes this aliment to the soul. How different would be the effect of our preaching—the power of our eloquence, if we could drink more largely at the fountains of feeling. This we must do if we would be joyous ourselves, and lift others to sublimity of thought. I have at times feelings, which come like the swelling tide of the ocean—but I cannot utter them. There is no ear to hear them—no heart that pulsates with mine. There are only a few, who can understand them. But I cannot always keep them hushed within my own bosom. Some of them have escaped from the end of my pen, when I am writing you. I am glad that some hearts live that can *feel* also!

As ever your friend and brother,

Wm. R. Prince."

"His rapid progress in this respect was obvious in his writings. He had a natural taste for close, severe reasoning. Butler, his favorite author, he had carefully studied and analyzed, which undoubtedly cherished this prominent turn of mind. But as he gave himself up to the impulse of feeling, his style became less metaphysical and more fervid."

"In the division of his subjects, his mind instinctively grasped the strong points, and arranged them in a lucid, and climacteric order. He conceived vividly, and wrote vigorously. His sentences were like an array of strong men. Disdaining the tinsel of a gaudy rhetoric, he aimed at clearness, distinctness, and force. He endeavored to unite the chief excellencies of the preacher's style, brevity and perspicuity. Every word was erased which did not contribute to one of these ends. His love of simplicity seemed a part of his nature, and was quite as apparent in his manners, and in his whole character as in his writings."

"His character as a Christian was remarkably amiable and attractive. Very few have been more ardently attached to the great doctrines of Christianity than he. Those most intimately acquainted with him will not soon forget, how his eye would kindle and his countenance radiate, when these were the theme of conversation. His was the religion that exalts man by abasing him. The cordial belief of those humbling facts, on which the whole system of Christianity rests, exalted in his view the glory of redemp-

tion by Jesus Christ. His theology was not a collection of dry bones and skeletons, but a breathing form of celestial brightness, instinct with life, and beauty and power. The secret of this was a deep and fervent piety. He had felt in his own soul the subduing and refining influences of the doctrines he so strenuously defended. He had been slain by the Law, and made alive by the Gospel. The former he loved, because it is the flaming sword of the Spirit to drive the sinner to Christ; the latter, because it binds up his wounds, pouring in the balm of hope and consolation."

"There was a sweetness and kindness in his manners, which strongly endeared him to many hearts; and the more so, as we felt it to be the overflowing of a *Christian* heart."

"There are many of his young friends and acquaintances in Bangor, who can never forget his faithful counsels, and instruction, and some, we doubt not, will remember them with joy through Eternity. But he was most faithful to those with whom he was most intimate. The friends, with whom he was brought into daily contact, will revert with deep interest to those scenes of social intercourse, when he gave free expression to his religious sentiments. His lucid exposition of the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity—his clear and convincing exposure of error—his alluring representations of the Christian life—his mildness and self-command when opposed, and his affectionate earnestness in pressing the claims

of duty, will not soon be erased from their memory."

"As a friend he was tender, generous and true. Though familiar and affable with all, there were few to whom he could open all his heart, and those were the friends he had proved. To them he was confiding and unreserved, and he expected the same confidence and frankness in return. He felt with the poet that,

> "Friends grow not thick on every bough,
> Nor every friend unrotten at the core;"

and therefore, while he was select in his choice, he was faithful and unchanging. To those kindred spirits his friendship was an invaluable treasure. They cannot soon forget him, for in his death they have experienced an irreparable loss."

"During the last two years of his life, he was rapidly ripening for Heaven. This was more especially manifest within a few months before his death. He looked forward to the distressing operation before him with emotions of hope and fear. He felt it to be more than probable that he should not survive it. The future was all uncertain. But he was prepared to meet it with calmness and submission. A few days before his departure for New York, he remarked to me, that he did not dread the operation at all, and had little anxiety as to the issue. This was not, apparently, a constrained submission to inevitable fate, but a calm and holy trust in God."

"No one could feel more keenly than he the blasting of all his earthly hopes. More than once he

remarked to me, that his only desire to live was to build up the Church of Christ, and win souls to Him. This had long been the great object of his ambition. He had marked out for himself a course of usefulness on earth; and when *dark clouds* were settling around this bright goal of his anticipations, it cost him many a struggle to submit. But his faith was that which overcomes the world. He kissed the rod and meekly bowed to his Father's will."

HIS LAST DAYS.

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

His disease had become so troublesome, that for two or three Sabbaths previous to the anniversary exercises of the Seminary, he was unable to attend church, except in the evening of August the 24th. This day he seemed to be much refreshed, and especially in the evening; and no one, who knew nothing of his complaint, would have supposed that he was so great a sufferer. The Monday following he rode to Old Town, the distance of twelve miles, in company with some friends. He returned, evidently having enjoyed the excursion, and without much apparent fatigue. After keeping his room for the greater part of two or three weeks, and having now a brief respit from pain, he gathered fresh courage and strength. In every thing that diverted

his attention he found relief. His great power of concentrating his thoughts upon any given subject, and his firm trust in God at this time were remarkable. He would seemingly forget himself in the interest which he felt in it. A wise provision is this in the human constitution, and in the economy of grace, by which the heaviest afflictions may for awhile be kept in abeyance, and the soul refresh itself in the revealments of faith.

In the evening he attended the anniversary exercises of the Seminary Association. He had been unable to attend the rehearsals and to take the lead of the choir, as was his custom for two or three years previous, on similar occasions. The chorister, however, requested him to assist this evening in the performance of some of the chorus pieces, which he cheerfully did. He sung with his usual animation and power, but evidently with the deepest emotion, as he seemed to catch the full spirit of the words,

> "Loud hallelujahs to the Lord
> From distant worlds where creatures dwell, &c."

Next followed the piece entitled, "Oh the compassion of our God," with its noble chorus, "We bless the dear Redeemer's name," one of his favorite selections.

The following lines were suggested by his impressive appearance, and kindly sent us by Mrs. E. L. C. of Bangor.

"And still his soul hath music! Still with full
And thrilling note he lifteth up the voice
Of praise to God! Oh, sure some angel kind
Hath been sent forth to whisper in his ear
A mighty consolation—raise his thoughts
Above the darkened earth, and fix them fast
Upon the glorious—the incorrupt."

"Blessed be God! Through waters of deep woe
His hand can lead his chosen ones unharmed,
And bring them more than conquerors at last
To that inheritance which cannot fade."

"So let thy cheerful voice once more resound
Within these walls, STRONG-HEARTED SUFFERER!
A little while, and with the glorified
Thou shalt pour forth the song of victory
O'er sickness, sin, and all thy mortal foes.
Then brighter glory shall be on thy brow,
Which even here with its calm, peaceful joy,
Seems a fit emblem of the peace of Heaven."

These were truly prophetic. In one short month he passed away to the beatific vision, and to join the song of the redeemed. This was the last of his public performances. Blessed are they, whose last acts on earth are those of praise, and whose song ceases here only to be renewed in Heaven.

He was able to attend most of the exercises of the two succeeding days. During one of these he was observed to be engaged in conversation with the Rev. Mr. T. An individual, who sat near him and remarked this, wondered how he could be so cheerful with such a prospect before him. It was thought, that of course the subject of conversation was foreign to himself. It was subsequently ascertained that at this very time, he was speaking of the disease with which he was afflicted.

Wednesday he visited some friends and conversed with much freedom and vivacity. Thursday he was able to walk about the city. In the evening he met a large number of friends at Mr. I's. He was much fatigued, though he kept up very good spirits. The next day, Friday, he was unable to leave his room. His sufferings returned, though he had intervals of quiet. About nine in the evening, a few friends called to see him. He was glad to see them, and conversed for about an hour with much animation. There was, this evening, an expression of countenance indicative of the deep workings of the spirit within. It was that of calm hope, of patient endurance. There was the radiant smile of faith. Those present will not soon forget that short interview. He was so calm, so resigned, that it was matter of subsequent remark, and of pleasing recollection.

Saturday he was removed from his room at the Seminary to the house of his physician. Though he suffered much, he did not complain. When I inquired concerning his religious feelings, he said, he feared his calmness was more the result of "philosophy than grace." He had not that high enjoyment which he thought desirable. Still he could trust with all his heart in God. He was able to read part of the time some of Chalmer's Works, and Cheever's Lectures on Bunyan's Pilgrim. The latter was a rich source of comfort to him in his last days. He loved to linger around the Delectable Mountains, for from thence he could catch a glimpse of the Celestial

City. He passed the Sabbath quite comfortably. In the evening he conversed with a friend for some time, and with much interest upon the Divinity of Christ. This was a doctrine which he always defended with much ability. The Divinity and the Atonement of Christ were not mere dogmas with him. They were great substantial truths upon which his hopes were founded, and in which he rejoiced.

For several days after this, he continued pretty much as he was on the Sabbath. Saturday noon, Sept. 6, he had a very severe paroxysm, which affected his whole system. He found quick relief, however, by the agency of mesmerism. For several weeks past he had resorted to this, and it uniformly relieved him. No other remedial agent could have been attended with such signal success, leaving at the same time the action of his mind unimpaired. His severest attacks of pain readily yielded to it. This relief was not owing to the mere exhaustion of the paroxysm; for when he passed some time without being mesmerized his sufferings continued unabated, and were only removed by resorting to it again. By this means many of his last days were passed with a good degree of comfort. The following Sabbath he was cheerful and happy, notwithstanding the severe shock which his system received the day before. It was soon decided that he must go to New York. It was considered unsafe longer to delay a surgical operation. He expressed some sur-

prise when told of the arrangement, but cheerfully consented to it. He had hoped that it would be delayed for one or two months. During Monday and Tuesday he was quite free from pain. He read, occasionally sung, and conversed with those who called to see him. He was subdued in spirit. There was a child-like submission, which told of the sanctifying process God was carrying forward in his heart. Thursday morning he took an affectionate leave of his friends in B., and attended by Dr. Deane and the writer of this, took the boat for Boston. His intimate friend and classmate, Rev. Josiah Merrill, accompanied him as far as this place. There were others on board from Bangor, who contributed their quota of kind wishes and services to render his passage comfortable and pleasant. He arrived in Brooklyn early Saturday morning with much less fatigue than he had anticipated. The next day was rainy, and he was much depressed in spirit as well as body. I attended church during the day, leaving him in the care of his physician. During the afternoon he requested him to hand him a sermon, which he had written from the text, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." He read most of it aloud, and was much strengthened by the perusal of it. Early in the evening, as he lay upon his bed, he gave full vent to his feelings in humble and earnest supplication. There was much brokenness of spirit, and a great struggle of his faith. All his powers seemed to rally for the contest. He prayed that God

would be with him in this his hour of trial, and that he might be permitted to live to preach the Gospel. He bore in affectionate remembrance his friends and former pupils, that God would remember and bless them.

The next morning he was remarkably cheerful. The burden, which pressed so heavily upon him the day before, was removed.

He was able to write as follows to his father.

"Brooklyn, Sept. 15, 1845.

My Dear Father,

Here I am again in N. Y. at my old boarding place, Mrs. B's. We started at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning from Bangor on board the Penobscot. We had a very fine passage to Boston, arriving there at five o'clock in the morning. We went immediately to Mr. H's, where we remained till half past three; then took the cars for N. Y. by way of Norwich. I had a very comfortable time on, much better than I expected. We arrived here Saturday morning. My leg was somewhat swollen below the knee, in consequence of the journey, I suppose. This morning I feel quite refreshed; and while brother N. and Dr. D. are gone over to N. Y. city to call on Dr. Mott, I am amusing myself by writing you a line. I thought you would be very anxious to hear from me."

"I do not know as yet how soon the operation will be performed. Dr. M. will decide that when he sees me. I do not expect Dr. D. will be able to put me completely into the mesmeric sleep. I have been expecting all along to have it performed without being put to sleep. I can endure it. I think it will not be so very painful. At all events, others have endured it, and I think I can. God will give me grace to sustain me, and I hope He will be near me in this my hour of trouble, and deep affliction. I hope I am prepared for life or death. I am in God's hands, and my prayer is, let his will be done. Do not,

my dear father, permit your mind to dwell too much on my case. It will do you no good to feel an undue anxiety. It is all God's doings, and I wish you joyfully to leave me in his hands. He does not willingly afflict, nor grieve the children of men. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. I feel great confidence that God will sustain me, and will yet spare my life to "preach Christ and him crucified." If I can be permitted to preach with *one* leg, I shall consider it a great privilege."

"I received the kindest attentions while in Bangor. My old scholars were very kind to me." * * * *

"The last day I was in Bangor, I had callers all the time from ten in the morning till ten in the evening. Perhaps there were seventy-five or more. My table also was well loaded with fruits and flowers. Such sympathy is very grateful to one sick. It is sweet to have kind friends. It renders earth quite a Paradise. Mrs. B., a very kind lady of the Pilgrim Church, has called on me, and wishes me to call on her for any thing I need. Perhaps God will send some more angels of mercy to see me, so that I shall lack no good thing. The lady with whom I board is very kind, is used to having the care of the sick, and is willing to do any thing for me. Thus does my Heavenly Father take care of me. Why should I distrust his goodness?"

"Remember me with much love and affection to my venerable grandfather. I ask an interest in his prayers in this my hour of affliction. He is fast ripening for Heaven. Heaven doubtless has more attractions for his soul than earth. Ah, I hope we shall all meet in Heaven. It will be but a few days. For us to die is gain, yes, *infinite* gain. This letter of course is to mother as well as to you. Kiss my little brothers and sister for me. My kind remembrances to all my friends in C. May God bless you all. Your affectionate son,

William."

Tuesday he was quite comfortable, and diverted his mind somewhat by reading and conversation.

The next day he addressed the following letter to the Rev. J. Merrill. It was the last that he wrote.

" Brooklyn Sept. 17, 1845.

My dear brother,

To avoid the *ennui* of an afternoon, all alone to myself, I have requested brother N. before going out, to lay my writing apparatus before me, that I might in some way amuse myself. So here I am, stretched out nearly on my back, with my feet in a chair, and a little round table before me, scribbling to you as well as I can a few lines. Any thing that engages my thoughts serves to relieve the tedium of a sick room. I thank my kind Heavenly Father, that I am able to write. It is a real luxury. I got very comfortably through to N. York the day after I left you. I suffered some, but not near as much as I might."

" Dr. Mott and Dr. P. came over on Monday to see me, and made an examination of the tumor by putting a probe into it some three or four inches. It was not very painful. The object was to ascertain whether there was liquid matter in the tumor or not. There was none. Dr. M. is strongly inclined to think it is connected with the bone. He says, I must go over to N. York to have the operation performed, so that he can have me near him. I shall probably go over there next Saturday, and, I think, shall have the operation performed on Tuesday. I do not know but I am somewhat impatient to have it done; the sooner the better. It will be settled then. I think I can endure the operation without a word or a groan. I do not dread it at all. How strange! May Heaven grant me strength and calmness. I feel that I am having the prayers of many friends put up to Heaven in my behalf. May God answer them in mercy. I have not rested well for the three past nights, have scarcely closed my eyes in sweet, sound sleep for four days. Yet I stand it remarkably. I do not know what keeps me up. My spirits are none of the best part of the time. Yet sometimes I am very cheerful. I feel the need of animating conversation. I may feel better after the operation."

"I have faith in God. This is indeed, brother M., a sore affliction to me; stopped, deprived of a limb, and again involved in debt, a trouble to friends, and many hours and months of loneliness appointed to myself. But yet, with the grace of God, I can endure all this, and even much more. My case is not as bad as it might be. But why does God afflict *me*? Ah! I hope it is to make me better, and to teach me many important lessons, that I cannot otherwise learn. He will afflict me no more than is *necessary*. It is all in kindness. I only pray that his afflicting hand may be to bless me, that I may become a holier Christian, and a more faithful preacher of the everlasting Gospel. What God intends to do with me, I know not. The Lord do what seemeth to Him good. I only regret at present, that I cannot *rejoice* in my affliction. Perhaps this is impossible *in natura rerum*, until the cloud is overpast. I believe as yet I have felt but little repining at God's dealings; God grant that I may not. "Shall we receive *good* at the hand of God, and shall we not receive *evil*?" Pray for me, my dear brother, that my strength may be as my day is. Give the more grateful thanks to God, that you have health given you, and such bright prospects before you. Be, my dear brother, a *faithful* minister of the Lord Jesus. Watch for souls, *pray much*, and you will *do much* good. Prayer was what made Payson so useful. It can do the same for us. I hope we both may long live to win souls to Christ."

"I know not what I shall be fit for after the operation; perhaps for nothing. But God will take care of me, and if He has nothing further for me to do on earth, He may be pleased to take me up to Heaven, that angels may see what a sinner He can save. I am a great sinner, and if I ever get to Heaven, it will be through the abounding grace of God. Oh, how blessed it is to be saved by FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST! What a fearful prospect before us, if it were not for the cross of Christ! Ah, the CROSS is a theme worthy of the golden harps of angels and the anthems of Heaven."

"I wish you would write me soon. We will write you immediately after the amputation, if we can, to let

you know how it goes with me. Remember me with much affection to your beloved P. May God bless you both with long life and happiness, and may you do so much good on earth, that your names shall ever be held in sweet remembrance in Heaven.

Your affectionate brother,

WM. R. PRINCE."

Friday he was much refreshed by a visit from his friend, Rev. Mr. Thompson of the Tabernacle, and referred to it afterwards with evident pleasure.

Saturday he was removed to New York City. He seemed to enjoy the short ride, and conversed part of the way with cheerfulness. He was, however, much fatigued on arriving at his lodgings in Houston-street. He slept some during the following night. The Sabbath he passed with a good degree of quiet, engaging in his devotional exercises with his usual interest and warmth. In the evening he was in excellent spirits. Monday morning he submitted to a second and very thorough examination of his diseased limb. Wednesday afternoon was appointed as the time for the operation. So far from being disheartened by the near approach of so trying a scene, he evidently gathered strength to endure it. In the latter part of the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Temple, late Missionary at Smyrna, called to see him. As Mr. T. was about engaging in prayer, he asked him if there was any thing in particular for which he wished him to pray. He replied, "*that I may have entire resignation and fortitude to bear what is before me.*"

The following extracts of a letter from Mr. Temple give a detailed account of this and a subsequent interview.

"I had not the happiness to know him till my son mentioned his case to me as a stranger in N. Y., far from all his relatives and anticipating a painful and dangerous surgical operation, the result of which was considered very doubtful. He was anxious to introduce me to him, hoping that a visit from me might, with the divine blessing, cheer and refresh his spirits in those trying circumstances. I most cheerfully complied with his wishes, and went with him to the room, where your brother was confined."

"He seemed very happy to see me, and I was not less happy to find him in so calm and tranquil a state of mind, with the immediate prospect of parting with his limb, if not with his life ; for though he expressed a stong desire to live, that he might preach the Gospel, it was still manifest that he had serious apprehensions of not long surviving the impending operation."

"We had a long and to me very affecting conversation, in which I endeavored to suggest such considerations as I thought would soothe his mind, and sustain and strengthen his faith in the promises and faithfulness of our Savior, who is a true, sincere, sympathizing and Almighty Friend, and a very present help in the time of trouble. He listened with child-like docility to all my remarks, and seemed to find consolation and support in looking to Jesus,

to whom it was my principal aim to direct his mind, as the author and finisher of our faith."

"Before I left him, I proposed uniting in prayer, and to this he most cheerfully assented. I endeavored with all my heart to commend him to God in his present trials, and in the petitions he seemed most heartily to join, his hands being clasped upon his heart, his eyes closed, and his countenance expressing the earnest devotion of his spirit. It was a scene of no ordinary interest to me. When I rose from prayer, he pressed my hand very warmly, and with eyes moistened with grateful tears, as I trust, to our Savior who has opened for us this new and living way of access to the Father, thanked me again and again for my visit, expressing the hope that it might soon be repeated. I then left him with my sympathies not a little awakened, and, as I trust, with sincere gratitude for such an opportunity to suggest to an afflicted Christian brother those precious promises of the Gospel, which can impart strong consolation to the mind under all the trying circumstances of life, and most of all at the near approach of death."

"On the following day it was my privilege to visit him again. On this visit I found him in an apparently still more tranquil and devout frame of mind than on the preceding one. The following day had been appointed for the amputation of the limb, and as the result was considered so doubtful, which was not concealed from him, he seemed to feel called to stand with his loins girt about as one

waiting for the coming of his Lord. It was to me, and still more to him, a most solemn moment. He was more communicative than he had been on the preceding day, and seemed to be clinging with affectionate faith, though not with the *full assurance* of hope, to the Lord our Righteousness. There was a tenderness of spirit, and a melting of heart about him, on this occasion, that was very edifying. He was evidently looking to Jesus, and trusting in Him alone for his salvation; but conscious at the same time, that he was a sinner, and knowing the deceitful and desperate wickedness of the heart, he was not without fears lest his hope should prove in the end to have rested on the sand. This, however, was not a fear that hath torment, but only such as the Apostle Paul exhorts all Christians to indulge, lest, after having the promise of entering into rest, they should seem to come short of it."

"He seemed to feel resigned to the will of God, whatever it might be, though still desirous to live, if this would be for the divine glory. I thought his hopes prevailed, though he evidently had strong apprehensions that he might not survive the painful operation. Our interview was closed, as the former one had been, with prayer, in which he seemed to join with even more earnestness than he had done the day before. I wish I could recall the language he used on that occasion, but I well remember that it was the language of filial confidence in God, breathing out the feelings of one, who is looking for

the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life, and in hope of that eternal life which God, who cannot lie, promised before the world began. I left him with the hope that he would survive the amputation of his limb, but with the consoling assurance, that, if he did not, to die would be gain to him."

He was greatly strengthened in faith by these interviews with Mr. T. He rose above his fears, and joyfully commended himself to the care of his Heavenly Father. Early in the evening of Tuesday he had a long conversation with Dr. D. He spoke freely of his own feelings and circumstances. He had closely examined his heart and felt that Christ was his portion. "*As for death,*" said he, "I *have no fear of it.*" He alluded to the means necessary to his freedom from embarrassment in case he should survive the operation. "You are rich," said Dr. D. "*I would not,*" he replied, "*exchange my situation with any human being.*"

He was at times during the night in severe pain, but was soon quieted by the efforts of his physician. Wednesday morning he was in cheerful spirits.—About ten I read to him the consoling words of our Savior, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me," and the precious promises which follow these. We united in prayer. His petition was short, humble, and fervent. He renewedly sought the divine aid to sustain him in what awaited him. He sung with me in a soft and subdued tone the sweet hymn, which follows.

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me Lord and make me pure."

"Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone!
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling!"

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

At his request I handed him his "Daily Food." He examined its contents for a long time. He turned the leaves at the following passages. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."

"Yes, I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God."

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." "O Lord, correct me but with judgment: not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing."

"Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies."

For some time after this he was evidently engaged in prayer. He remarked to me respecting the operation, "*I have not the least dread of it.*" About twelve Dr. P., the Principal Assistant Surgeon, came in to make some arrangements for the operation, which did not in the least disturb him. I gave him a small potion of morphine, which had no apparent effect. A few minutes before one Dr. Mott entered. He greeted the Dr. with a cheerful smile, who was surprised to find him so calm. "Wonderfully composed," " wonderfully composed," he exclaimed to one near him. I left him and walked out according to his request. He went through the whole operation, which required about an hour, with the greatest composure. A large number of physicians and medical students were present, and were astonished at the exhibition of such fortitude.

At five I was again by his bed-side. When I inquired how he was, he replied, "very comfortable." There was great danger of his dying immediately after the amputation in consequence of nausea of the stomach. This, however, was in a measure checked, and early in the evening we began to cherish the hope of his recovery. He conversed quite freely during the evening, and expressed much gratitude that he went through the operation so well. He slept at intervals, and awoke refreshed. Soon after midnight he appeared to be much exhausted. Dr. M. came in about one, and placed him in a different position, which afforded him much relief. He had no severe

pain, though he suffered much from exhaustion and thirst. He was so easy, that he said in his quiet manner, "*I am almost well.*" He alluded sometime afterwards to the trying scene through which he had passed, and remarked, "*What an agony I should have been in while on the table, had it not been for the hope of happiness hereafter.*" Shortly after he spoke of the love of Christ for two or three minutes with much warmth of feeling. His weary spirit was resting in his grace. Early in the morning he remarked, that he had a more quiet night than for some time previous. He requested me to write to some of his friends of the success of the operation.

Dr. Mott came in again about six, with whom he conversed respecting the operation for several minutes with a clear and strong voice. After this he said but little. The relapse came on not long after, and he failed rapidly. About the last remark he dropped was to Dr. Deane, "*My sufferings have been light, oh how light, compared with the sufferings of the Savior.*" Near ten the physicians and students withdrew, no one remaining with me but my uncle F. He grew worse. I spoke to him, calling him by name; but he was unable to speak and appeared unconscious of what I said. Dr. D. was sent for, and soon returned. He continued to breathe with less difficulty till about half past ten, when he quietly departed.*

* Dr. Mott, in a letter to the Editor, thus speaks of the nature and extent of his disease.

I left immediately with his remains for his native place, where I arrived on Saturday. The painful intelligence had not preceded me. It was a scene of no ordinary interest, as those, who had known him in his early years, and had beheld him in the strength of his opening manhood, now assembled to look upon his prostrate form. From this scene I went to mingle my tears with those of bereaved parents and relatives. They had anticipated the result from the tone of his last letter. The cup indeed was bitter, but the grace of God sufficient to sustain. In the afternoon of the following Sabbath his funeral was attended by a large number of relatives and friends. An impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Joseph Blake, Pastor of the church of which he was a member, from Rev. 14: 13.

"It was one of those cruel forms of malignant disease of which it has fallen to my lot to witness such frequent instances, in the origin and progress of which man's agency and interference are in the great majority of cases of no avail for evil, or for good. There is, therefore, no specific remedy for this form of disease, which is known technically as osteo-cosshaloma, and which in your brother's case commenced in the periosteum, or fibrous lining of the thigh bone, and in its progress involved in malignant, or cancerous degeneration, all the surrounding parts, giving rise to an immense tumor comprising a large portion of the thigh. In its further progress it would have become rapidly an ulcerated, fungous, probably bleeding cancer, the irritation attending which terminates life with terrible suffering after the lapse of a little time, even in the strongest constitutions."

"The certainty, absolute as certainty can ever be in human prognostications, of so speedy and awful a fate alone justified the mutilation necessary to the total removal of the disease—the only remedy which admitted any chance of ultimate recovery—and which has in more instances than one been followed by an entire restoration to health."

"God in his wisdom ordained that your brother's life should not be saved by human means, and although the operation, terrible in itself, was borne by him with a fortitude surpassing any thing of the kind I ever witnessed, still his vital forces, weakened by confinement and suffering, were not sufficient to bear the shock, and repair the injury necessarily inflicted in the removal of the disease."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

"Our beloved brother has gone to his rest—to his reward. For a little season he is lost to us, who mourn his untimely departure. Our hearts would fain have detained him to drink with us life's mingled cup; to cheer us by his winning smile and gentle words; we would fain have listened again to his trumpet tongue, proclaiming the Savior he loved: but every murmur is hushed, when we contemplate those brighter scenes now opening to his enraptured vision, and when by faith we anticipate that joyful reunion of spirits, where pain and disease, and the pangs of separation are known no more."*

Sabbath evening Oct. 5, Dr. Pond delivered a sermon in the Hammond-street church, Bangor, relative to his character and the causes of his death, from which the following extracts are taken.

"Some ten or twelve years ago, a young man in the Western part of this State, having been called, as he hoped, into the Kingdom of Christ, felt it to be his duty to commence a course of study, preparatory to the great work of preaching the Gospel. He had no rich and powerful friends to encourage him in the enterprise. So far from this, his path was beset with formidable difficulties, especially those of a pecuniary nature. But nothing discouraged, *he*

*Rev. J. Merrill.

went forward. Almost entirely unaided, except from his own resources and exertions, he prepared for college. He went through college, reputably and honorably. He entered the Theological Seminary; and went through that—sustained all the way by the consciousness that he was in the path of duty, and that he was qualifying himself, in the best manner, for usefulness in the church and the world.—He receives the accustomed license to preach the Gospel, and commences, with high promise, the exercise of that profession, on which his heart has so long been set. Fields of usefulness are opening before him, inviting him to enter, to sow the seed and reap the harvest. But just at this interesting moment—the crisis of his own and his friends' hopes—he is smitten down. An incurable disease, which had long been doing its work in his system, now developes itself, and he is summoned away to be here no more. How dark and trying this event! How mysterious, and to human view, unaccountable! Verily, God in this instance is seeming to say to us, "*What I do, thou knowest not now.*" But let us not distrust, for a moment, the perfection of the Divine government. God has done no more than what He had a perfect *right* to do. He has done nothing inconsistent with His infinite wisdom and goodness. What is dark to us is all light to Him; and he will make it light to us hereafter. He will show us how this event stood connected with His own glory, and the best interest of His church—with the highest

good of our departed brother, and of all that circle of Christian friends who have been tried and afflicted in his afflictions. Surely then, we will not distrust the perfection of the Divine government. So far from this, we will say with the Psalmist, "The Lord reigneth."

The disease which proved fatal to Mr. Prince was probably an inherited scrofulous affection. On account, perhaps, of some slight injury received in the leg, many years ago, it took its seat of operation there. It is supposed now to have been a *bone* disease from the first;—that the tumor in the flesh was rather the result of a diseased bone, than that the bone became diseased in consequence of the tumor. Some three years ago, the swelling and hardness of the limb was quite perceptible, and began to awaken anxiety as to the result. More than a year ago, some of the best surgeons in the country were consulted, who expressed the opinion that amputation would be necessary, and that probably he would not survive the operation. Still he continued to be cheerful and active, engaged in his studies, and preaching occasionally, as he was able.

For the last three or four months the disease had been making more rapid progress. The limb became exceedingly swollen, and the whole nervous system seemed to be affected. At times, his sufferings were intense, and would have been much more so, but for the unremitting exertions of the physician, in whose family he boarded, and to whom all the

friends of the deceased are under great obligations.*

It was arranged that he should go to New York, and submit to the required surgical operation, in October; but so rapid was the progress of the disease, and so painful withal, that it was found necessary to hasten his departure. His principal surgeon at New York, having decided that amputation would be necessary, he went through the operation a week ago last Wednesday. He met it with his accustomed fortitude and resignation, in the perfect possession of his faculties, and without a struggle or groan. There was no occasion of his being held or confined, and he declared, when the whole was ended, that the pain was by no means equal to that which he had previously endured. The loss of blood was inconsiderable, and so comfortable was he, after the operation, that hopes began to be indulged of his doing well. But it soon appeared that his nervous system had received a shock, from which it might never recover. There was a sickness at the stomach, a faintness of heart, which indicated that his end was nigh. Still, he passed the night with a good degree of comfort, and was able to converse cheerfully and pleasantly the next morning. It was found impossible, however, to restore the ebbing current of life, and at about half past ten o'clock on Thursday, he fell asleep. His reason, perhaps faltered at the very last, but his end was eminently peaceful and

*Dr. Deane.

satisfactory. His remains were brought to his native place (Cumberland) on Saturday; and on the last Sabbath—a week ago to-day—in the presence of a vast concourse of mourning relatives and friends, they were committed to the house of silence, there to await the resurrection of the just.

The facts above stated have been received from the most authentic sources; and I have been the more particular in narrating them, because I know that they will be interesting to his numerous friends here, and because I wished to correct any unfounded statements which may possibly have been in circulation.

On the whole, I think we all have reason to be satisfied as to the circumstances and manner of Mr. Prince's death;—satisfied not only on the ground of its being a dispensation of God, but because, so far as human instrumentality was concerned, every thing seems to have been ordered wisely and well. Convinced that he could live but a few weeks as he was, and those, too, weeks of intense suffering, and that there was a possibility, in case of amputation, that his life might be spared; I suppose he did *right* to submit to amputation. The operation was performed with the utmost care and skill, and every thing was done which human wisdom and kindness could do to restore the exhausted powers of life; but in vain. His time had come, and he bowed submissively to the will of his Heavenly Father. And when we consider the probability that, had his

life, after the operation, been prolonged, the disease might have speedily broken out again, so that he would have lived, not to be useful, but only to suffer; we rest satisfied in the conclusion that it was a merciful providence which removed him. It was obviously better for him to depart. Enjoying and manifesting the most comforting evidence that his peace was made with God, it was better for him to lay down his diseased, mutilated, aching body in the dust, and go to the possession of that mansion of eternal rest, which had been prepared for him before the foundation of the world.

Of the character of the lamented Prince, it is needless for me to speak particularly. With his manly form—his open, cheerful, intellectual countenance—his kind disposition—his cultivated taste,—and his interesting social powers, you were well acquainted. He possessed not only a capacious mind, but a mind *duly balanced* and *remarkably well proportioned.* His intellect was acute, vigorous, inquisitive, active; his sensibilities were sufficiently deep and strong; while his energy of will, his firmness of purpose, his power of endurance and perseverance, were all but invincible. Although his course of study, both in College and in the Seminary, was too often interrupted by the necessity of exertion, in order to acquire the means of going on; yet he always maintained a respectable rank as a scholar. For the last few years, he made evident and rapid progress. His mind was acquiring a de-

gree of furniture and discipline, which gave promise of the highest usefulness.

For many years, he sustained more or less—in one capacity or another—the office of teacher,—in which he was uniformly successful. Many are the youth in this city and elsewhere, who have been under his care, and who will never forget his invaluable instructions. Many with aching hearts and tearful eyes have heard the story of his death. Not a few, we trust, have been savingly benefitted under his influence, and will be recognized as his crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jesus.

But as hinted before, the great purpose of his life was to preach the Gospel. To prepare himself for this, he had toiled and studied through many a weary year. The desire of this was among the last that he ever expressed. And this is a work for which nature and grace had admirably fitted him. His talents, as a public speaker, were decidedly above the ordinary level. His powerful voice, his almost faultless elocution, the freshness and vigor of his thoughts, set off by the energy of his manner, must have rendered him not only an attractive, but an effective preacher. Indeed the specimens of preaching which he furnished were of an high order, and were full of promise.

My acquaintance with Mr. Prince commenced about four years ago; since which time I have had abundant opportunities to become acquainted with him, not only as a man, a scholar, and a candidate

for the gospel ministry, but as a *Christian.* He understood the great doctrines of the Gospel; and he loved and defended them. In circumstances of temptation—when weaker minds were blown away —he remained stable and firm. His Christian *character* was not fitful and fluctuating, but uniform and consistent. Ever since he made a public profession of religion—which was about fourteen years ago—through his whole College and Seminary life, he has been known as a *truly spiritual* man—one that feared God and wrought righteousness. Nor was his life, though short, devoid of usefulness. His example was one steady, shining light. As a teacher in the Common School, the Academy, and the Sabbath School—he had an opportunity of influencing a great many minds; and his influence was always on the side of truth and holiness.

For years, Mr. Prince's diseased limb was a standing trial to him—the severity of which perhaps none of us are in circumstances fully to appreciate. Yet he met it with a *cheerful submission;* and in my last conversation with him, the day before his departure, he freely spoke of it as one that had been overruled for his good. He acknowledged that he had had too much of worldly ambition in his character—the desire of distinction as a scholar and a minister, and that the effect of his trial had been to subdue this feeling, and bring him more entirely into the spirit of the Gospel.

With a like cheerful resignation, united with the

firmness and fortitude of a martyr, he submitted to the *surgeon's knife*, and went through an operation, which, though he hoped it might save him, he well knew might prove suddenly, perhaps instantly, fatal. He conversed freely on the subject of dying with those about him; assured them that he had no fears of death; that his only desire to live was to preach the Gospel, and thus serve his Redeemer; but that if Christ had nothing further for him to do on the earth, he was ready and willing to go.

Thus died, in the morning of his days, and (to human view) in the very dawn of his usefulness, our departed, lamented friend. It is but a little while since we saw his face and heard his voice in the midst of us; but we shall see that face and hear that voice, no more. That his family connexions, his numerous friends, and indeed the whole church on earth, have met with a great loss, I need not say; but what earth has lost, Heaven has gained; and thus it is, my friends, that Heaven is continually gathering up to itself all that is holy and lovely from the earth, leaving nothing for the last fires to consume but what is base, and vile, and sinful, and incorrigible."

HIS QUALITIES AS A PREACHER.

BY REV. GEORGE SHEPARD.

In giving some of my impressions of Mr. Prince as a preacher, it seems necessary to speak of his endowments and gifts of mind, heart and person, in their promise, rather than in their performance: for he did not live long enough to establish a character and reputation as a preacher; but he *did* live long enough to raise high expectations of what he would do, if permitted to enter on the work, and speak in the name of his master. This was the earnest desire of his heart—the only object for which he wished to live,—namely, that he might preach Christ and him crucified to his fellow men. Rarely indeed does the instance occur, in which this desire comes so near to an all absorbing passion, as it did with him. To us it was a mysterious dispensation, which cut him down at the very entrance of the field:—mysterious, because there is so much work waiting to be done, and he seemed fitted to accom-

plish, through the divine blessing, so great an amount of good.

There was manifestly a foundation, in the very structure and tone of Mr. Prince's mind, for the employment of an effective style of address. His mind was capable of accurate discrimination; at once placing apart things which belong apart. Thus, by analyzing, and looking at the elements of subjects, he gained a clear view and a strong, grasping apprehension of them; so that he could handle and be sure of them, and do something toward making them palpable and influential on the minds of others. His mind was constructed also for order; was capable of a quick, clear, and suggestive arrangement of topics. There appeared in it no faculty nor love of confusion. There was in connection, the power of rigid, firmly-linked argumentation; and he was fond of indulging in this. But it was not a mere cold, abstract quality: it was instinct with energy and life; pervaded and freshened as it was by intense emotion. There was within a deep fountain of feeling; latent fires that were easily stirred; earnest sympathies, ever ready to gush forth. With him it was *religious* feeling, the fountain was sanctified—the heart warmed and quickened by the flame of holy love.

These endowments existing originally, which so admirably fitted him for success as a public speaker, Mr. Prince very carefully trained and developed with a reference to this use of them. Very rarely

indeed, does a student come along on to the theological stage, who gives so much attention to rhetorical pursuits and exercises. He seems to have resolved (and his resolves were of an iron make) to reach, if possible, a high point of excellence and influence as a public speaker,—by all means to avoid being a tame, dull, monotonous utterer of feeble thoughts in feeble language.

His efforts to this end were attended with marked success. He made over his style, putting into it the vigorous, stirring and impulsive elements, so indispensable to a manly and emphatic enunciation. He seemed to know what was wanted for this work, and how to gain the requisite qualities. He effected also great changes in his voice; giving to it depth and fullness of tone, and range of expression; and then acquiring a perfect mastery over it, so that he could vary it at will, according to the sentiment to be expressed.

Mr. Prince was an example of what may be done in acquiring manner—the right sort of manner for the pulpit. He studied the past models, and the living masters of eloquence; he resorted to the rules, and above all to the great common sense principles of the art; and by the use of his own judgment, and by a diligent exercise and practice, he attained to ease and naturalness, as well as force, of utterance. By these labors and attentions, we believe he nearly doubled his power of doing good from the pulpit. Would it not be well, if more would do like him;

and also pay attention to the organs of communication, and be able to speak in a way that will reach and open the ears of the people,—in a way adapted not to defeat, but rather to accomplish the important ends of preaching.

It would have been pleasant to have been permitted to see Mr. Prince, standing, where he panted to stand, in the sacred place, there to exert for the good of others, the powers God had given him, and which, under God, he had so cherished and brought out. We should have been glad to have witnessed the further developments of those powers, and especially the results they might have achieved. We might have been disappointed; still, we think, he would have sustained the expectations he had raised, and proved himself a very able minister of the word of God—a preacher of the right spirit, shape and stamp.

Mr. Prince would have succeeded better than most in commanding and holding the attention of the people: indeed, he showed his ability in this respect. Perhaps in nothing, do preachers differ more than in this power of keeping the attention. When some are preaching, the auditory seem to be in a state of wandering vacuity, or are quietly sleeping. Others, they are compelled to hear; they may hate what they hear; but *hear* they *must*. As to sleeping, they may as well think of doing it in an earthquake, as under such appeals. Those who heard Mr. Prince, were struck with this effect upon them, and spoke of it as remarkable, that he could so grasp the

attention. The reason of this effect was, that there was interesting matter, which the hearers felt concerned them, and which went directly home to their case. The style too was skillfully adapted to the same end. The boldness of it, the varieties of it, the sententious strength, and jogging roughness of it, now and then, would keep no terms with a dronish inattention. The delivery also was in good keeping with the sentiments and style. It was earnest, authoritative, emphatic; with an utterance and action, significant and commanding—adapted to make strongly the impression that he believed the truth and felt the importance of what he said.

Mr. Prince also showed that he would have been a preacher of a solid, instructive character. This might have been inferred from the very structure of his mind. It certainly cannot be doubted after the specimens he has given us. He always sought a basis—a place to stand on; he would therefore make it his first object to lay the foundation—the firm substratum of truth. He was eager to discuss something; to reason out and establish some truth. He wanted something he could feel and be sure of—some substance, or some sort of object; ever refusing to be satisfied with mere blowing out wind or beating the air. This was a very promising feature in the style of his preaching; a feature which we do not commonly find so fully developed at so early a stage. The fact shows the earnest and business-like character of Mr. Prince's mind and the correctness

of his judgment as to the best mode of presenting truth. It is not the light, flowery, or hortatory discourse which will do the most good, though it may be the most popular; but the discourse that is thoroughly excogitated, made weighty by thought and truth, well wrought and shaped, and put firmly together.

Mr. Prince showed that his preaching would have been characterized throughout by a very clear, bold manifestation of the truth. He loved the truth; the truth had taken strong hold of his own mind, and he had great confidence in it as a means of operating upon the minds of others, and he had no confidence in any thing else. He therefore made it stand forth in a way which admitted of no mistake or doubt, as to what he meant or what he aimed at; and it was a very stupid mind that could be wholly indifferent before his preaching. It is well when the truth is thus honored and confided in; when the preacher casts aside all mere tricks and devices for an effect, and makes the divine word the instrument of all the reformations or achievements he contemplates.

Whilst Mr. Prince could impart instruction, and feed the mind, he could also move the sensibilities. His preaching was both solid and awakening. Had he lived, we think he would have proved himself, beyond most, an arousing preacher. This also follows perhaps from what has been said of the character of his mind; his own deep fountain of emotion

and the style of his address. When we say he was an arousing preacher, we do not mean merely, that he could greatly rouse the sensibilities. There are those who can do this, who can make a mighty tumult amongst the passions, and yet can implant no permanent impression in the soul. Mr. Prince could indeed awaken the passions—there was an earnestness—a simplicity, and a graphic sketching well adapted to this end. But he did not stop here, but went further—went deeper, and stirred the conscience to its office of conviction and reproof. Here we look for the essential element of the preacher's power. If he greatly fails here, he fails altogether. Mr. Prince succeeded in this region—showed, for one so recent in the work, unusual fidelity and skill in dealing with the conscience—unusual power in applying and in-fixing the truth.

Perhaps there was a harshness and severity occasionally, which could only agitate excessively, and create repulsiveness if employed on some minds. We have heard of some, whose nerves could hardly sustain the strong assailment of his preaching. Time doubtless would have modified any excess of this kind, and carried still higher the excellencies which were so admirable.

Had Mr. Prince been spared, we believe, he would have filled honorably and most usefully the office he looked forward to. He preached a few times in this city and vicinity and the memory and impression of those labors still remain. Rarely has

a whole community been so deeply affected by the death of a young man, as was this, by the death of Mr. Prince. Many loved him, all respected him, and sincerely lamented that one of so high promise should have been removed so soon.

Theological Seminary, Bangor, July 25, 1846.

SERMONS.

SERMON I.

THE IMMUTABILITY OF THE DIVINE LAW.

IT IS EASIER FOR HEAVEN AND EARTH TO PASS THAN ONE TITTLE OF THE LAW TO FAIL.—Luke 16: 17.

THE law referred to in this remark of the Savior is the moral law. In distinction from physical laws, it relates to the conduct of intelligent and accountable beings. It is the great rule of action, which God has given to his creatures, and by which He proposes to govern the universe. This law is concisely expressed in the words of Christ, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

The text teaches that God's law is immutable. It is a strong and bold assertion of its *immutability*. Every thing else, in comparison with it, sinks into insignificance. God values this law more than He does the whole material frame-work of nature, and will make every thing else subservient to it. Our present object is to show that *God's law is immutable.*

I. This is evident from its value.

God's law works well. It has always worked well. It is adapted to the faculties of moral beings. Their natures are such, that no other law would reach their case—would secure their rights, their liberty, their happiness. Moral agents are convinced, that true happiness is always to be found in the path of rectitude, and no where else. Any law, requiring them to do what they know to be wrong, would be contrary to their nature, and if obeyed, would be their ruin. God's law, therefore, is precisely the thing for the government of moral agents. When obeyed it secures permanent blessedness. It assumes, therefore, in comparison with any other system of laws, a value proportionate to the highest and eternal happiness of all intelligent creatures. Its value out-weighs the whole universe. For the interests of all accountable beings are involved in it. God sets a high value upon the physical worlds, which He has made. He has exhibited in them many of his glorious attributes. The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handy work. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead. This is the reason why God attaches value to the material worlds. They reflect upon the souls of intelligent beings the features of the Infinite Mind. They are lights hung up in the heavens to guide them in their pathway to God's

throne. But God values them just in proportion to their importance. The laws by which they are governed, He does not value so much as his moral law. They are not worth so much. For, there are no rights invested in them. Rights are not the property of matter; they exist only among free, moral agents—in the world of mind—to which God's moral government is limited. Any changes in the material worlds will not, in themselves, affect the rights of rational beings. The physical laws of nature may be altered, or annihilated at the will of the Creator, without impairing the happiness of any accountable creature. But it is not so under God's moral government. To change laws here would be a very dangerous experiment. The interests at stake are of too momentous character to allow of alteration.—An earthly monarch may make great changes in the *territories* of his realm. He may improve and beautify them,—may level hills—lay out roads—turn the course of rivers—build manufactories, increase his navigation—send out his fleets to every quarter of the globe. These he may do with safety. But when he comes to annul laws, in which the interests of his subjects are involved—laws by which their rights and happiness are secured, he undertakes a most hazardous work. They would take up arms against such a monarch. The value of such laws, and the interests they secure are so great as to forbid any change.

God has made a law for his subjects. He has

published it throughout his empire. He has written it in the heavens above, and upon the earth beneath. He has entered the sacred precincts of the soul, and engraven it upon the heart, that every creature may clearly understand it. By this law the rights and happiness of every obedient subject are secured. Under it they enjoy the greatest possible amount of freedom. If all would obey it, peace would reign in every world—joy in every heart—the song of gladness would encircle the universe, be echoed from world to world, sweeter than the music of the spheres, louder than the voice of many waters. This law, involving the well being of God's whole moral government, is of incalculable value. To alter it, therefore, would be an infringement upon the rights of all moral beings. It would be to cut off their hopes of happiness, sacrifice their interests, destroy their bliss. What *safety* can there be under a government where great principles are abandoned? Where laws affecting the welfare of beings in all worlds are given up? What expectation could they have of security? What of justice? Who could tell but innocence would be sacrificed on the altar of violence? Let God give up his law, what suspicion and astonishment would fill all worlds? What shrieks of woe would reverberate around the universe? Let Him refuse *to execute its penalties*, and what *rebellions* would break out in every part of his empire? The waves of insurrection would roll up to Heaven, and shake down the pillars of his

throne. Let the law be changed, and what discord breaks in upon the chorus of Heaven? Let it be annulled, and every song would be hushed, every angel's harp be unstrung—all Heaven bathed in tears—the universe hung round with mourning,—all nature would sob with grief.

Is it wonderful, then, that God's law is *immutable?* Can it be expected, that He will ever sacrifice the rights and interests of the whole, that the rebellion of a few may go unpunished? That He will annul a law of such value? No. For it is it is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail.

II. The immutability of the divine law may be argued from the sacrifices God has made to sustain it.

He has made great sacrifices to impress upon his moral creatures the absolute immutability of his law. This he has done,

First, by the sacrifice of the transgressors of the law.

The notice, which God has taken of the violations of his law, shows very conclusively his feelings in relation to it. The very first act of rebellion that broke out in his dominions, was visited with condign punishment. The angels who kept not their first estate, He cast down to Hell. Their lofty rank and powers could not shield them from the penalty of his violated law.

When our first parents rebelled in Eden, why did He curse them and our world, which He had made

so beautiful and lovely? The wretched transgressors of his law are hotly pursued by the flaming sword of justice. They are turned out of their happy home; and the cold frown of a cursed world greets their exit.

When men had made themselves vile, and God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, then came the waters of the deluge, rolling their desolating surges over all that was beautiful and glorious in this world. "The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and myriads of guilty creatures were swept away with the besom of destruction. And why? why did the earth's huge pillars break, and all its massive bars give way? Why did God consign this beautiful world to destruction, mingle all the elements together, and make every law of nature work for the general ruin? Because man had sinned. He had rashly dared to violate the law; and God was determined that not one jot or tittle of it should fail." He thus made an example of the immutability of his law. Sooner than alter or annul it, He would destroy the whole race of man, and drown the place of his abode.

And when the Bacchanalian songs and horrid blasphemies of the cities of the plain went up to heaven, with what fearful ruin did his wrath fall upon them? Fire from God out of heaven was rained upon them, and their smoke went up as the smoke of a furnace. They are set forth as an instance of the immutability of God's law, suffering

the vengeance of eternal fire. They are great beacon-lights to warn men to beware how they transgress his law—to convince them that it is *immutable*, and that not one jot or tittle of it shall in any wise fail.

Why was it that so many plagues gathered over Egypt? Why were its rivers and waters turned into blood? Why did the frogs come up and cover it? Why did the hail sweep away their cattle? Why did darkness, that could be felt, settle over the land? Why was the destroying angel sent forth to slay all the first-born of Egypt? And Pharaoh said, I have *sinned* against the Lord your God. Here was the cause. They had violated the law, and God's judgments fell heavily upon their guilty land.

After Israel had departed, and the enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them, God looked through the pillar of cloud and of fire—took off their chariot wheels—blew with his winds, and the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters. How easily does God make the elements of the material world become the swift ministers of his justice. How easily do the physical laws, so stable and unalterable in themselves, give way and bend to the vindication of the moral law! How little value does God attach to them in comparison with his moral code? When this is at stake, nations are before Him as grasshoppers, as the small dust of

the balance. The Canaanites for violating his law were swept away by his power. And even his own chosen people, as soon as they forsook his law, were given over to destruction. Jerusalem, the beloved city—Mount Zion, God's holy dwelling place, are forsaken, as soon as they become the abode of sin. They are delivered to the sword of the enemy. Zion is laid in ashes,—Jerusalem is left desolate, because they kept not God's law.

What mean all the judgments of God sent upon the Jews? What mean the ruins of Babylon? The graves of nations scattered all down through successive ages of the world? They are the handwritings of God's providence, declaring in fearful characters, that He will not tolerate the least deviation from his law. And if thus nation after nation, standing upon the very pinnacle of power and fame, have been hurled into the grave of oblivion, because they kept not God's law, and if He has once destroyed the world, and sacrificed almost the whole race of men, will He now set aside his law? Will He ever give it up? Make no account of sin? Accommodate Himself to the rebellious desires of the wicked? This is impossible. For it is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail.

God has shown the immutability of his law not only by the sacrifice of the transgressors of it, but

Secondly, By the mission and death of his son.

Christ himself declares, that he came not to destroy,

but to fulfil the law. His great mission to our world was not to proclaim that the law was altered, nor that it could be annulled. It was to vindicate it in the eyes of all intelligent beings. It was expressly to show that the law is holy, just and good; and can never be given up. Hence to convince men of this, He himself obeyed the law perfectly. Amid trials and temptations greater than ever assailed any other being, He yielded to it perfect obedience. The language of which was, that God is worthy of supreme love, and universal obedience. Christ, by his example, showed how all holy beings regard the divine law. His life was a declaration to men, that the law is good, and ought not to be changed.

But Christ did more than this, to show the immutability of God's law. He died to redeem us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. And what was the import of his sufferings? Was it taking our part against the law? Did Christ, by his death, join in our rebellion, and say that we are right, and the law unjust? His death was a proclamation to all worlds, that the curse of the law is strictly just, such as became his Father to threaten and execute. The death of Christ is the most decisive expression, that God has ever given of the immutability of his law. Rather than abandon it, not even his well beloved Son could be spared the agonies of the garden, nor the ignominious death of the cross, when he took the sinner's place.

It was not because God was unrighteous or disposed to hold his creatures bound by an unjust law, that Christ died to relieve them. It was not that the goodness of God's nature was so limited, that He could not find it in his heart to forgive sinners, without the death of his Son to move his compassion in their behalf.

If the law had been unjust, God would have laid it aside. No Mediator would, then, have been necessary. God did not want a heart to do us justice, nor did He lack compassion. His heart ever overflowed with infinite kindness. The death of Christ, then, was not to induce God to do us justice, nor to move Him to compassion. That would have been an infinite reproach to God. For what, then, did Christ die? It was to do *honor* to the divine law, which we by our sins had *dishonored*,—to show to all moral beings that the law is just, holy and good—that God was right in instituting such a law —that our rebellion against it is wholly wrong—that we richly deserve to have all its penalties executed upon us. He thus magnified the law, and made it honorable. By his death He testified, that the law cannot be repealed, and that God has no intentions of doing it. This was the most perfect demonstration God could give of the immutability of his law. He showed, that He would make any sacrifice rather than abandon it. He would sooner give up his own Son, of more value to Him than all worlds, and all intelligent beings, than repeal any part of his law. So immutably holy and just is it.

III. God has shown the immutability of his law, by threatening the destruction of all the wicked.

He has declared that He is angry with the wicked every day. He is so, because they keep not his law. He does not destroy them in a moment; yet it it is not because He looks upon them with any favor or love. The violators of his law may for a time be at ease—the tabernacles of robbers may prosper, and they, that provoke God, be secure. But God has not given up his law. The wicked may prosper and make calculations of future happiness; but God has made no such calculations. The light of the wicked shall be put out; his own counsels shall cast him down. He shall be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world. God has declared that the wicked are reserved to the day of destruction—that they shall be brought forth in the day of his wrath. Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him. The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God. Upon the wicked He shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup. Such declarations on the part of God, show the retributions He will inflict rather than alter his law. He will sooner sacrifice all his rebellious creatures than disannul it.

IV. The immutability of the divine law is evident from the nature of God.

God is a perfect Being. In each of his attributes

He is infinite. His omniscience fathoms, and clearly comprehends every possible event. So that, in no actual, nor in any possible circumstance of his government, can He act from ignorance. He can never make a mistake. From his very nature He can and *must* know every possible condition in which beings can exist. Knowing this, his perfect wisdom would enable Him to select laws suitable to their natures. His holiness and justice would prompt him to make right laws; and his immutability never to swerve from them.

Clothed with such attributes, it is suitable that God should take the throne, and rule after the counsels of his own mind. His right to issue a law, therefore, is perfect. And as He is an infinitely good and just Being, his law, by consequence, must be holy, just and good. For it is absurd to suppose that a perfectly just and holy being should publish an unjust and unholy law. He could not do it, and still be just and holy. That very moment he would cease to be upright. The law then, is an *expression of God's nature, his character and rights as a sovereign.* What his law is, such is He; what He is, such is his law.

As He is the Creator of the universe, and in his nature infinitely glorious and lovely, every creature is under infinite obligations to love Him supremely. This is what the law requires. The obligation grows out of the relations existing between intelligent creatures and their Creator. God, being what He is,

could not require less. It is impossible, therefore, for the divine law to change, unless God changes. If the law be founded in *the nature* of God, how can it be altered without the nature of God altering at the same time? Is not the divine law holy and just? And if it is changed, can it be for any other reason, than that God has *ceased* to be holy and just? Is it not fit, in the nature of things, that intelligent and moral beings should love with all the heart an object infinitely lovely? Does not the law, requiring this, commend itself to the mind of every creature? Is not God's conduct in giving such a law founded in the highest wisdom? As He is the owner of all worlds, and by nature God, is He not rightfully possessed of supreme authority? An authority infinitely binding, and infinitely worthy to be revered?

If now He should, in any case, give up his law, or in any respect change it, or refuse to execute the penalty due to its transgression, would that be any thing else than to give up his authority? to abdicate his throne? If one tittle of God's law should fail, He would acknowledge to all his creatures, that so much of his law is not right—is unholy, and that in instituting it, He made a mistake. Or, if God should refuse to execute the *penalty* of the law upon the transgressors of it, He would declare, that rebellion against his authority is *no crime*. And what would that be but saying, that He is not worthy of supreme love and homage? That He is not a

Being infinitely glorious? is not the Creator of the universe? is not by nature God? and, therefore, has no right to reign? What else is this, than for God to give a quit-claim deed of his empire? Surrender his throne, and "ungod himself?"

We see, then, why the law is immutable—why it is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one jot or tittle of it to fail. *They* may change, but God, in his nature is *unchangeable.* His character can never alter. His law, like Himself, can never alter.

Not only does the unchangeable character of the divine law appear from the immutability of God, but it is shown also,

From the perfect *benevolence* of God.

If God is a perfectly benevolent Being, He desires the highest happiness of his creatures; and He will do all in his power to secure *the greatest good of the whole.* His law, in its nature, is calculated to do this. Perfect obedience to it renders his creatures as happy as they possibly can be. Give them any other law, and their enjoyment is lessened. Substitute in the natural world for the law of gravitation any other law, and the consequence would be universal ruin. Repeal the law of God, and the peace and harmony of the universe go with it. God's dominions would become one vast hell, full of woe, flaming with malignant passions. The law of God seeks the best interests of his subjects. There is safety under it. Freedom is secured. Justice is rendered certain. The benevolent feelings are

brought out. Every thing unholy is repressed. The law is rational. Its design is good. Its purpose is to establish blessedness every where. In its actual operation it does so. All around God's great empire it diffuses light and bliss—makes every holy heart *pulsate with joy.* What more can Infinite Benevolence desire? If God is infinitely benevolent, will He not hold on to his law? Nothing but a heart full of malice could prompt to the least change of a law so perfect—securing such happy results. As long, then, as God's perfect benevolence lasts, so long will his law remain *immutable.* For a guilty transgressor to seek shelter in the perfect benevolence of God, is only to flee to the very centre of the furnace of God's wrath.

Having thus shown that God's law is immutable, I proceed to remark,

First, If the divine law for these reasons is of so much value in the sight of God, that He will never give it up, then, the transgressor of it is *exceedingly criminal.*

God would not maintain his law immutably, were it not holy and just. The reason, why He requires us to love Him supremely, is, that He is a Being possessing a nature infinitely excellent and lovely. He is infinitely better than all other beings. So that it can never be otherwise than right for us to love Him with all our hearts. And if we are under infinite obligations to love Him, then, not to love Him is to commit a crime infinitely heinous. For

what is the language of every transgressor of God's law? It is that God is not worthy of love and obedience. Every sin you commit, my inpenitent friend, is an attack upon God's throne. It is an attempt, on your part, to injure the greatest and best Being in the universe. You are in fearful hostility against the very God of Heaven. His honor is of more importance than all worlds; but that honor you are trying to tarnish. His government is most just and benevolent, securing the happiness of myriads of holy beings; but this government you are attempting to destroy. By your life, by your example, you are endeavoring to lead others to be disaffected with it. You are thus at war with God—at war with the highest well-being of the universe. What rebellion blacker with guilt? So selfish are you, that you are willing the interests of the universe should be sacrificed, God's throne overturned, rather than abandon your course of sin. What insult to the Majesty of Heaven and earth can be greater? To violate God's law, then is a crime, that the flames of Hell alone can paint in all its crimson hues.

Secondly, If the law of God is immutable, then fellow-sinner, your obligations to love Him with all your heart will never cease. Your obligations to love Him grow out of your relations to him. He is your Creator, your Benefactor, your Preserver. He is, moreover, a Being perfectly good and amiable. He has also created you with the ability to love that,

which is infinitely lovely. He has, then, a claim upon your love higher than any other being possibly can have. For no other being is so worthy of being loved. He is perfectly right, therefore, in requiring you to love Him with all your heart. This is his law. This law, we have seen, can never be altered. So long as God shall continue to exist a perfectly holy Being, so long will you be under the greatest possible obligations to love Him supremely. He will never change. Your obligations, therefore, will never change. It matters not whether you are dissatisfied with Him or not; your duty to love Him supremely remains the same. Your dissatisfaction does not render Him any the less holy and lovely. He has a firm hold upon your soul, which you can never shake off. Go to what part of the universe you please, you cannot escape his law. You cannot destroy your accountability, nor swing loose from all responsibility. Though in your rebellion you are thrust down to Hell, yet *there* you will be under obligations *to love God supremely.* No sufferings or tortures will alter the law, or weaken your obligations to obey it. And after you have spent myriads of ages in Hell, God will be as holy as ever; and your obligations to love Him with all your heart as perfect as ever.

Thirdly, If God's law is immutable, then, my impenitent friend, your only hope of escape from punishment is by faith in Jesus Christ.

Sin has gathered over our world the dark frowns

of a holy God. The tempest of his wrath lowers over it. The only place of safety, where the sinner can stand, is at the foot of the Cross. It is there that justice and mercy have embraced and kissed each other. Christ, by his death, honored the law —did more to express God's holiness of character, and to sustain his honor as a good, wise and just Sovereign—as much to induce all other beings to continue in obedience to Him, as your eternal punishment could do. So that God can, consistently with his character for holiness and justice—consistently with the interests of the universe, forgive sin. Here, then, is your only hope. By faith in Christ you can escape the evil consequences of your conduct. Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. In vain do you look any where else for help. In vain do you bring forward your good works. What will they avail you? The law is *immutable*. Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all* things written in the book of the law to do them. He that offendeth in one point, is guilty of all. If you have kept the law perfectly, you will live; for the law was ordained unto life. But if you have once transgressed it, your good works are of no avail to you. The law knoweth no mercy. It contains not one word about pardon. To obey it is life; to disobey it is death.

Equally hopeless is the expectation, that repentance will atone for your guilt. What, though you repent—lament your folly with an agony of grief—

shed oceans of tears, will it profit you nothing. The law cannot alter. If mere repentance would answer, God would never have sent his Son to die to make an atonement. If God could have justly pardoned the sinner upon repentance, He would have done so. For God is a benevolent Being. If mere grief for sin is all that is necessary in order that God may be gracious, then, not only all our race, but all the inhabitants of Hell may be saved. For doubtless they bitterly bemoan their folly. But Jesus Christ is the only foundation of hope. There is no other name given under heaven whereby men can be saved. If you turn away from Him, then, I remark,

In the fourth place, *Your punishment is certain.*

Your guilt is evident. It is known to God. It is confessed by yourself. Vain is your hope of eluding justice. A crime committed in the empire of God is not concealed—will never be forgotten. Time will not bleach your crimson guilt. In no part of the universe will you be safe. You cannot escape out of God's dominions, nor out of his hands. For in his hands are all the corners of the earth. He taketh hold of ends of the earth that the wicked may be shaken out of it. You may sing a lullaby to your fears, and cradle your anxieties to repose. And because sentence against your evil work is not executed speedily, therefore your heart may be fully set in you to do evil. But though a sinner do evil an hundred times and his days be prolonged,

yet it shall not be well with the wicked. If God's law is just, He would be infinitely unjust in letting a known violation of it go unpunished. He could not do it, and be a just Sovereign. He is so holy, that He never will do it. Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies; thy right hand shall find out all those that hate thee.

You can have no hope of safety. For God's threatenings are against you. By transgressing his law you have become his enemy. And God has said in relation to such, If I whet my glittering sword, and my hand take hold on judgment; I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and I will reward them them that hate me. Though hand join in hand, yet the wicked shall not go unpunished. Their feet shall slide in due time. Destruction and misery are in their path. By the blast of God they perish, and by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed. I will deal with them in my fury; mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity, and though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear.

Do you expect to succeed in your rebellion against God's government? What hope of success is there? Will you disannul his judgment? Will you condemn Him, that you may be righteous? Hast thou an arm like Cod? Or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him? Deck thyself with majesty and excellency; and array thyself with glory and beauty. Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath. Look on every

one that is proud and bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place. Hide them in the dust together; and bind their faces in secret. Then will I also confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee.

I remark, in the fifth place, if God's law is immutable, being holy, just and good, then, fellow sinner, your punishment is not only certain, but *just*. You will not be dealt with more severely than you deserve. Your transgressions of God's law have been numerous. When has there been a time, when you have not been in arms against Him? What hour of your life, in which you have not violated his law? Among all the exercises of your heart has there been one feeling of supreme love to God? When did you ever reverence Him as God should be reverenced? What labor did you ever commence with the earnest desire to glorify God? When did you ever utter a word that was not tainted with sin? What breath did you ever draw, when your heart was not in rebellion against God? Your sins are more for multitude than the leaves of the forest; greater than the sands on the sea-shore; who can tell their number?

They are also of a most aggravating nature. They have not been done from ignorance. You always knew that you ought to love God, that He is infinitely worthy of your love. Yet instead of loving, you have hated Him. You knew that peace and happiness could come only by obeying his law; yet you have gone on in the way of sin and transgression.

You have loved idols, and after them you would go. God has warned you of the consequences of sin. He has entreated you to refrain from it. He has uttered the most terrible threatenings against it. He has told you that the way of the transgressor is hard. He has sown it thick with thorns, thrown obstacles in your path to arrest your progress. He has stretched across it the black-scroll of death. He has caused the thunders of his wrath to roll in peals of woe along the road to Hell—his lightnings to blaze above it—the fires of the pit to come up and flash upon it. But you have not stopped. You laugh at his terrors and rush madly on to ruin. You have refused to listen to the instructions, the prayers and entreaties of Christians. Above all you have trampled under your feet the blood of Christ, accounting it an unholy thing. You have turned in derision away from the Son of God. Is not then your punishment just? What does such contempt of the infinitely holy God deserve but an infinite punishment?

The natural tendency of every sin that you have committed, is to dethrone God. It is an attempt to introduce rebellion and universal ruin into his dominions. You have been guilty of the highest treason. God will, therefore, be infinitely just in inflicting upon you his fiercest wrath. Your own conscience, and the convictions of every inhabitant of Hell, will acknowledge that He is just. You will find no sympathy from any being. No companion in sin will take your part. No one of your associates

in despair will say, that you have been too hardly dealt with. All holy beings in Heaven will be perfectly convinced of the justice of your punishment. They will adore forever the God of justice and goodness, who would not suffer the interests of his holy kingdom to be destroyed, nor his authority to be overturned by your acts of rebellion. Therefore as the smoke of your torment shall ascend, all Heaven will rejoice, and give praise to God, saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; *just and true are all thy ways*, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for Thou only art holy.

NOTE.

The preceding is the first sermon written by Mr. Prince, and was preached in the following places; Stillwater, Aug. 18, 1844; Brewer, Sept. 8, 1844; Dennysville, Nov. 6, 1844; Machias Port, Nov. 10, 1844; West Machias, Nov. 17, 1844; First Parish Church Bangor, Dec. 1, 1844; Prospect, Jan. 12, 1845; Castine, Jan. 19, 1845; East Brewer, Feb. 9, 1845; Aurora, March 1845; First Baptist Church, Bangor, March 1845; Hammond Street Church, Bangor, March 30, 1845; Bucksport, May 11, 1845; Cumberland, June 1, 1845; Tabernacle, N. Y. City, June 15, 1845; Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, June 22, 1845.

SERMON II.

THE TESTS OF PIETY.

THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THY HEART, AND WITH ALL THY SOUL, AND WITH ALL THY MIND.—Matthew 22 : 37.

THE whole law of God is briefly summed up in this remark of our Savior. It is an expression of the great law of God's moral government—a law binding upon every intelligent and accountable being. This law is holy, just and good. It is a transcript of God's moral character. No one has yet been able to discover any thing in this law, that is unjust. Every one, upon a careful consideration of it, must feel himself under the strongest possible obligations to obey it perfectly. It is the *standard* of all moral actions. By comparing the acts of our lives with this rule of duty, we may see what is our character. Many suppose they are Christians, and are living with the expectation of spending their Eternity in

Heaven, who may be all the while walking the broad road to death. The professed followers of Christ have occasion to examine their hearts and lives to see if they have come up to the scriptural standard of obedience—to make deep and searching inquiries, whether the love of God is in them or not.

We propose to present some tests of Christian character, by applying which you may be able to determine, whether or not you love the Lord your God with all your heart.

I. *If you love God, you will also love the Lord Jesus Christ.*

God is strongly attached to Jesus Christ. There is a holy and happy union between them. He is the beloved Son of God. The Scriptures declare, that the Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hands. God's love to Christ is greater than to any other being. For to which of the angels hath He at any time said, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee? Wherefore, God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name, which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. Christ himself has declared, that there is such a union of nature and attributes between Him and the Father, that he that hateth me, hateth my Father also. If you, therefore, love God, you will love *what God loves*. Christ will be to you inexpressibly dear. You will love Him not as a perfect, sinless *man*, not as a

holy being, taken from among the first of the Creator's works, and sent into this world to set us a holy example, and make known to us new truths; but you will love Him as the brightness of the Father's glory—the express image of his person, upholding all things by the word of his power,—the Creator of worlds, and without whom not any thing was made, that was made. You will, in other words, love Christ as a Divine Being—one equal with the Father in power and glory. He has thus declared himself. He thought it not robbery to be equal with God. God has declared Him to be divine: Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Christ is placed on the throne of the universe, and all the angels of God are commanded to worship Him. God has given a command that every being should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father. If you love God, then you will delight in loving and honoring the Son even as the Father. You will contemplate Him as enthroned in glory, God over all, blessed forever. You will rejoice that He is divine; you will love Him as such; you will desire to proclaim Him to the world as the divine Savior.

On the other hand, if you have no such exalted views of Jesus Christ, if your highest respect and love for Him extend only to a merely perfect man, who appeared in our world, and fell a martyr to the truth, or to a high angelic being, clothed with dele-

gated power to visit our world on an errand of mercy,—if you have no love for Him as the Creator, and the Preserver of all things—have no delight in contemplating his nature and attributes as divine, so that you feel that he, that hath seen Him, hath seen the Father also—if you have no such love to Him as to lead you to cry out, Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee—then, whatever else you may be,or whatever else you may believe, one thing is certain, *the love of God is not in you.* You may think it a small thing, whether you love Christ as a Divine Being or not; but it is not so regarded by the Bible, nor in Heaven. No man can know the Father but by the Son. The Scripture saith, If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha.

If sincere love to God exists in your heart, you will love Jesus Christ as your Savior. You will view Him as the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. The Cross, though a stumbling block to the Jew, and a topic of scorn to the vainly wise and self-conceited, will be to you an object of amazing interest. You will admire that matchless condescension in the Son of God, that led Him to stoop from a throne of glory to a cross of shame. You will rejoice, that He, who was eternally rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. You will delight to worship Him as your Redeemer. You will feel that you can join with the heavenly hosts

above, the redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and with them cast your crown before the throne, and sing the new song, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Such will be your love to the Savior, that He will be to you the chief among ten thousands, the one altogether lovely. Your language will be,

"Thou art my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My soul's ambition! pleasure! wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast thro' time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity too short to speak thy praise,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man;
To man of men the meanest, even to me,
My sacrifice! my God!"

If you have no such feelings toward the Savior—if, when you think of Him, your heart is *cold*, and He appears to you as a root of a dry ground;—if there is no form nor comeliness, why you should desire Him;—if your love to Him is not sufficiently strong to lead you to forsake father and mother, houses and lands, and to give up your own life even for his sake,—to lift you above the scorn and jeers of your fellow worms;—if you have no desires to be more like Christ—to wear his image, and breathe his spirit—if you have no longings of soul for his presence and his love; then, whatever else you may be, or however long you may have numbered yourself

among the people of God, one thing is certain, *the love of God is not in you.*

II. *If you love God, you will also love the Holy Spirit.*

The Holy Spirit is a Divine Agent. Christ said to his disciples, If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but if I depart I will send Him unto you. And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. He is sent by the Father and the Son, and performs all the acts of a personal Agent. He is to convince of sin—to commence and carry forward the work of regeneration and sanctification to its final completion. He is, therefore, beloved by the Father and the Son, and is engaged with them in the great work of blessing our world. If therefore, you love God, you will love the Holy Spirit. You will also love Him, because He is divine. You will love Him, because of his works. He is to take of the things of Christ and show them unto you. You will love Him as the great revealer of truth to the heart. You will adore the Holy Spirit as that Divine Being, who has produced in you that newness of nature, whereby you love what you once hated. You will be filled with gratitude for what He has done for you; that you have been led to see your ruined condition, your guilt in the sight of God, to throw down the arms

of your rebellion, and submit to your rightful Sovereign. You will also pour out your soul in praise to the Spirit for his restraining power over you, for guarding you from temptation, leading you to crucify the flesh with the lusts thereof; dispelling the fear of death, and kindling in your heart desires for God and holiness; for giving you hope in the grace of God, a hope that maketh not ashamed; a hope, that as an anchor sure and steadfast, buoys up your soul amid the heavy billows, that surge around you.

You will also rejoice that the Holy Spirit is operating upon the hearts of myriads of your fellow men, breaking the heavy chains of Satan from their souls, and peopling Heaven from this revolted province with a multitude, which no man can number; who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, who encircle the throne of God day and night, waking "the echoes of Eternity" with their notes of joy.

But if, on the other hand, you see nothing lovely in the character of the Holy Spirit—if you view this Divine Agent as nothing more than a mere attribute of God—ridicule his personality;—if you have never felt his power upon your own soul, melting your heart in love and deep humility—filling you with peace—leading you to hate sin, and to turn from it—to prefer the light of God's countenance to all the pleasures of earth;—if you do not feel your entire dependence upon the Holy Spirit to sanctify you wholly; if you have no desires to see his power

exhibited in the hearts of others, producing in them repentance, and the life of faith and godliness—if you feel no interest in the work of the Spirit, the conversion of sinners, and the building up of the kingdom of God, then you are still in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. Whatever you have experienced, or may profess to be, one thing is very certain, *the love of God is not in you.*

III. *If you love God, you will love the Church of God.*

The Church is inexpressibly dear to the heart of God. He loves the Church with an everlasting love. He hath engraven her upon the palms of his hands; He hath set her as a signet upon his arm, as a seal upon his heart. He has watched over her with the greatest care, preserved her as the apple of his eye. He will yet make his Church the joy of the whole earth; her walls shall be salvation, and her gates praise.

The Church is also dear to Christ. He hath purchased it with his own blood. The Church is the Lamb's bride.

The Holy Spirit is engaged in the great work of purifying and enlarging the Church, making her the light of the world. The whole Deity is thus united in laboring for the interests of the Church. For her sake God has overturned thrones, and rebuked kings.

If you love God, you will feel a similar interest in the welfare of his Church. Its prosperity will ever lie near your heart. You will make great sac-

rifices for it, will watch over its interests, grieve at the misconduct of its members, have a tender love to all in it, who bear the image of Christ.

Now permit me to ask you, if you have any of that love for the Church, which dwells in the heart of God? Have you strong desires to see it built up? Do you delight to look back upon the past history of the Church, and behold, how God has led her through seas of blood, and fires of persecution? When she has been like a spark upon the ocean kept alive by the breath of the Almighty—like the pelican of the wilderness, and the owl of the desert, have you found your soul cleaving to her with a yearning sympathy? Have you sighed over her sufferings, as you have tracked her footsteps, marked with blood, from the Cross on Calvary down through the dark midnight of her pilgrimage? Has your heart ached, when you have seen her hunted as a partridge upon the mountains—wandering about in deserts, in dens and caves of the earth? Do you feel that the interests of the Church infinitely transcend every other, however great, however important? Do you feel willing yourself to make personal sacrifices for her? Have you such love for her that you can cry out with the Psalmist, If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. Is it the burden of your prayers, that the Church may be pure and holy

—that she may look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?

Do you love the members of the Church? He, who loveth God, will love his brother also. If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? If any one has offended, or injured you, do you pray that he may be forgiven, even as you yourself hope to be forgiven? Do you love the company of your brethren? Do you delight to go up with them to the house of God? to mingle your prayers and praises with theirs before the throne of God? Has the house of God attractions for your soul, because here your friends and kindred dwell? Do you feel a drawing of your soul to the people of God, that you feel for no others? Do the sympathies of your heart go out toward them? Can you weep with the afflicted and rejoice with those that rejoice? Do you seek the comfort and happiness of your brethren? Is it your earnest desire, that they may grow in all the graces of the Spirit? Are you more ready to charge yourself with neglect of duty, and coldness in devotion, than your brethren? Do you seek to animate their hearts by your love and zeal, and strengthen their weak faith? Do you rejoice to bear them on the wings of your faith to God's throne? Do you mourn over the misconduct of the professed followers of Christ? Do you, in fine,

love the Church with an ardor strong and fervid, because it belongs to God, and bears his image?

If such are your feelings, then indeed may you hope that you have passed from death unto life, that you do love God. But if upon examination you find your heart wholly destitute of any such feelings, if you find the Church of little or no interest to you —experience no pleasure in her prosperity, and have no undying attachment to her, then, you may rest assured, that whatever else you may be, *the love of God is not in you.*

IV. *If you love God, you will cherish the spirit of benevolence to your fellow men.*

God so loved the world, that He gave his Son to die for it. If you love God, you will possess something of the same expansive benevolence. Your heart will be large—the arms of your benevolence will embrace a world of sinners in all their guilt and woe. The same love, that was in Christ, will be in you, leading you to make great sacrifices and endure many self-denials for the good of your fellow men. The love of God will lead you not only to pray for the destitute, but *to do* something for them. You will devote to them your *personal labors*, as well as your good wishes and prayers. You will love not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

Do you possess this active benevolence? When you cast your eye over the wide spreading wastes around you—when you see thousands destitute of the word of life, who live year after year with no Sabbath blessings—hear no preacher's voice pro-

claiming salvation by the blood of Christ—thousands in our own land perishing for lack of vision, what are your feelings? Can you pray for them? and do you stop there? Can you do nothing more? Can you open no streamlets of benevolence from your heart, that will carry the waters of life into these barren wastes? And what are your feelings, when the lamentations and woes of the heathen world break upon your ears? Is your spirit stirred within you, as was Paul's, when he saw a whole city given to idolatry? When the cry of six hundred millions of your fellow beings, that are ready to perish, comes up from every quarter of the globe—a cry long and loud—a cry mingled with the tears and groans and shrieks of despair—a cry loaded with agony unutterable of millions sinking every hour into Hell,—a cry most heart-rending for help—for the bread of life—do you feel like stopping your ears and hardening your heart? When you are asked to do something for these suffering millions—to send them the Bible—the tract—the missionary, do you feel that you have nothing to do? That you can spare nothing of your wealth? Do you feel it no *privilege* to give and to give *liberally*? Does conscience give you no trouble, when you know that thousands are perishing, whom you might bless and save? Are you saying to yourself, when will these calls for my property cease, and I be unmolested? Have you such feelings, and do you call yourself a *Christian*? Whoso hath this world's good and seeth his brother

have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? If such are your feelings, and such your conduct, then, whatever else you may possess, one thing thou lackest, *the love of God is not in you.*

V. *If you love God, you will seek to live a life of holiness.*

God is a Being of spotless purity, so holy, that the heavens are impure in his sight, and He chargeth his angels with folly. He loves holiness, and requires it in the hearts of his children. If you love God, you will also love holiness, and seek to be holy. Hence unholy lusts and passions will have no resting place in your heart. You will labor to control the various appetites, that are always ready to lead you astray. Your earnest endeavor will be to subdue the ungodly desires of your heart. You will find, after your strongest efforts to eradicate sin from your bosom, that it is still a sink of corruption—a cage filled with every unclean and hateful bird; and it will be a wonder to you, how the Holy Spirit can stay there. It will grieve you to find there ungodly feelings of every name and character; feelings of indolence, carelessness, indifference to others, pride, self-sufficiency, haughtiness, contempt, malignant feelings, anger, wrath, peevishness, fault-finding; great selfishness, love of applause, of honor, a narrow-heartedness, and a host of others equally carnal and earth-born. These will cost you great pain, many tears, and hours of intercession.

Look at the character of God, and see what it is; look at his law, and see what it requires; look at your past life, and see what that has been. Does a sense of your folly and guilt ever affect your heart? Has your life been a series of conflicts with sin and depravity? Are you more desirous of living a life of holiness, than of obtaining wealth and applause? When you have a view of God's greatness and holiness, can you adopt the language of Job, and say, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes? Do you feel that for a man to be in Christ, he must be a new creature? that he must cast off the works of darkness, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ? that the same mind must be in him, which was in Christ Jesus? Are you seeking to bring your whole soul in subjection to the perfect law of God? Do you possess the amiable temper, the heavenly disposition of Jesus? Are you endeavoring daily to pursue his footsteps? Does the love of Christ constrain you to live not unto yourself, but unto Him, who died for you? Does it grieve your heart, that you have done so much to dishonor God before the world? That you should ever have wounded the Savior in the house of his friends? Does your earnest prayer go up day by day, that you may be kept from sin? that holiness may pervade your soul? that you may so live, that men may take knowledge of you, that you have been with Jesus? Is sin that abominable thing which your soul hateth? Is it your daily prayer to God, Cleanse thou me from secret faults; create

within me a new heart, O, God, and renew within me a right spirit? Can you say with the Psalmist, Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord? Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and seek Him with the whole heart? O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes?

If you have such yearnings of soul for God and holiness, you have indeed chosen the way of truth. You will continue to delight yourself in God's commandments. But if you have no desires for purity, and make no efforts to live the life of godliness—if your affections all centre upon earth—if you are more anxious for securing your own rather than the honor of God—if you have no desire to be conformed to his image—if you are willing to be left to enjoy what of happiness you can gather from things of a moment's duration—are disposed to have all your good things in this life—if your desire is, who will show me any wordly good, rather than, Lord lift Thou upon me the light of thy countenance, if you are wedded to earth, and are a stranger to Heaven—if you find no delight in pouring out your heart in prayer to God—never or but seldom enter your closet and there hold sweet communion with the Father of your spirit—if you live months and years in neglect of duty, and in open sin—if you take no pleasure in studying God's Holy Word—but seldom muse upon its truths; if the Holy Spirit is a stranger to your bosom, and Christ is not precious; if your attention is so absorbed in the affairs of this life, that

you cease to contemplate heavenly things, and the realities of Eternity have lost their power over your soul; then, you have reason to tremble, to look about you in earnest, and to examine well the foundations of your hope of Heaven. For whatever your expectation may be, and however comforting the delusions you are practicing upon yourself, one thing is certain, *the love of God is not in you.* In the day, when God shall reckon with your soul, your expectations will be as chaff driven by the whirlwind, and your hope as the giving up of the ghost.

NOTE.

The foregoing sermon was preached at Machias Port, Nov. 10, 1844; West Machias, Nov. 17, 1844; Brewer, Dec. 29, 1844; First Parish Church Bangor, April 20, 1845; Hammond-Street Church Bangor, May 4, 1845; Cumberland June 1, 1845; Dr. Spencer's Church Brooklyn, N. Y. July 2d, 1845.

SERMON III.

THE CONNECTION OF REASON WITH RELIGION.

AND HE REASONED IN THE SYNAGOGUE EVERY SABBATH, AND PERSUADED THE JEWS AND THE GREEKS.—Acts 18: 4.

After Paul had visited Athens and held a discussion with the Athenian Philosophers, he departed from thence and went to Corinth. There he continued nearly two years preaching Christ and Him crucified. He reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks. It appears to have been the constant practice of the Apostle Paul, wherever he went, to go into the synagogue and reason with the people on the subject of religion. The Apostle was a man of deep thought and great logical powers. These combined with a glowing zeal, gave him a fervid eloquence.

The system of Christianity was to his mind ra-

tional; and when he urged it upon men, he did it not with empty declamation; but with an eloquence penetrated with sober thought and sound argument. He was constantly basing his appeals to the conscience upon the teachings of reason. With the Jews he reasoned out of the Scriptures; with the Philosophers of Athens he reasoned from the light of nature, and the principles laid down by their own poets. When he stood before Felix, he *reasoned* with him of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come.

We have selected this feature in the Apostle's preaching for the purpose of directing your attention to the subject of *the connection of reason with religion.*

Many deny that reason has any connection at all with religion. In this class are those who deny the *right* to reason on matters of religion. Another species of this class consists of those, who deny any connection of reason and religion; because the religion developed in the Bible is, in their opinion, a bundle of absurdities, about which there can be no reason;—and they, who embrace it, must of necessity be fools. A third species in the same class are those who make religion consist altogether in *feeling*. You must *feel* every thing;—reasoning upon matters of religion is out of the question. Religion is a thing of *feeling* from beginning to end.

Another class consists of those, who acknowledge some connection between religion and reason; but

who, after all, watch the results of reason with a jealous eye. She is regarded as an unsafe friend, if not a dangerous foe to Christianity.

A third class consists of those, who readily acknowledge the intimate connection reason has with religion, but have no distinct views of its true relations to religion, or of the field, which it occupies.

It is our purpose, therefore, to show,

In the first place, That reason is connected with religion.

In the second place, To inquire, to what degree we are to rely upon reason; and,

In the third place, What is the province of reason in matters of religion?

I. Our first business is to show, that reason is connected with religion.

This appears evident, in the first place, from the very nature of religion. Religion consists in the knowledge of the Supreme Being, and a proper conduct on our part toward Him. But in order to arrive at a proper knowledge of God, the reason must be brought into exercise. For we can gain no idea of God in any other way. Irrational beings have no notion of God, nor can they have; for they are possessed of no reasoning powers, by which alone any knowledge of God can be obtained. There can be no religion without a God. The existence of the Supreme Being forms the basis of religion. It is essential to it. But it is equally essential to religion, that there should be some *knowledge* of the existence of God. For, if it is not known that God

exists, religion is as much a matter of impossibility as though there were no God. But it is only by the exercise of the reasoning powers, that we arrive at the idea of the divine existence. We look at the Creator's works, and by reasoning trace back effect to cause, link by link, till we reach a solid conviction of the first great and eternal cause. And after we have done this, reason has performed but a small part of her labor. For reason is to inquire what is the *character* of this first great cause ;—is He a malevolent or benevolent Being ? Is He to be loved, or hated and shunned ? Are the relations, which we sustain to Him, such as lay us under obligations to Him ? Is he a Being, who will be pleased with our attempts to worship Him ? Does He require us to do it ? Will it be of any benefit to us ? In what manner shall we so worship Him as to secure his approbation ? These are questions of vital importance in religion, and these reason must settle.

That reason is connected with religion is evident, in the second place, from the commands of God. They are given upon the supposition, that man has knowledge of God—that he is capable of reasoning so as to see the propriety of these commands, and his obligations to conform to them. He is addressed as a rational being. The obedience required is of a rational character ; not like the obedience which animals yield to the law of instinct ; not that, which a stone yields to the law of gravitation.

The connection of reason with religion is evident, in the third place, from the invitations, promises, and threatenings contained in the Bible. Men are addressed as though they were able to reason about things, that belong to their happiness; as capable of balancing motives—seeing results— being affected by inducements—of choosing between things that differ. If religion is not intimately connected with reason, men would not be treated in this way.

The same fact is evident, in the fourth place, from the actual instances of it contained in the Bible. The Bible abounds in appeals to man's reason. Samuel in addressing the children of Israel says to them, Stand still while I reason with you before the Lord of all the righteous acts of the Lord. God invites men to reason, saying, Come let us reason together. Christ was in the constant habit of reasoning with the Jews. The Apostles reasoned with the people on the day of Pentecost. This was their constant practice, *to reason*, wherever they went,—whether in the synagogues with the Jews, or in distant regions among idolaters. Thus we see that rationality runs through the whole of religion, pervading it as a golden tissue. It binds men by strong links of logic to God's throne. Religion begins and ends with reason. True, there are some mysteries in religion, which lie beyond the sphere of the rational powers, and which we are required to believe upon the simple testimony of God. Yet reason accompanies us to the very borders of these mysteries,

and puts us upon rational grounds for the exercise of our belief in them. Thus is man never required to forsake reason at any point of progress in his religious life.—Let us then proceed to inquire,

II. To what degree we are to rely upon reason?

In reply to this inquiry, I remark, that we are to rely upon the teachings of reason as affording us *certainty*. Reason, *operating within her proper sphere and unperverted, always gives us certainty*, and is to be relied on as *correct* and as *of equal authority with divine revelation*. We speak now simply *of the degree of confidence*, which we are to place in the teachings of reason, *acting in its own sphere and unperverted*. The confidence under such limitations is to be perfect and absolute. This will appear evident, if we consider,

First, that the mind does actually know something to begin with, and knows it with *absolute certainty*. We are so constituted, that we cannot act, without assuming that we know something *correctly*. If we doubt this, and assert that we know nothing,—this very assertion implies that we know for a certainty this much, namely, *that we know nothing*. We must, therefore, assume, that in relation to some things we have correct knowledge. Such is the nature of the human mind, such its structure, that it cannot act like a mind, nor be a mind, without evolving from itself, in its first actings, certain primary truths. These truths spring up in the consciousness of the soul with a certainty, which is absolute,

and beyond denial. They will ever adhere to the mind. They can never be wrenched from it. They remain eternally fixed in the soul as unalterable truths—as absolute, complete *certainty*. Among these truths is the mind's knowledge of self-existence, personal identity—its own unity; also the notion of cause and effect, right and wrong—and the idea of power, and of freedom. These are truths, that spring up among the first actions of the mind. The mind cannot be taught them. It cannot gain them by revelation. They exist, and are known aside from all reasoning, and from all revelation. The mind, therefore, has certainty to begin with—something known—known absolutely—known perfectly.

Reasoning consists in comparing two or more known truths—in perceiving the relations they bear to each other, and in deducing from them certain new truths, the knowledge of the existence of which thus comes to be certain. The logical deductions from known truths are perceived and felt to be as correct and real as the truths from which they are made. Hence men should rely upon them, and they do actually rely upon them, with perfect confidence. No revelation from God can make them any more correct or certain. Hence they are of equal authority with divine revelation.

This is evident,

In the second place, from the fact that the Bible takes it for granted, that men are certainly correct

on some points—that they are capable of reasoning correctly in respect to many important things. Thus the Bible takes it for granted, that men are correct in their belief of the existence and overruling power of the Supreme Being: that He should be worshipped—that man has sinned—and merits the displeasure of his Creator—that he knows what is right and wrong. It goes upon the assumption that man can reason correctly; Come let us reason together, saith the Lord; Are not my ways equal? Are not your ways unequal? Christ regarded the Jews as capable of reasoning correctly as to the evidence of his Messiahship: If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not: but if I do, though ye believe not me, yet believe the works. They had a right to require miracles from one, who professed to be a messenger from God. They had the ability by reasoning, to determine whether these miracles were real or false. They thus could arrive at certainty as to Christ's pretensions to being the Messiah. Christ acknowledged their right to require miracles, and the correctness of the deductions of their unperverted reason. He, therefore, asks them to look at his works and reason fairly in relation to them. He had no fears of the result. This was acknowledging that the teachings of reason are to be relied on with as much confidence as the instructions of revelation. We pass to inquire,

III. What is the province of reason?

This is an important inquiry, inasmuch as mistakes

here lead to the most dangerous errors in doctrine and practice. In answer to this inquiry, we remark,

In the first place, that reason is to determine the existence, the attributes and character of the Supreme Being. This will appear evident, if we reflect, (1), that the Bible takes the existence of God for granted. It supposes that men know this fact already. The Bible no where attempts to enter into any proof of it. It brings forward no array of argument—it goes into no discussion of the point. We find it assumed in the first sentence of divine Revelation;—In the beginning GOD created the heavens and the earth. And if we consider a moment, we shall see that this could not well be otherwise. For, it will be granted that we must obtain a knowledge of the divine existence, either by reason, or by divine Revelation. If by divine Revelation or the Bible, then the Bible would profess to come from a being wholly unknown—to teach us the existence of an unknown being; and require us to believe in his existence simply upon its own assertion. This would be taking assertion for proof. It would be allowing a witness, whose veracity was doubted in court, to assert his own veracity, and then take the assertion as the proof of it. The authority and correctness of the Bible might be denied, and then all its testimony would go for nothing. Hence, even if the Bible should profess to reveal the existence of God, it could not produce that kind of evidence, that would induce a rational belief. But

the Bible undertakes no such thing; it only professes to be a communication from a being whose existence is already down. And as there are only two supposed sources of information on the point, reason and Revelation, and as Revelation does not, and cannot give it; it follows that reason must. Hence it comes within the province of reason to determine whether there is a God, or not. This will be still more evident, if we consider, (2), the fact that all men have some knowledge of the divine existence. This has, indeed, been denied by some. It has been asserted that certain tribes of men have been found, who have no idea, or knowledge of God,—and have no religious worship. But this statement, upon careful investigation, has been ascertained to be incorrect. No nation is now known, which has not some forms of worship, and by consequence, some idea and knowledge of a Supreme Being. All the rites and ceremonies of the heathen world—their oblations and sacrifices—their self-inflictions and tortures—their prayers and vows, afford sufficient testimony, that they are aware that there is a Supreme Being,—that He ought to be worshipped,—and that they have sinned against Him.

The fact, that all men are made and feel that they are made *accountable* beings, proves not only that there is a God, but that they must have some idea of Him. For, they feel that they are accountable, —but *accountable to whom?* Not to some being below them,—nor to themselves,but to something above

—a supreme, all powerful God. They must, therefore, aside from all revelation, have some knowledge of the divine existence. As they have not the Bible, they must have obtained it from the teachings of reason. This is still more evident, if we consider, (3) that the proofs of the divine existence come naturally within the range of the reasoning powers. The sources of proof are abundant. The mind can reason from effect to cause, and naturally inquires for and seeks after the cause of things. It is constantly employed in this manner. It comes properly within the range of its natural powers, therefore, to search out proofs of a first great cause. These exist in the works of the Creator's hands. They are infinite in variety, and show consummate intelligence, wisdom and skill. They point the reason upward, and declare to it in distinct language, "the hand that made us is divine." The language of the Bible fully confirms the position we have taken: For the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead. So that that, which may be known of God, is manifested to men, for God hath in this way showed it to them.

It comes within the province of reason, we remark,

In the second place, to examine the evidences of Christianity. There have been other pretensions to revelation of which we have examples in the Sibylline Oracles of the Romans, the sacred books of the

Persians and Hindoos, and the Koran of Mohammed. How shall we decide, which are really, and which are not of divine origin, if reason is not to determine the question? To what source shall we go for certainty? We are evidently as much left in the dark as though no revelations had been made. For we know not which is true, or but that they all are false. Reason, then, must decide the point. It must examine the evidences of each. It must inquire in relation to the Bible, whether it contains all the revelations God has made to man? Whether we have all the books that the primitive Christians had? On what principles the early Christians proceeded in settling the Scriptural Canon? Were these principles correct or not? Were the Sacred Books written *when, and where* they purport to have been written? Were they written by the persons to whom they are ascribed? Have they come down to us substantially the same as when originally written? Are the statements of facts in the Scriptures to be relied on as true? Does the Bible come to us clothed with *divine authority*? are the Scriptures divinely inspired? What assistance did the sacred writers receive in penning the Scriptures? Did this assistance extend to the *manner* as well as the *matter*; to the *language* of Scripture, as well as to the *thoughts*? These are questions that come within the province of reason to examine and settle. I remark,

In the third place, that it is the office of reason to establish what principles of interpretation shall be

put upon God's Word. No interpretation must be allowed, which contradicts the teachings of reason. In the plainest language there are metaphorical expressions, and in every extended discourse there are limitations of general expressions growing out of the occasion upon which they are used. Reason must establish certain rules to guide us in such circumstances: such as that a document must never be so construed as to contradict its own design; that the general customs of the people, by whom the language was used, must be known,—and their habits of thinking; that the principles of an author are to be investigated by comparing his language in one place with that which occurs in another. These and other rules of interpretation reason must establish. I remark,

In the fourth place, that it comes within the province of reason to ascertain what truths and doctrines are taught in the Bible. The Bible professes to teach some new doctrines, not taught by the light of nature. It certainly comes within the ability of reason to determine the *fact*, that the Bible does teach some new doctrines, and to ascertain *what* they are. They can be known and believed in no other way. And here the process is an easy one, if men would but follow the deductions of unperverted reason. For reason first examines the *evidences* of Revelation. It feels satisfied, that the Bible is actually a Revelation from God,—and that every thing revealed by God, coming to his creatures from so high an authority, may be rested in as *true*. This

being known, the next step is to ascertain what is contained in this book. And this can easily be done under the guidance of those principles of interpretation which reason itself has established. Thus we may for a certainty determine whether the doctrines of Christ's Divinity,—of the Atonement,—of God's Sovereignty,—of man's depravity,—of future punishment, are taught in the Bible, or not. So of any other doctrine. We may know what is the truth. I remark,

In the fifth place, that it comes within the province of reason to determine its own limits,—and whether the knowledge of any doctrine received is arrived at by a perverted or unperverted reason. One of the most important offices of reason is to recognize her own limits. This she can do. She knows that she cannot grasp infinity—nor stride across Eternity,—nor walk around the boundaries of the universe,—nor comprehend God. She knows that there are some things, that are true, which are above her comprehension, as the mode of the divine existence. While nothing can be received as true, which is contrary to reason,—because it is impossible to perceive, at the same time, the truth and the falsehood of a proposition;—yet many things are true, which reason does not comprehend. But reason, knowing her own limits, will yield assent to truths that lie beyond them, believing them upon the simple testimony of God's word. There will, therefore, never be any contradiction between reason act-

ing within her own limits, and any doctrine of Revelation, which lies *out* of those limits. All doctrines, therefore, that do really contradict reason, lie *within* her limits. The truth of these she is consequently able to judge. If the Bible is true, and the deductions of reason are true, there can be no contradiction between the doctrines of true religion, and the dictates of right reason. If, then, any such contradiction appear, there must be some mistake. It is the business of reason to find where the mistake is. It may have arisen from not making a proper use of reason in the interpretation of the Scriptures; or a proposition may be considered as implying a contradiction, which, in truth, is wholly owing to its being imperfectly understood. Our steps here must be measured back. We must examine closely and impartially those passages, which appear to contain the doctrines; compare them with one another; endeavor to derive light from the general phraseology of Scripture; and we shall generally be able, in this way, to separate the doctrine from all those accidental circumstances, which give it the appearance of absurdity.

Reason is to consider whether any avowal of doctrine has not arisen from, or is not opposed on account of some narrow prejudices, or pre-conceived notions. Take for instance the doctrine, that we are guilty of Adam's first transgression. Here the first inquiry is, are we able to determine the truth or falsehood of the proposition? Upon examination we

find that we can. The next point of inquiry is, is it true that we are guilty of Adam's first trangression? This may be settled by an appeal, (1) to the declarations of Scripture, where we are expressly told that the soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the Son. The righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him.

We may appeal (2) to the definition, which the Bible gives of sin, that it is a *transgression of the law;* and show that an individual must himself actually have transgressed the law, before he can be charged with guilt.

We may (3) appeal to the evidence of consciousness. And we find that consciousness gives no declaration of our guilt in Adam's first sin. How can we feel guilty of an act done thousands of years before we had existence, of which we had no knowledge, to the commission of which we gave no consent? The absurdity of the doctrine appears evident at once. But we may inquire further, (4), What inducements there may be to lead men to embrace this doctrine? If men are not led to believe it from a desire to account for the many evils, that fall upon our race, upon innocent persons, such as sickness and death upon infants? if they have not attempted in this way to reconcile the fact with the justice of God? Reason inquires, if this cannot be accounted for on other and more rational grounds; and demonstrates that it can be. It next inquires, if

the doctrine is not embraced by men to shield them from all responsibility in their acts, and from blame for the evils they endure, and to enable them thus to throw it back upon Adam, who was their legal representative and head? thus to exonerate themselves from reproach—stifle the monitions of conscience, and live at ease in sin? Has not their reason thus been perverted, and the doctrine arisen from the exercise of a perverted reason? Reason can thus trace out the consequences of a doctrine, and show from its practical results, that it must necessarily be false or true.

This may serve as an illustration of the mode, which reason may take to determine the truth of every doctrine of the Bible.

I have thus briefly attempted to show the connection of reason with religion—the degree of confidence with which we are to rely upon its teachings, and the province which it occupies. I shall close with two brief remarks.

1. We see from our subject, that there is no cause either in reason or religion, why there should not be a unity of sentiment among Christians in regard to all the doctrines of the Bible. These doctrines and the teachings of an unperverted reason always harmonize. Men can be united in sentiment and belief on hundreds of points in the sciences. There is nothing in reason or religion, that forbids harmony of opinion among men on every point of Christian doctrine and belief. Hence the Bible strictly re-

quires and insists upon this unity of sentiment: —Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the *same thing*, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together *in the same mind, and in the same judgment.* Let us walk by the *same rule*, let us mind the *same thing.* Fulfil ye my joy, that ye be *like minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind.* If these precepts were ever binding upon Christians, they are now. There is no necessary cause in religion, or reason, why Christians should be separated from one another. The word of God is a perfect rule of faith, and is sufficiently plain and intelligible. These divisions, therefore, are owing not to religion, but to the want of it—to the depravity of man's nature. I remark,

2. That men are responsible for their religious belief. The doctrines revealed in the Bible are God's truths. He considered them important to us, or He would not have revealed them. He has written them so plainly, that we may know them. He has given us rational powers sufficient to discover them. If we do not understand and believe them, it is our own fault. God is the God of truth, and He has revealed to us the truth. We are under as much obligation to believe what is true, as we are to do what is right. It is not a matter of indifference with God, what system of religious sentiments we embrace. There is no more reason to

hope that God will save us without believing the doctrines of the Gospel, than without performing the duties enjoined by it. Our future and eternal happiness as much depends upon the rectitude of our belief as upon the rectitude of our conduct. Hence Christ says, If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he, that believeth not, shall be damned. God has suspended his favor upon our conduct in this respect. He will not save us, because we have been sincere in the belief of error. If we have made lies our refuge, and hid ourselves under falsehood, *He will lay righteousness to the line, and judgment to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away our refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow our hiding place.*

NOTE.

This sermon was preached only once; viz: at West Machias, Nov. 24, 1844.

SERMON IV.

THE SINNER'S REGRETS.

AND THOU MOURN AT THE LAST, WHEN THY FLESH AND THY BODY ARE CONSUMED, AND SAY, HOW HAVE I HATED INSTRUCTION, AND MY HEART DESPISED REPROOF.—Proverbs 5: 11, 12.

THE writer, in the context, has been giving warnings against a life of sinful pleasure. In our text, he points to the winding up of a course of sin, and sets forth the bitter regrets, that fill the soul in that sad hour. He does this to deter men from folly, to induce them to forsake the road to Hell—to walk in the path of wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are paths of peace.

In harmony with the spirit and design of our text, we propose, as the subject of our present contemplation, *the sinner's regrets.*

In remarking upon this subject, we invite your attention to the consideration of *two points.*

I. When will the sinner have regrets?

II. What will he regret?

I. Our first point of inquiry is, When will the sinner have regrets?

We answer at the close of life, upon a bed of death. They will be *dying regrets*. He will mourn *at the last*, when his flesh and his body are consumed. In health, in the vigor of youth, and the strength of manhood, the sinner forgets that death is on his track. He thinks not that blooming youth and vigor will soon be passed. He is afloat upon broad and peaceful waters, and careless of the future. Pleasures are tempting. They allure from duty. They fascinate his soul. He is spell-bound by their wizard power. Thoughts of danger are unheeded. His fears he puts to sleep—sings them a siren song. All will go well at last. There is no cloud above, nor in the distant horizon; storms, therefore, will never gather—tempests never howl, nor lightnings blaze. So reasoned the lovers of pleasure the day Noah entered the ark, and the morning Lot went out of Sodom. Thus do myriads reason, till their graves are thrown open before them. They are impatient of restraint, greedy of folly, and bent upon sin. Thousands run the giddy round of worldly pleasures, with a thoughtless indifference of Eternity, till their death-knell is sounding in their ears. Terror then takes hold of their souls. Their meridian sun goes out in darkness.

The *dying* hour is a point fixed in the progress of each man's existence. As the sinner nears that point, a fearful shuddering comes over his spirit.

Here the gay and thoughtless become sober—the scoffer trembles—the swearer prays.—As the sinner gathers himself upon his dying-bed, his memory gathers around him the events of a mis-spent life. The history of his follies, the catalogue of his sins are read over to him. He *must* listen; and if he has never had regrets before, he will have them now. Fears beset him. Hitherto he has succeeded in keeping them at bay. In health and strength he could laugh at them. But now his courage faints. Life is fast ebbing. Gold cannot bribe his mortal foe. The voice of conscience he could once drown in the tumult of a busy life; but the noise of business has now died away upon his ear, and conscience is again heard, in the stillness of the death-chamber, speaking in accents of stern reproof.—In the society of friends, he could once forget Eternity and a dying hour; but now those friends are preparing his burial-dress, his winding sheet, and the hand of affection is wiping the cold death-sweat from his brow.

Every circumstance of his situation is calculated to crowd upon the soul the retrospect of the past, and fearful forebodings of the future. He cannot avoid them. The last sands of life are falling. The pleasures of sin are ended, his hopes of happiness gone. He has lived a life of carelessness—revelled in sin. Now he has arrived at the end of it. He is compelled to look over it, survey his guilt, witness his madness, and feel in his soul the keenest regrets. Let us then, inquire,

II. What the sinner will regret?

1. He will regret the misimprovement of privileges. God granted him the privilege of an intelligent existence. He upheld that existence for months and years; blessed him with vigorous health and the comforts of life. He gathered around him affectionate friends. He put the cup of joy into his hands. He commanded the earth to bring forth her increase to satisfy his wants, and the seasons to move round to crown his years with goodness. God blessed also the labor of his hands; whatsoever he did prospered, so that he lacked no good thing. He thus lived upon the joint bounty of earth and heaven. His existence in the scale of creation was elevated. In rational powers he was made a little lower than the angels of God—and, as contrasted with inferior orders of being, he was crowned with glory and honor. He was raised so high in the scale of intelligence, that he could send out his thoughts to the corners of the universe, call the stars by name, and weigh the planets. He was gifted with a moral sense, which was as the candle of the Lord shining in the soul. He was made capable of shaping his destiny for both worlds. God placed the Bible in his hands, which he might consult, at any hour. His duties were all marked down there—written out so plainly, that he that runneth may read; and the way-faring-man, though a fool, need not err therein. The Sabbath greeted him with its holy light, and hallowed rest. The sanctuary invited him to the

worship of his God. There the offers of salvation were freely made ;—and there Christians met to pray with him.

But the sinner has neglected all these privileges. He placed but little value upon the privilege of living in a world like this. He now bitterly regrets the manner, in which he spent the vigor of his youth. He remembers that God's hand supplied all his desires; but he never offered to Him one expression of thankfulness. He received the gifts —consumed them upon his lusts—forgot the Giver. God poured rich blessings into his bosom to soften and melt his heart; but they only made it adamant. God's holy Word, which would have made him wise unto salvation, lay neglected from week to week, from year to year. Its sacred truths he viewed with the most stupid indifference. Oh, if he had consulted those holy pages—searched for truth, as for hid treasures, what pangs would now be spared his soul in his dying hour.—Those Sabbaths—what a weariness were they! How often did he violate that holy day? Spend its hours in travelling, quieting his conscience with the plea of necessity! How often did he devote the day to amusements! If he went up to the house of worship, with what thoughtlessness did he do it! When the sound of salvation was ringing in his ears, how heedless was he of Heaven and Hell! He reads over the list of his Sabbaths; not one of them was spent as he now wishes he had spent them.

He calls to mind the opportunities he had of doing good. How did he abuse his wealth? How many streamlets of beneficence might he have conducted through the barren wastes around him, making them bud and blossom as the rose? What good might he have done by his example? How has he abused his talents?—belittled and dwarfed the noble faculties of his soul?

He, in short, commenced his existence in circumstances the most favourable. During life favors innumerable were heaped upon him. Had he not most shamefully abused his privileges, he might now be an heir of Heaven—be fitted to be a companion of angels. Instead of the gloom of despair, the smile of Heaven would light up his dying hour. The tomb, instead of being shrouded with the blackness of midnight, might be spanned by the rainbow. Instead of the woes of the damned, the songs of Heaven might be breaking sweetly upon his ear.

2. The sinner will regret the mis-improvement of the instructions he received.

If the sinner had been born in a land of heathenish darkness, his dying regrets would be comparatively few. But it is far otherwise. He commenced his life in a land of gospel light. Christianity rocked his cradle. In the tender days of infancy, a mother's voice spoke to him of Heaven. He felt the soft pressure of her hand upon his head, as she kneeled in prayer for her child. With the first feeble lispings

of his voice, she taught him to say, "Our Father." —Light was imparted to his budding mind. His feet were guided in childhood into the path that leads to Heaven. Parental love instructed him in the truths of the Bible—taught him his duties to God —warned him of the woes of sin. He remembers now, as he lies upon his dying bed, their counsels, their prayers, their tears. They were all unheeded.

He calls to mind also the instructions of the Sabbath school. Truths relating to the salvation of his soul were there unfolded to his mind. The Bible was explained to him—brought within his comprehension. But these instructions he heeded not. They were written upon his memory; he let in a tide of worldliness to efface them. His teacher pressed truths upon his heart—he thrust them away. His teacher besought Him to become a Christian; he preferred to live in sin. He chose to give his thoughts and affections to any thing rather than God.

He was instructed also by his minister. What pains were taken to teach him the great doctrines and duties of religion! How faithfully was he warned of death and the destruction of his soul? What motives were placed before his mind to induce him to repent? Life and death were set before him, and he urgently entreated to make choice of life. He was pressed to give the subject of his soul's salvation immediate attention. He was told of the danger of delay—the hardening, withering

influence of sin—pointed to the uncertainty of life —the nearness of Eternity. Christians, in the conference room, besought him to stop and ponder well the paths of his feet. Earnestly did they pray for him, and with tears implored him not to ruin his soul. God also warned him by his providences. He wrenched from his hands his gods of silver and gold, and destroyed them before his eyes. Disease led him so near the grave that its cold death-chills made him shiver. Danger often pushed him almost over the brink of Hell. Its fiery waves broke all around him. Death unexpectedly and ruthlessly seized upon the friendly companion by his side. He heard his shrieks of agony—his cry of despair as he sank into the world of woe. But the sinner would be instructed by none of these things. He steeled his heart against the truth, jeered at the counsels of the Christian—laughed at dangers—mocked his Maker to his face. All the instructions of parents, of teachers, of Christians, of ministers, and God, have been wholly *lost* upon him.

3. The sinner will regret his treatment of his Savior. He sees that God has left no means untried to save his wretched soul. Because no other being in the universe could save him, Christ undertook to rescue him. For his sake Christ laid aside the glories of Heaven, took on him human nature, dwelt on earth, exposed to all its trials and woes. For his sake, the Son of God became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. For his sake, the Redeemer

endured the agonies of the garden, the fury of an insulting mob. For his sake, the Savior died upon the cross amid writhings and agonies that made the sun veil his face in darkness, the earth groan, and the dead leap from their tombs in amazement. The universe gazed with astonishment upon the exhibition of such unheard of love. This Savior died for him. Every groan he uttered was for him. Every drop of bloody sweat was for him. His sins cost Heaven its brightest attraction, and wrung the heart of the Savior with pangs unutterable. But when told of the love of Christ—when pointed to the bleeding Lamb of God upon the cross, he turned away in scorn. He would not have salvation by faith in his blood. Though the voice of inspiration declared, that there was no other name given under heaven, whereby he could be saved; yet he would not believe it. He thought he could get into Heaven by his own good works: if not, God was a merciful Being and would overlook his mistakes. He should arrive at Heaven at last, with little difficulty. He was too much involved in pleasures, too much interested in friends, too deeply buried in business, to think about Jesus Christ, or to inquire wherefore He came into the world.

But now the sinner is drawing near the eternal world. His moments on earth are but few. How shall he stand before his Maker—his soul crimsoned with sin—dyed in guilt! His life of morality has been a life of hypocrisy. He looks over the whole

series of his past acts: but there is no one of them that he dares to plead before his Judge. He finds he never performed one single act in his whole life, from pure, sincere love to his Creator. He has lived wholly for himself. Self has been the great propelling motive of his life; the key, that will unlock all his actions. He cannot, therefore, justify himself before God; fool, that he should ever thought of doing so.

Equally deluded was he in the expectation that God would be so merciful, as to pass by his mistakes and give him free admittance to Heaven. He now sees that God out of Christ is a consuming fire—that his anger will burn to the lowest Hell—that He is a merciful God only to those who seek mercy through Jesus Christ. But that Savior he has despised. The sinner now feels that he has been building his hopes of Heaven upon a foundation of sand—and the tempests of God's wrath are beginning to beat heavily upon him, and he is fast sinking into the bottomless gulf. He is going as fast as the ebbing tide of life can carry him to perdition.

How does he now regret his treatment of the blessed Savior. That Savior was clothed with omnipotence, and offered to save him. But he would not be saved by Him. Christ had power to forgive sins, but he would not ask for pardon. The riches of Heaven were offered him, but he preferred the treasures of earth. Eternal life was proffered him; but he chose *perdition*. How bitterly does he now lament his folly.

4. The sinner has still keener regrets, when he remembers his treatment of the Holy Spirit.

The Spirit began to move upon his heart even in the days of childhood. He came to him when the voice of parental love spoke to him of God and Eternity. When he opened God's holy word, He warned him of righteousness and a judgment to come. He oftentimes met him in the Sabbath School, as his teacher besought him to repent of sin and turn to God. The truths presented to his understanding, the Spirit of God pressed upon his conscience. In times of revivals, when others were attending to their soul's salvation, the Holy Spirit came to his heart. He felt that religion was important; was convinced that he ought to give it his careful attention. But he deferred the subject. He loved sin too well to think of abandoning it so soon. He, therefore, said to the Spirit, Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee. The Spirit, driven from his bosom, returned again and again. He read over to him God's law, told him of the certainty of ruin—besought him to ponder well the path he trod. At times, the sinner was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Conviction of sin clung to his soul; he found it difficult to shake it off. Guilt weighed upon his conscience with a mountain's pressure, extorted groans from his stubborn spirit. But the pride of his heart was too great to submit to God. He would offer no penetential supplications. He would not make God his

choice and portion forever. His heart was still in love with sin. He loved the applause of men. He feared the finger of scorn—could not give up the society of some boon companions—had some pressing engagements to attend to—was busy in hoarding wealth. He must therefore *be excused.* He was willing to sell his heavenly birthright for earthly pottage. He determined to have his good things in this world and let the interests of his undying soul take care of themselves. He thrust from him the Holy Spirit. It was the last struggle. The Spirit took his final leave. God said of him; He is joined to his idols—let him alone. My Spirit shall not always strive with man.

Oh how dismal the prospect of the soul, when abandoned of the Spirit of God! The last ray of hope goes out. The soul is left in the gloom of eternal midnight. The sinner is as certainly and irretrievably shut up to his fate, as if already chained in the dungeon of despair.

How unutterable the pangs of the sinner upon his death-bed, thus forsaken of God! The Spirit insulted so repeatedly is gone forever! The sinner knows that his destiny is now settled for Eternity! He has made shipwreck of his existence; he is hopelessly, eternally lost. All his privileges are unimproved—instructions unheeded—a Savior despised—the Holy Spirit grieved. He has to take up with the lamentation; The harvest is passed, the summer ended, and I am not saved.

And now death is fast hastening on. The sinner is, each moment, verging nearer and still nearer his final, his fatal plunge. Eternity, with all its dread realities, is before him ; his sins are all unforgiven ; he is leaving all he holds dear, all that he fondly loves ; his happiness is ended, his woes begun ; the future is shrouded with the blackness of darkness, through which gleam the fierce lightnings of God's wrath.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clayey tenement;
Runs to each avenue ! and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O ! might she stay to wash away her crimes,
And fit her for her passage ! Mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan
She heaves, is big with horror ; But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose
Pursues her close, thro' every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks."

Oh ! the unutterable pangs ! the agonies—the fiery waves of despair, that break around that poor soul !

From our subject, I remark,

1. The danger of delay in matters of religion. You, fellow sinner, know that you must die. You feel conscious that you are not fit to go into the world of spirits, and stand before your Maker. You are persuaded, that before you go into his presence, your feelings must be different from what they now

are. You know that as death finds you, so will the judgment and Eternity find you. He, that is filthy, will be filthy still. As the tree falleth, so it shall lie. Your probation will close at death, if not before. Your reason teaches you, that a death-bed is a poor place to get ready for Heaven. What season for calm reflection, when the sins of a whole life are hastily crowding upon your attention? What time to make preparation for the voyage of Eternity, when there is but an hour to live? What can the affrighted soul do, when the body is racked with pain? What time for repentance, when the soul is scared with the horrors of damnation?

Why, then, will you delay attention to your soul's salvation, till you are gasping your last breath? It is enough to die, if you have your peace already made with God. Why will you, now that you are in health, in the possession of reason, crowd from you all thoughts of God and Eternity? Why, when the offers of salvation are so freely made to you, do you listen to them with the greatest indifference? The offer when despised may be withdrawn forever. God is in earnest, when He sets before you life and death, and presses you to choose life. God is not trifling with your soul. Nor will He always wait to be gracious. If you continue to refuse to listen to his warnings and counsels, He will say of you; Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsels and would

none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh;—When distress and anguish cometh upou you, then shall ye call upon me, but I will not answer; ye shall seek me early, but shall not find me. Ye would none of my counsel; ye despised all my reproof. Therefore ye shall eat of the fruit of your own way, and be filled with your own devices.

As sure as God leaves your soul, fellow sinner, your destruction is certain. Every opportunity of repentance you neglect, every offer of mercy you slight, renders it more and more probable, that you will ruin your soul. You have no intention of going to Hell—no intention of being shut out of Heaven. But you are taking just *the* steps to effect your destruction. If you were bent on going to Hell—were eager and clamorous to get into perdition, you could do nothing more to effect it, than what you are now doing. Ruin, fellow sinner, is easy, ah! very easy. Just *go on*, as you are now going, and you will soon be in Hell. Just neglect the Sabbath, spend it in sinful thoughts and amusements, just neglect to pray—just continue to disregard the Bible—never open it with the desire to learn the way of salvation,—cavil with its doctrines—just turn away with indifference when you hear its truths preached; continue to despise the offers of pardon and salvation by the blood of Christ; and you will succeed, beyond all question, in landing your soul in perdition, where it will be of no service to you to

pray, where no Bible will be found to quarrel with—no offers of salvation be made—no Savior's blood to despise.

Just continue to let the amusements of life engross your affections—continue to love the world with all your heart—just plunge so deeply into business, that you can shut out all thoughts of Eternity from your mind—just continue to be as selfish as you now are, love your silver and gold better than your God—just continue to absent yourself from the prayer-meeting—neglect the warnings of Christians—continue to slight the monitions of conscience—continue to dismiss all thoughts of religion from your mind—just continue to say to the Spirit of God, Go thy way for this time—and when you are pointed to a judgment to come and a world of woe—just neglect to make any efforts to escape from it—just believe that Hell, and the fire that shall never be quenched, and the worm that never dies, are a delusion, and the Bible says nothing about them—just continue to do this—and you will, beyond a shadow of doubt, succeed in sinking your soul to the lowest Hell. You will soon be where no prayer-meetings are held—where you will never again listen to the admonitions of Christians. You will be where the Spirit of God will no more visit your soul,—where you will no longer doubt the existence of Hell or dispute the endlessness of its torments.

Yes, sinner, how easy it is to be undone forever! Just "neglect the great salvation, and you shall not

escape the damnation of Hell." *Just sit still and you die. It costs no effort. It is only to do nothing.*

2. I remark, that if the sinner perishes, he will have no one to blame but himself. It will be because he hated instruction, and his heart despised reproof. God gives the sinner a fair chance to get to Heaven. He has said, As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth. God has been at infinite pains, sinner, to preserve you from Hell. He has not left you in ignorance of his character, or his law. His law is perfectly rational as well as holy. He has given you perfect ability to to keep this law in every respect. You was never compelled to violate it contrary to your will. Every time you have sinned, it has been from your own free consent and choice. God has warned you of the consequences of sin. He has told you that the wages of sin is death.

Although you have often sinned most grievously against Him, He has prolonged your probation, to give you an opportunity to repent. You cannot, therefore, cast any blame upon your Creator. He has been exceedingly kind, and exercised great forbearance toward you. An ample atonement has been provided. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. The offers of salvation God has freely made to you: Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price. You cannot complain,

that the invitation is not large and ample enough: Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.

You have been invited from Sabbath to Sabbath, to accept the offer of salvation. Your duty to repent has been urged by Christians—pressed by the Spirit of God. Conscience has uttered words of admonition. But you have broken away from every restraint. Though God has been counseling, and entreating you to attend to the salvation of your soul, yet you have been perfectly *careless* about it. You have gone on in the ways and practices, which directly tend to your ruin. You have wilfully taken the course to be undone. God has told you, that the path you are going in leads to destruction. He has counseled you to avoid it. But you will not hearken. You obstinately persist in travelling the road to Hell, contrary to God's repeated commands. You are thus bringing ruin upon your soul. You will have your own way, and do not like to have God oppose you in it. You destroy yourself wilfully in fighting against God.

Mercy calls after you, even while you are on the very brink of Hell, but you will not listen. You spurn the offers of mercy, and *deliberately, knowingly, stubbornly* plunge into the flames of perdition. Will you have any one to blame but yourself?

NOTE.

The preceding sermon was preached at West Machias, Nov. 3d, 1844; at Castine Jan. 19, 1845; Brewer, Feb. 16, 1845; 1st Parish Church, Bangor Apr. 20, 1845; Bucksport, May 18, 1845; Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, June 22, 1845.

SERMON V.

NO PEACE TO THE WICKED.

THERE IS NO PEACE, SAITH MY GOD, TO THE WICKED. Isaiah 57: 21.

Wicked men and God are at open war with each other. God as a rightful Sovereign has given laws, obedience to which will secure the highest happiness of all his creatures. But wicked men do not like these laws. They have been trying an experiment, whether, it is not possible to break away from God's laws, and still find happiness. God in the text pronounces the experiment a failure—that the world over in every age and clime, There is no peace to the wicked. It is our present purpose to establish the proposition contained in the text, *There is no peace to the wicked.*

I. This appears evident from their disappointments.

1. They are disappointed in their expectation of happiness in the possession of wealth.

Wicked men turn away from God as a source of happiness, and attempt to find it in the possession of riches. They will not worship God ; therefore, they set up gods of silver and gold. They cherish the delusion, that in the service of Mammon there are many satisfying pleasures.

Here the wicked are sadly disappointed. For in the acquisition of wealth, there is no peace to the wicked. While they are toiling after riches, they deprive their souls of all peace. They rise up early and sit up late and eat the bread of carefulness. There is continual anxiety lest their schemes for wealth should not succeed. With a troubled heart they watch the tardy seasons ; with an anxious eye scan every cloud. Their souls grow weary and faint in expectation of the return of wealth, entrusted to the bosom of the treacherous ocean. They are continually tormented with the fear, lest after all their great pains-taking, their hopes may be blasted, and they doomed to squalid poverty. In their eagerness to become rich, they deprive themselves of all present enjoyments. A stingy parsimony puts the bit upon every appetite—and reins in every generous, and benevolent feeling. A shriveled selfishness lays its greedy hand on every gift in fortune's lap. Nothing is surrendered,except what is demanded by stern necessity. There is a meagreness of soul, that makes a dwarf of every blessing. The present is stripped of all its enjoyments, that the storehouse of the future may be amply filled.

But after wicked men have obtained the wealth they so much desired, still there is no peace to the wicked. Whatever the abundance possessed, they are still tormented with the desire for more. He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he, that loveth abundance, with increase. His language still is, Who will show me any worldly good? There is one, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child, nor brother; yea, there is no end of all his labor; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither, saith he, for whom do I labor, and bereave my soul of good? He is disquieted in vain; he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

God does not permit the wicked to enjoy their wealth after they have secured its possession. The very wealth that they so much desired is a source of constant unhappiness. It brings with it new cares, greater toil and more torturing anxieties, so that they are robbed of all peace of mind. The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. The burden is heavier than he can carry. Wicked men live in the fear of losing the riches upon which they have placed their hearts. God oftentimes lets them have their fill of riches only to make the removal of them the more painful. They swallow down riches, but it is only that they may vomit them up again. Riches take to themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven. Thus are the wicked bereft of their peace; they cry out in bitter disappoint-

ment, Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more. Sometimes,in the madness of their despair they commit suicide. If their riches are spared to them, they are fearful, lest they should not be spared to their riches.

While the wicked is saying to his soul; Eat, drink and be merry, for thou hast many goods laid up for many years, he fears that God may take away his life, and then whose shall those things be? In prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him. Terrors take hold of him as waters—a tempest stealeth him away in the night. For God shall cast upon him and not spare.

The wicked are doomed to disappointment in respect to those comforts they supposed could be gained by wealth. God gives them, as He did Solomon, the means and opportunity of tasting of every cup of pleasure, so that whatsoever their eyes desire they keep not from them: they withold not their heart from any joy; they give full gratification to all their desires; yet they find it all vanity and vexation of spirit. These pleasures, even the best of them, are trifling and transient,—

> "Like snow flakes falling on a river,
> A moment white, then gone forever."

The giddy rounds of fashion—the brilliant array of wealth bring no peace to the mind. They find that they have only pierced themselves through with many sorrows. Their children are among riotous persons—they grow up in indolence—they live in debauchery—and die in disgrace.

2. I remark, that the wicked are disappointed in the possession of honors.

Here as in the possession of wealth, there is no peace to the wicked. He, who wins honors, must struggle for them. Mere dreams do not secure them. They cost toil, and torturing, protracted pain. He, who seeks for the applause of this world, must empty his heart of all goodness—take into his bosom a nest of scorpions. Upon the altar of this Moloch he must sacrifice his humanity—his honesty—his conscience—his body and soul—his God and Heaven. He has a multitude of competitors to contend with. Failure is probable. How few of the myriads, who have attempted to climb up to the pinnacle of fame, have ever reached it! How few have ever written their names high on the roll, which she hands down to coming ages! How vast the number disappointed! How destitute of peace their lives! Who, that has entered the list to run for the glittering crown, has not lost all peace of mind, in the fierce struggle to obtain it? And when he has secured it, with what disappointment has he found his laurels fading in a few brief hours! Who, that has staked his happiness upon human applause, has not found himself miserably cheated? What wreck of happiness has it cost him, who has attained the heights of power? Grant that his expectations are fully met, the utmost yearnings of his heart satisfied; yet what is it all? Is there any permanence to his happiness? What though, by years of toil, and a life of

anxiety, he has purchased a few feeble blasts from the trump of fame, does not his pleasure perish in their dying echoes? What is more uncertain than the smile of frail mortals? What ocean more treacherous than that upon which the ambitious man embarks his all? What though its waters slumber in calmness—and the bright sunlight rests upon it and gentle breezes fan it? Will tempests never cover it with darkness? will it never be swept by howling winds? never be tossed in mountain waves? Will its shores never be strowed with wrecks? The vessel that to-day is seen riding safely upon the bosom of the deep, spreading its canvass to the passing breeze, rolls a dismasted, floating wreck to-morrow. So perish the bright expectations of the wicked in their strife for the honors of the world. There is no peace to the ambitious man. Look at a Saul upon the throne of Israel;—mark the evil spirit that robs him of peace. Look at Haman; hear him relating to his wife and family the high honors, to which the King had exalted him. Is he at rest? has he any thing of solid peace? His own lips are compelled to utter: All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the Kings's gate. There is no peace to the wicked. We hear it in the sobs of the conqueror of the world, as he weeps for another world over which to sway his sceptre. It is echoed from the lone dwelling of a banished Napoleon. It is uttered by a Cæsar, as his blood stains the daggers of a Roman Senate.

3. I remark, that the wicked are disappointed in their expectation of happiness from friends.

Constituted as man is with social feelings, the most rational source of happiness, to which he can look, aside from seeking it in God, is the society of friends. To this men are by nature strongly inclined. As waters gushing from the mountain's side seek for repose in the lake, or the ocean's bosom, so do the feelings of man's heart flow forth to seek a resting place in the hearts of others. This is as it should be. But yet these very elements contain a power that may destroy all the happiness of the wicked. They sometimes carry him over some frightful precipice. If permitted to repose unfanned by the breath of heaven, these waters of the heart stagnate and engender a moral pestilence. And too often in the case of the wicked tossed by strong passions, they prove a troubled sea that cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

Men make calculations upon large stores of happiness, in possessing the confidence and affections of others. And they would not be disappointed in this, did they truly love God. Friendship is a plant of Paradise. But its seeds must have a genial soil, or they will not vegetate. Planted in the hearts of the wicked, they do not yield their natural fruit. You look for grapes, and behold, they bring forth wild grapes.

The possession of friends is an invaluable gift. Yet, in the hands of the wicked, this cup of bliss

becomes a cup of woe. God throws into it bitter ingredients,—dilutes its sweetness with worm-wood and gall. To the wicked it becomes a cup of trembling and of sorrow. They are compelled to drink and wring out its very dregs. Their bosom friends often prove a curse to their existence. Sometimes they are persuaded by them to acts of wickedness. Sometimes they are led by them to embrace delusion and error, to believe a lie, that they may be damned. The friendship of this world is at enmity with God. Sometimes they are dissuaded from listening to the counsels of Heaven, and frightened from all thoughts of God and Eternity. Sometimes the friends of the wicked strive to allay all anxieties about the salvation of the soul, and the wrath of God—and draw off their thoughts to worldly amusements. Thus they smoothe their way down to the flames of Hell.

Even in the most favorable circumstances of friendship, the wicked find nothing that is worth calling happiness. There is no solid, permanent peace of mind. Their joys at best, are short-lived. They perish like the dew-drops of the morning. How often are their bitterest enemies those of their own household? They in whom they trusted, who eat of their bread, lift up their heel against them. What discord and jealousies invade their firesides, blasting everything lovely around them.

The family is the holiest and calmest retreat on earth from the storms of the pitiless world. But

over the threshold of this sanctuary of the pure and warm affections, God has inscribed in living characters, *No peace to the wicked.* Sin puts out the fires upon its altars, renders it the very Babel of the malignant passions, the place where discord holds jubilee.

The truth is, the heart of the unregenerate does not harmonize with itself. It is full of harsh discord, and therefore cannot harmonize with the heart of any other being. The soul of man gives forth its sweetest music, its richest melodies, only when tuned to the key-note of Heaven.

Not only do the wicked experience sad disappointment in respect to all the sources of happiness; but I remark,

II. God sends judgments upon them.

Wicked men are opposed to God. They hate his requirements. They wish to follow their own selfish purposes. They, therefore, cast off the fear of God, and inquire, Who is the Lord that we should obey Him? They expect happiness in the disobedience of his commands. God takes measures to overturn their plans, and destroy their peace, by sending judgments upon them. The wicked are troubled on every side. God has declared by his judgments, that there is no peace to the wicked.

The cherubim with the flaming sword, which turned every way, proclaimed to our guilty first parents, as they were driven out of Paradise, No peace to the wicked. Cain, that wicked one, who slew

his brother,as he stood writhing under the displeasure of the Almighty , crying out, My punishment is greater than I can bear, felt the truth of God's declaration, No peace to the wicked.

The deluge that swept away the wicked men of the old world, proclaimed to the universe with the voice of many waters, No peace to the wicked. The flames that went up from the licentious cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, inscribed in letters of fire upon the canopy of heaven, No peace to the wicked.

The vials of God's wrath were poured out in fearful plagues upon Egypt, till there went up from every dwelling throughout the length and breadth of the whole land, a cry of wailing and despair, uttering the admonition of the text, No peace to the wicked.

As the Israelites stood with Moses upon the banks of the Red Sea, and beheld Pharaoh and his host overwhelmed by the mighty billows, they heard the voice of God uttered from the bosom of the great deep, No peace to the wicked.

The children of Israel themselves, on account of their murmurings against Moses and Aaron, and rebelling against their God, compelled to sojourn in the wilderness, till their carcasses all fell there, all of them from twenty years old and upwards, learned by bitter experience, that there is no peace to the wicked.

When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram rebelled against Moses and Jehovah, and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them all up alive, their houses and

all their goods; their death cry, as it rent the air, proclaimed in frightful tones to the trembling hosts of Israel, No peace to the wicked.

The guilty inhabitants of Jericho, as they felt the walls of their city heaving beneath them, and fell by the merciless sword of their enemies, found that the unalterable decree of Heaven is, No peace to the wicked.

The proud King of Babylon, as he drinks his wine in the golden vessels taken from the house of the Lord, with his lords—his princes—his wives, and his concubines, turns pale with fear, his thoughts trouble him, the joints of his loins are loosed, and his knees smite one against another, as he beholds a spirit-hand writing upon the wall of his palace, No peace to the wicked.

In bringing upon Jerusalem, whose hands were dyed in the blood of prophets and the Son of God, such evils as had not been and shall not be again, God demonstrated the truth of our text, No peace to the wicked.

The ruins of Nineveh, of Carthage,—the desolations of empires—the graves of republics—the ashes of Athens and Rome, have inscribed upon every page of history, this one great truth, No peace to the wicked. We read it on the tomb-stone of a Porphyry and Julian. We hear it in the dying struggles, the death-shrieks of an expiring Voltaire, No peace to the wicked. No, there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. For God is angry with the

wicked every day. Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate. The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. How oft is the candle of the wicked put out? and how oft cometh their destruction upon them? They are as chaff which the wind driveth away.

III. I remark, there is no peace to the wicked by reason of the terrors of conscience.

As long as a good conscience exists in any being, there will be peace. His earthly prospects may be blighted, his name cast out as evil, his fellow mortals may scowl upon him; but as long as his conscience is void of offence, he has a store-house of blessedness within his own bosom. He can look up to heaven, and receive the smile of his God. But there is no enemy like an offended conscience. There is no anguish like self-reproach: no war so fierce as that which a man wages with himself. The conscience takes part with God. It is in favor of his law. It is the stern vindicator of justice. The wicked man, therefore, has to calculate upon eternal enmity between himself and conscience. He attempts therefore to parry the blows and disarm the foe of his peace. He may, for a time, think himself successful. But in a moment, when he least expects it, this foe leaps suddenly upon him,—assails him with a power he cannot resist. It speaks in tones of thunder to his agitated, terror-stricken soul. No power can deliver him from the dominion of his conscience.

He stands a guilty wretch, trembling at the bar of his judge. How are the wicked plagued by this vicegerent of God in the soul? Look at the drunkard —the adulterer—the vile blasphemer of Heaven. Watch the down-cast look, the hurried step—the troubled brow. Is there peace within his bosom? Look at the murderer. Why does he start at the rustling of a leaf? Why does he flee when no man pursueth? Why does paleness bleach his countenance, when his crime is known only to himself, is the secret of his own heart? He feels that every eye is turned upon him—that his crime is written upon his brow, and that men read it there. There is an invisible hand, that scourges his spirit with a whip of scorpions. There is a power beneath which he writhes in agonies unutterable. It stands by his couch at night, to scare his soul with dreams. It tracks his footsteps by day, pursues him to his most secret retirements and utters screams of terror in the ear of his affrighted soul. It compels him to turn traitor to himself, and divulge the secret. The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear? The guilty wretch finds that the way of transgressors is hard. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

IV. I remark, that there is no peace to the wicked, because they are troubled with the fear of death.

Ever since the first crime of Paradise, the fear of death has clung to our race. There is no child of Adam, who has not felt it. This universal fear of

death has arisen from a universal consciousness of guilt. It is only a small portion of our race, that have been delivered from the fear of death, by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. To such death is not terrible. For them to die is gain. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. But it is not thus with the wicked. The sting of death is sin. They are not prepared to die. Hence that tormenting dread of death, which robs their souls of peace. This fear of death is constantly coming in to mar the sinner's happiness. It is, therefore, pushed as far from the mind as possible. But yet it keeps rolling back upon the sinner's heart with an unwelcome pressure. He knows that death is certain. For what man is there that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave? This truth is daily demonstrated before his eyes: There is no one, that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war; neither shall riches deliver those that are given to it. The certainty of death takes from him that relish for sinful pleasures, which he might otherwise have. It is certain that he must leave all objects of interest—all he fondly loves —all his happiness, and launch upon the dark ocean of Eternity.

The suddenness of death also robs his soul of peace. He is not merely tending toward a brink, over which ultimately, when he arrives, he must

plunge, but he travels the whole journey of life *upon* that brink. His way winds along the perilous edge of a precipice; and the very next step may carry him over. Death comes unexpectedly. Health is no security against it. He may be in the vigor of strength to-day, and in Eternity to-morrow.

V. But what destroys more than all other things the wicked man's peace, is the certainty, that after death is the judgment.

There is a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, that shall devour the adversaries of God. The sinner knows that God will bring every work into judgment, whether it be good, or evil. There shall be nothing covered, that shall not be revealed, neither hid, that shall not be known. His life has been one of open rebellion against God. The privileges, which God has given him, have been many and great; warnings and counsels numerous. And he remembers that for all these things God will bring him into judgment. How completely deprived of peace is the wicked man, as he lays himself down to die. All the happiness of his past life is as a dream—a tale that is told. Every attempt to obtain enjoyment in sinful pleasure has proved abortive. The whole experiment of his life is a failure. He has found, at last, that the truth of God standeth sure, There is no peace to the wicked. And as he rolls in agony upon his dying bed, he cries out with every groan, No peace to the wicked. He looks down

into the grave, and groans again, *no peace.* As he closes his eyes on all below, his dying accents are, *no peace.* And as the "clock of Eternity strikes one," it tolls out his death knell, *no peace.* As his trembling spirit stands before its judge, its sobs are still heard, *no peace.* And when the sentence is pronounced, Depart ye cursed,—and the sinner is driven away in his iniquities, he utters the bitter lamentation, *no peace.* And as the gate of Hell opens and closes after him, its weary hinges groan forth, *no peace.* And as that wretched spirit sinks down into the bottomless pit, and the dark waves of misery close over him, there comes up the wailing cry—*no peace.* Ages of Eternity roll away—and there is still heard reverberating through the gloomy caverns of despair, that same cry of woe, NO PEACE.

NOTE.

The preceding discourse was preached at Brewer Apr. 27, 1845; at Bucksport, May 1845; at Hampden, July 20, 1845.

SERMON VI.

THE REASONABLENESS OF PRAYER.

IN EVERY THING BY PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION, WITH THANKSGIVING, LET YOUR REQUESTS BE MADE KNOWN UNTO GOD. Philippians 4: 6.

PRAYER is the presenting of our desires to God for things agreeable to his will. It is the intercourse of the soul with its Creator, in which we express to Him our adoration, acknowledge our obligations, offer our thanksgivings, confess our sins, and supplicate in the name of Christ, favors for ourselves and others. Prayer implies that there is a God—that He is our Maker, our Preserver, the Bestower of all our blessings, and that we by necessity are dependent upon Him. No one, who believes in the existence of God, doubts that we are his creatures, and that we are dependent upon Him. These are points, then, which we shall take for granted.

Yet there is a large class of individuals, who are

willing to acknowledge the existence of God, and their dependence upon Him; but who, notwithstanding, never bend the knee in prayer to Him—never by prayer and supplication let their requests be made known to God. To them prayer is any thing but rational business. They attempt to defend or excuse themselves for the neglect of it, on the ground that it is an irrational employment.

Our present object, therefore, is to show, that prayer, as already defined, is altogether rational. This we shall argue,

I. From man's helplessness.

In the present life man's condition is one of so great weakness, that it may with truth be said, he *is a worm of the dust.* At the commencement of his existence, he is wholly destitute of the power to administer to his necessities. He is left entirely to the protection of others.

Not only is man, while in infancy, in a state of weakness, but in every period of his existence here, he is more or less *in great need of help.* Numerous wants attend him through childhood; wants, which he himself is unable to supply; and for the furnishing of these he must look to others. What child can supply itself with food or clothing? What child has the physical ability or skill to use means to meet its daily necessities?

And as man grows up to youth, and passes through manhood to old age, is he not at every step a helpless being? Can he get along without the assist-

ance of his fellow men? Can he perform the labors of one day even, without in some way calling in their aid? Does he do for himself *every* thing, that is necessary to his comfort—his happiness, and the carrying out of his plans? Is he not oftentimes exposed to injuries and dangers, to rescue himself from which he must depend upon others? When racked with pain, does he not need their assistance? And in sickness, how soon without their aid would he perish?

Now *the fact* of such helplessness and *need* of the assistance of others, lays a proper foundation for applying to them for aid. If help may in any way be obtained, his need of it renders it highly *rational* that he should *ask* for it. He would appear highly irrational if he would not do so. Hence the child in applying to the parent for food and raiment, the distressed in imploring aid from others, subjects in petitioning favors of their rulers, always feel that their conduct is highly *rational.* Men never consider the expression of such wants as at all contrary to reason. The fact of helplessness and need has always, the world over, been a satisfactory reason, why desires for aid should be expressed; and this too not merely *once*, and with indifference, but *often* and with the greatest *earnestness.*

Now that man is in a condition where he greatly needs help cannot be denied. And that he is in circumstances such that he requires not only the assistance of his fellow beings, but far more the aid

of his Creator is also evident. For his situation is such, that he is dependent upon God for strength and skill to obtain his daily bread. If God should withdraw from him, how quickly would he die! His power is very limited. It is utterly beyond his ability to cause the fruits of the earth to appear in their season. He cannot give to the grain, which he casts into the ground, a quickening energy, that will make it spring forth and administer to his wants. He cannot guide the winds, nor direct the clouds; he cannot give sunshine, nor temper the atmosphere. Health and life, and most of his blessings it is beyond his power to produce. He cannot guard himself from the thousand concealed dangers, that lie about his pathway. He cannot rescue his friends from the grave, nor deliver himself from the jaws of death. Now the fact of his dependence—his need of favors, which lie wholly in the power of God to bestow, and which he must have, or perish, renders it entirely *rational*, that he should supplicate his Creator for these favors;—that in every thing by prayer and supplication he should let his requests be made known to God.

II. Let it be considered, in the second place, that man is in a state of great ignorance.

In the early part of his existence, he is entirely ignorant of the events and phenomena, that he beholds taking place around him. Of the real causes of things he is during life almost totally ignorant. Yet there are many things which he can know, and

must know, in order to secure his present happiness. But his knowledge of these things depends very much upon his *asking* for it. If he refuses, or neglects to ask for instruction, he remains in ignorance, and exposes himself to numberless evils, which are inevitably attendant upon it. Now a great part of these calamities may be avoided, provided he will ask for the necessary information, and which he may usually obtain by asking for it. The fact, that man is in a state of ignorance, and that he may secure knowledge by inquiring for it, renders it *rational* that he should do so. For do the child, the scholar, the mechanic, the farmer, and the merchant, ever suppose that they are acting otherwise than rationally, when they wish to be enlightened on any subject connected with their employments?

Mankind are oftentimes placed in circumstances, where they do not know how to act. This arises, in a great measure, from their ignorance of the future, and the effects of certain causes. How often does a man bring complete ruin upon himself in consequence of his ignorance of the future? He can look back upon the past, and see where he made a mistake, and how easily, had he known enough, he might have avoided it. Men are in a measure ignorant in what way a present action may affect their future happiness, and that of others. A man may embark his wealth in an enterprise to-day, which may leave him a bankrupt to-morrow. He may utter a remark, or perform an act, that will lead

thousands to ruin. He is every day exerting an influence, of the consequences of which he can tell nothing. The measures, which he is adopting in the education of his son, may land him in perdition. The efforts he is making to render his family comfortable, and to pour into their bosoms the luxuries of wealth, may be a blighting curse to their existence forever. He may have the kindest feelings to his fellow men; be anxious to secure their present and eternal happiness—have no intention of doing any thing that will ruin their souls; yet he may disseminate false sentiments in philosophy and religion, that shall blast the church of God, and lead thousands of his fellow beings straight down to the flames of Hell.

The future happiness of millions may be suspended on a single act, which if performed would seem to render their prosperity *certain;* but which, if performed, may make shipwreck of their interests forever. What legislator can tell the effect of making certain laws? Of declaring war? of making a treaty, or of enlarging commerce? Men are constantly performing acts—oftentimes apparently very unimportant acts—of the consequences of which they have not the least conception. Yet those acts may set in motion a chain of influences that shall shake continents and shape the destiny of millions. There is one man in a retired room, alone by himself, busy in penning his thoughts upon paper; but that document becomes the constitution of a great and mighty nation. There is another with the map

of Europe spread out before him. He is scanning its kingdoms, and sketching a plan for invading Russia. He rises from the investigation to put that plan in execution, which finally works out his own ruin. Thus ignorant are men of the consequences of their actions. We know not upon what quarter of the globe the effects of our conduct may strike. We know not what mischief, in our ignorance, we may do, nor where it will end. To supplicate, therefore, the guidance of our Creator in relation to all our acts, so that we may have such counsel and wisdom imparted to us, as that our present course of conduct may not destroy the future well-being of ourselves and others, *is the dictate of reason.* The history of every age fully evinces how rational men have always considered such conduct. They have inquired of their oracles and supplicated their gods for wisdom and instruction. Is it then, at all irrational that *Christianity* should require us *to pray?* Does it at all contradict the common sense of our race? Does not God know infinitely more than we do? Can He not manage affairs vastly better than we can? Overrule our conduct so as to prevent any mischievous consequences, if we ask Him to do it? And are we not in a state of ignorance such that we greatly need his wisdom to guide us? And is it *irrational* to ask for it? The teachings of the Bible appear to have a peculiar fitness to man's state of ignorance: If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and up-

braideth not. He, who is ignorant, may ask, and it shall be given him; seek, and he shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto him. The fact, then, that men are in a state of great ignorance, where they need counsel and guidance, renders it the part of reason, that by prayer and supplication they should let their requests be made known to God.

III. We argue the reasonableness of prayer from the fact of man's sinfulness.

No man will deny that he is a sinner. The instance has never yet been found, in our world, where an individual has stood up and solemnly declared, that he had never sinned. It is a universally acknowledged fact, that as a race we have all gone out of the way, we have altogether become corrupt. This no one doubts. Now the fact of our sinfulness implies the *forfeiture* of all our blessings. We are all miserable sinners, and as such deserve not the least of God's favors. But notwithstanding all this, we are every day of our lives receiving from his hands a countless multitude of mercies. He feeds us, He clothes us, and gives us friends. In Him we live, and move and have our being.

Now in the course of affairs among men, one individual oftentimes is made dependent on another for great favors, and it sometimes happens that he greatly sins against and injures his benefactor. The concurrent voice of mankind declares, that in such circumstances, it is peculiarly *fitting and rational*, that this individual should go to his benefactor—

confess his guilt—thank him for his kindness, and ask his forgiveness. And especially is this reasonable, if his benefactor has *continued* to bestow his blessings, notwithstanding the ill-treatment he has received. It is upon this principle that men act in the government of the family, in the affairs of the state, and in their dealings one with another. That individuals, who have offended in this way, should acknowledge to their benefactors their obligations and their unworthiness, and praise their goodness, and supplicate the continuation of their favors, is what all see and feel to be highly becoming. Not even an infidel, or atheist will deny that such conduct among men is any otherwise than perfectly rational. Can it, then, be at all *irrational* for us, who are sinners against our Creator, who have, from day to day, received numerous blessings coming from his inexhaustible goodness, while we are so utterly undeserving, to express to Him our sincere gratitude—earnestly pray for the forgiveness of our sins, and beg for new favors? What father would believe his son a fool for thanking him for an act of kindness? What mother would consider her child *destitute of sense*, because that child came to her to ask forgiveness for disobedience and ingratitude?

Why, then, should a man be deemed out of his wits—engaged in most irrational business, who bows before his Heavenly Father to thank Him for his kindness—implore his forgiveness, and offer up sincere desires for his care and protection? Our

wretched condition as sinners, *as vile traitors*, who have lived upon the bounty of our Sovereign, would, if there were nothing else, render prayer the most suitable of all employments.

IV. The reasonableness of prayer may be argued from its producing dispositions of mind suitable to man's conditions and relations.

The exercise on the part of a child of respect, love and obedience to its parents, is highly becoming, and is what all expect. So in the youth feelings of modesty, self-respect, kindness to his equals, and deference to his superiors in age and wisdom, contribute to his respectability and happiness. While on the other hand, a haughty man soweth strife for himself, and pride goeth before destruction. Such are the relations in which our Creator has placed us, that certain tempers of mind tend greatly to augment our happiness, and others to destroy it. Now that every one, whatever his station in life, should have proper views of himself, and cherish feelings of heart suitable to his situation, is evidently rational.

In relation to God, men ought to have proper respect and love, and right views of their duties to Him. But, as a general thing, men are full of pride and selfishness. They do not feel their dependence upon God, and care but little about acknowledging their indebtedness to Him. They are inflated with self-conceit, intoxicated with the idea of their own worth and abilities. They forget that they are mis-

erable beggars, dependent every day upon the joint alms of earth and heaven, and have nothing for self-admiration but their filth and rags.

Now prayer tends to produce in the mind a just apprehension of the character and attributes of God, and the relations men sustain to Him. It begets within us a deep sense of our constant dependence. It shows us the folly of pride, induces feelings of humility, and of reverence for our Creator—cherishes a spirit of thankfulness, leads us to distrust our own strength and to put our confidence in God. It softens our hearts,—causes our love and sympathies to gush forth toward our fellow men, so that we cannot only forgive our debtors, as we hope to be forgiven, but pray for our enemies.

Such feelings and dispositions of heart not only augment our happiness, but are in themselves amiable, and suitable for such creatures as we are to cherish. They are such as glow in the bosoms of angels, and who would think, then, that a worm of the dust would be disgraced by indulging them? Yet some men are *ashamed* to pray—ashamed to ask of God the forgiveness of their sins—ashamed to acknowledge their dependence—to implore his smiles and blessing to rest upon them—ashamed to feel humble, and teachable as a child—to pour out their hearts in thanksgiving and praise, and unite their songs of gratitude with the anthems of praise sung by angels in Heaven!

They would be mortified to be caught in any such

employment. A distinguished governor of one of our southern states remarked to a friend one day, that there was but one act in his life, of which he was heartily ashamed; and that was, that he once was so great a fool as to go into his closet and pray to God! What would that man do, if put into Heaven among the angels of God, who delight to cast their crowns at his feet, and bow around his throne in holy worship and adoration! If prayer begets those dispositions in us suitable to our condition as dependent creatures, and our relations to our fellow men, why should it be considered as a thing *irrational* for us by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let our requests be made known to God?

V. We argue the reasonableness of prayer from the connection there is between means and ends.

We live under the administration of a moral Governor, who has established certain connections between causes and effects, between antecedents and consequents. God had a perfect right to do this; but why He has done so we do not know. All we know, is, that God of his own good pleasure has placed things in such relations, that one thing is made to depend and does depend upon another preceding event or thing. We have evidence daily, that this is the system the Creator has adopted. We see it in operation every moment around us. Rain and sunshine are antecedents to vegetation—caution to safety—toil and industry to honor and wealth—application and a teachable disposition to the attain-

ment of knowledge. We find also that men oftentimes make certain virtuous dispositions the antecedents to the bestowment of certain favors. Certain qualifications are necessary before men can be advanced to posts of honor and trust.

The bestowal of favors, which men have it in their power to confer, depends not only upon certain qualifications, but also upon *application* for these favors. The seeking for them is oftentimes made the antecedent to their being granted. And this dependence of events upon their antecedents renders it *rational*, that the antecedents should *exist*. And if those antededents are certain states of our own minds—certain dispositions and *acts* of ours, then it is reasonable that we should be required *to exercise* such dispositions, and *perform* such acts.

Now God has established certain antecedents to the bestowment of his favors. And as the establishment of all antecedents depends wholly upon his will, for aught we know or can tell, *prayer* may be just as good as any other antecedent to the granting of blessings to men. God has seen fit to make it such. He has revealed to us the fact, that prayer is the condition, on which he bestows the most valuable of his gifts. He declared this fact to his ancient people: Thus saith the Lord, I will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them. The prayer of the upright is his delight. Ask and ye shall receive.

God in thus making prayer the condition of be-

stowing favors, acts in accordance with the common course of things in the natural world. It is just as rational to ask God for favors, as it is to ask any favor of a fellow being. And even more so; for He is more willing to bestow mercies upon us than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children.

God's previous knowledge of our wants does not destroy the rationality of prayer. Prayer does not inform Him of any thing new, nor add at all to his knowledge. But it is enough for us to know, that He has made prayer the condition on which He will grant us favors. Why He has done so, He may not make known to us. He is under no obligations to tell us why. He has not told us why the world turns in one direction rather than in another. He has not informed us why the farmer must sow his grain in the earth in order to reap a bountiful harvest. But He has told us that the sluggard, who will not plough by reason of cold, shall beg in harvest and have nothing. God's fore-knowledge of the fact, that a man will become learned and arrive at distinction, does not destroy the necessity of study and industry on his part. Nor does God's fore-knowledge of the fact, that a man will be temperate and virtuous, do away the necessity on his part of resisting temptation. For the same reason his fore-knowledge does not render it *irrational*, that by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, men should let their requests be made known to God.

We learn from our subject the folly of those, who live in the neglect of prayer. Some now before me may have lived perhaps from year to year without prayer; some perhaps have never prayed. Our subject shows you how irrationally you have been acting. We have seen, without any reference to any injunctions of the Bible, that prayer is rational. We have taken *acknowledged facts, which all must grant*, such as that we are in a state of helplessness, ignorance, sinfulness, and should cultivate feelings suitable to our conditions and relations, and that means are necessary to the accomplishment of certain results; and, from these acknowledged facts, have shown *the reasonableness of prayer*. If we have arrived at right conclusions, then your conduct, in casting off fear and restraining prayer before God, is any thing but rational.

You know that God exists—you know that you are in a helpless condition—that you are wholly dependent upon Him. Yet you live as though there were no God. You know that He is a great and omnipotent Being—that He can destroy your life in a moment—can make ten thousand things work together so as to frustrate all your plans, and make you completely wretched. Yet you offer no prayer to Him for his protection,—breathe forth no desire for his aid and guidance. You live as though you were wholly *independent* of God; as though you could manage your own affairs and take care of yourself. What presumption and folly in a worm

of the dust! You have received innumerable blessings from God, whom you so much neglect. He has ever been kind to you, far more so than any other being in the universe. You have always lived upon his bounty. Ever since you commenced your existence, He has been giving you day by day your daily bread, and has clothed and sheltered you. He has given you friends to love and watch over you—has granted you the luxuries of life, and many and great privileges. No good thing has He withholden from you. He has guarded you from numberless dangers—raised you up, perhaps, from the bed of sickness—has always been near to help and relieve you. Yet you have not bowed the knee in prayer to this kind Benefactor—have never thanked Him for his goodness, and are living day by day as though you were not *in the least indebted* to Him. Is such conduct the part of a rational creature? Have you no mercies to make mention of? nothing for which to be grateful? What folly then. for you to refuse to pray! What ingratitude do you exhibit before heaven and earth!

You are a great sinner. You have not always sinned through ignorance. You have *knowingly* violated God's commands. And you have not only done it once but repeatedly, and through a series of years; so that your sins have been neither small nor few. Your guilt has been accumulating during life. You have done nothing to lessen it, nor are you willing to do any thing to remove it. You do not

bend the knee in prayer to God to beg for pardon, though you know it is most rational for you to do so. Can any thing exhibit greater folly?

You know also that you should exercise feelings and dispositions of mind suitable to your condition and the relations you sustain to God. But you are daily living without the exercise of any such feelings. You do not by prayer cherish those feelings of reverence, of humility, and love to God, which you acknowledge it is rational you should do. You are so proud that you will not prostrate yourself before Him, and cry, God be merciful to me a sinner. You have so little confidence in his promises, that you do not think it worth the while to plead them before Him. What profit, you inquire, shall we have, if we pray unto Him? Such feelings you know to be displeasing to God, and unsuitable to the relations you sustain to Him. Be persuaded, then, no longer to act so irrationally. Go to God in prayer, confessing your sins, imploring his compassion, begging for pardon. No longer refuse to pray, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God.

NOTE.

The foregoing sermon was preached at West Machias, October 20, 1844.

SERMON VII.

MYSTERIES.

IF I HAVE TOLD YOU OF EARTHLY THINGS, AND YE BELIEVE NOT, HOW SHALL YE BELIEVE IF I TELL YOU OF HEAVENLY THINGS? John 3: 12.

This remark was addressed to Nicodemus, who came to Christ to gain some knowledge of the religion he was teaching. Christ presented to his consideration the great doctrine of regeneration. To Nicodemus the doctrine appeared incredible. It was a mystery, that transcended his understanding and staggered his faith. How can these things be? was his inquiry. Christ, in the words of our text, distinctly informed him, that in the religion, which he came to establish, there were mysteries; and if he found them in earthly things which relate to man, much more must he count upon meeting them in heavenly things, such as the nature, character, and acts of God. The text, then, clearly teaches us, that there are mysteries in religion. Our object will

be in the discussion of this subject, to show,

I. What are mysteries;

II. That there are mysteries in religion; and

III. The design of mysteries.

It is important to understand,

I. What are mysteries.

Mystery, in its broadest sense, is anything *wholly unknown*. But among things wholly unknown there are some, which *may* be, and others that *cannot* be known. Hence mysteries are of two sorts.

The first class consists of all objects *unknown*, which may be known, either by the natural exercise of our understandings, or by the instruction of others, or by revelation, and *which, when thus made known*, MAY BE FULLY UNDERSTOOD. In this sense all objects are mysteries to a mind just commencing existence. The mind of a child looks out at first upon a world of mysteries. That thoughts can be represented by written characters is to a wild savage a profound mystery. The structure and globular form of the earth, the distance and magnitude of the planets, are to many very mysterious. So it is in respect to various mathematical problems, and thousands of things in the natural sciences. These are things, which may be known by exercising the reasoning powers, and by the instruction of others, and then they cease to be mysteries. In the same class are those objects, which could not be discovered by reason, and only by revelation; but which, when re-

vealed, may be explained and well understood. Such is the doctrine of eternal life in a future state —of forgiveness of sins on account of Christ's sufferings—of justification by faith.

The second class of mysteries are those, the certainty of which when made known or revealed to us we know, but the theory or mode of the existence of which we cannot comprehend. Such are the essence of matter, of mind, the union of the two, the existence of God, duration, space, and eternity. These are known to exist, to be certain; yet *how* they exist is a profound mystery. They are above the comprehension of the human mind, and must remain so. What is here a mystery to one, is a mystery to all. There are boundaries which the mind cannot pass. Within them all is knowable, beyond them all is unknown.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to us to know where these boundary lines of the mind are. Strictly, that only is a mystery, which lies beyond the ability of the mind fully to comprehend. In all questions of religion, our first inquiry should be, does it come within the sphere of the mind's ability to understand them. If it does, they are not strictly mysteries; if it does not, they are such. We proceed to show,

II. That there are mysteries in religion.

This has been denied by many; and some of the friends of religion have been almost afraid to acknowledge it. Whereas mystery is absolutely nec-

essary to religion, and the glory of it. For previous to all examination, we should naturally expect to find mysteries in a revelation from God. The Author of the revelations in the Bible is also the Author of the revelations in the system of nature. We should, therefore, expect to find a similarity in the two. One will not contradict the other. In the system of nature we are constantly meeting with mysteries—mysteries in the strictest sense. What the vital principle is, developing itself in every blade of grass that grows—in every flower that blooms—in every tree that waves in the breeze—in every living animal, and which we ourselves feel in every pulsation of our hearts, we know not; nor have we at present the power to determine what it is. Mysteries of a like nature in the works of God's hands meet us at every step. They constitute a very important part of this system. Now, when we come to look at the revelations of the Bible, we should naturally expect to find mysteries there also. If we should find none, it would be an insuperable objection to receiving them as revelations from God. All the experience of mankind, therefore, would lead them to expect mysteries in a revelation from God.

It is no objection to mysteries being found in the Bible, to say, that for a thing to be revealed and yet remain a mystery is a contradiction—being the same as to say, that a thing is revealed and yet not revealed at the same time. For though it is impossible for a thing to be revealed, and yet at the same

time not to be revealed; yet it is possible that a *part* of a thing may be revealed, and a part of it *not* be revealed. And the part not revealed may constitute a profound mystery. Thus many things in relation to God may be revealed, such as the holiness of his character, his willingness to forgive sins upon repentance in consideration of the atonement by Christ, and his fore-knowledge; yet there may be other things in his nature, which are and must be profound mysteries. But yet the *fact* of their existence may be revealed, while the *mode* of it may be a mystery. Thus in relation to man it is a well known fact, that he has a body and a soul; but *how* these exist, and *how*, especially, when one has none of the properties of the other, they can both unite and form one conscious individual, is not made known either by reason or divine revelation. A revelation, therefore, may make known to us the *existence* of a thing, but at the same time tells us nothing as to *how* it exists.

Nor is it a sufficient objection to the existence of mysteries in the Bible, to say that they are above our comprehension. For the same objection would lie against mysteries existing *any where*, in natural religion as well as revealed. Mysteries must necessarily be above our comprehension. From their very nature they are so. And the very fact, that there are things above comprehension, renders mysteries in religion necessary. How often is the teacher in giving instruction to his pupils compelled to allude

to things far above their understanding? And when God makes known to us a part of a great system of truths, there must of necessity, since all truths are more or less linked together, be an allusion to some, which we do not understand, and for the comprehension of which we have no abilities. Had we powers of mind to receive all that God can teach us respecting Himself, we should no longer be finite, but infinite. But as long as we remain finite in our capacities, in all God's revelations to us there must be many deep mysteries.

We accordingly find the fundamental article of religion a profound mystery. The existence of God is the first article of belief, and upon which religion is based. Without it, there can be no religion whatever. Yet the existence of God is the greatest of all mysteries. How He can exist without beginning and without end, moving in innumerable worlds, in the midst of myriads of beings, unseen, unfelt by them, interfering with none of their free moral acts, yet guiding and governing all things according to his own will, is the mystery of the universe; "a truth at once enveloped in a flood of light, and an abyss of darkness." It illuminates all worlds—renders the existence of every thing else simple and easy, but dwells itself in impenetrable obscurity. Who by searching can find out God? who can find out the Almighty unto perfection? Clouds and darkness are round about Him. He maketh darkness his secret habitation; his pavilion to cover him, thick clouds.

God has revealed to us in his word, that the Godhead exists in three persons. Distinct acts are ascribed to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Equal honors and worship are claimed for each. But we are not informed *how* the three persons exist in one God. This is a mystery. It is no part of the intention of the Bible to tell us the *mode*, in which God exists. The *fact* only of his thus existing is revealed.

We find also in the Bible another profound mystery—the incarnation of the Son of God. He, who was the brightness of his Father's glory, the express image of his person, entered into a mysterious union with man. The Word, who in the beginning was with God, and was God, was made flesh, and dwelt among men. But how this union was effected without the two natures being identified, their properties confounded, remains an impenetrable secret. We know all that we can know about it. Great is the mystery of Godliness; God was manifest in the flesh.

Equally mysterious are the operations of the Holy Spirit in the regeneration of the soul. We are commanded to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, while we are distinctly taught, that God worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure. The moving energy of God upon the soul no more throws it out of the sphere of its own action, than the blowing of the wind can move the earth from its orbit. But yet how it is, that God

acts upon the mind, changes its affections, desires and purposes, controlling the will, while the mind is conscious of perfect freedom and acts without any slavery of the will, is a mystery. No one understands, no one can explain it. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. No one can detect and analyze the power, by which the change is produced, nor explain the philosophy of the divine influence.

The resurrection of the dead is another great mystery in religion. How the dead are raised up, and with what body they appear, is not known. Yet the Apostle declares that it should not be thought a thing incredible, that God should raise the dead. The *fact* is fully taught, and insisted upon, while a mystery envelopes the *theory* of that fact.

There are many other mysteries in religion, which come under the first class. The day of judgment is a secret. Of that day and of that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in Heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Many of the prophecies are so dark, that human ingenuity cannot unravel them, till they are actually fulfilled. God's providential dealings with us are oftentimes involved in deep mystery. The day of our death is likewise left in mysterious uncertainty.

We thus see that God has placed us in the midst of mysteries, both as to ourselves, and in relation to

his own nature and proceedings. Let us then inquire,

III. What is the design of mysteries?

It is two-fold. First, as they respect us, and secondly, as they respect God.

(1) They are designed to teach us humility. We are naturally inclined to be proud, to talk much about the dignity of human nature, and the great range of our faculties. But we early find, that though there are broad fields of knowledge, which we are permitted to enter and explore; yet there are limits set to our faculties. God has established them, and written upon them, Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther. A little learning emptied into the human mind oftentimes drives it mad. It foams with arrogance and pride. There is a generation, oh how lofty are their eyes! and their eyelids are lifted up. Their heads are raised above the clouds. They speak forth great swelling words of vanity. God gives to such men some problems in mysteries to solve. Soon their high looks are brought low, their pride of intellect is humbled. They thus find that it is only the fool, that rageth and is confident.

Nothing so takes the inflations of pride out of the mind, and sobers the understanding, as the contemplation of some of the mysteries of the universe. They teach us to take very low and proper views of ourselves. After we have done our best to unravel them, and cannot succeed, we begin to feel our own weakness, that our highest wisdom is foolishness

with God. We learn that we are of yesterday and know nothing. When we attempt to fathom the depths of God's existence, for which we find no measuring line sufficient, and when we look up to those towering heights of mysteries above us, which no created intellect can scale, or when we stand upon the shore of that vast ocean of infinite knowledge, which no angel's ken has ever scanned, we no longer wonder that the Psalmist cried out, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him? "A proud man, in such a world as this, is a monster, and not to be tolerated till he is smitten with a deep sense of his own insignificance."

(2.) The design of mysteries is to teach us confidence in God. The Bible has told us expressly to trust in the Lord, and to lean not to our own understanding. We need to raise our belief above the mere objects of sense. God has given to us sufficient light. We know that He exists the Creator and Ruler of all things. He has presented evidence enough to convince us, that He is a Being of perfect wisdom and benevolence. He, therefore, calls upon us to trust in Him, although we cannot comprehend his ways, nor understand his mighty acts. Mysteries are adapted, better than anything else could be, to develope this confidence in God; to lead us to feel and rest assured, that though clouds and darkness are round about him, yet justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne forever. We

are naturally inclined to distrust God—to depend wholly upon ourselves. In our pride we think we can manage our own affairs and find our own way through life. But God by his providence shrouds our wisest plans with midnight darkness. He lets some avalanche fall across our path—hedges up our way, so that we are compelled to distrust ourselves, and then we give God our hand, and ask Him to lead us where He will. If we walk in darkness and have no light, the command is, that we trust in the Lord, and stay ourselves upon God. The less we *know*, the greater occasion is there *to believe*; the less we are permitted to discover of our path with our own eyes, the more absolute the necessity that we lean upon the hand of God.

It is important to our happiness, that we learn to trust God's word—confide in what He says with the fullest assurance. This is a most becoming disposition in a child toward an earthly parent; how much more so in us toward our Heavenly Father? There is nothing, which so tries men's faith—so tests their character, and brings out the hidden temper of their hearts, as mysteries. The great design of our existence here is, that we may learn to rely on the truth and faithfulness of God. Mysteries in religion afford us the opportunity of learning this lesson to the greatest advantage. This is the wheel on which God will break our pride, and torture our scepticism, till we let go of them and abandon them forever.

(3) The design of mysteries is to increase our happiness in Heaven. It will augment our happiness to pass from the dusk of our earthly existence to the broad light of an everlasting day—a day that will leave nothing undiscovered to us, which can be fit for us to know. Those dispositions will have been cultivated and brought out on earth, that are necessary to prepare us for the employments of Heaven. We shall have been in those states of mind, and in that degree of darkness, that will make knowledge and light an unspeakable pleasure. We shall have greater joy in seeing God face to face, from the fact that we now see through a glass darkly. "All those heights and depths, which we now stand so much amazed at, and which so confound and baffle the subtlest and most piercing apprehension, shall then be made clear, open, and familiar to us." The mysteries of our present existence, the incarnation of Christ, and the enigma of the resurrection, will be unriddled; the knots of God's decrees, and providence, and our free agency, untied.

We come now, secondly, to remark upon the design of mysteries in respect to God.

(1.) This is to show forth his glory. The sacred penman declares, that it is the glory of God to conceal a thing. He concealeth from us the manner of his existence. God is a pillar of *cloud* and of *fire* —dark in the day time, and luminous by night. In the works of his hands, and movements of his providence, He giveth no account of Himself. These

mysteries show forth his glory, in that He thus appears infinitely superior to all beings. No one has ever fathomed his nature—no one will ever do it. Between God and the loftiest intellect in Heaven, there is, and will ever remain a measureless, bridgeless infinity. The inhabitants of Heaven, clothed with immortality, and endowed with powers of thought, of which we have no conception, will find each moment of their existence some new glory beaming forth from the Eternal Throne. As they give to thought its utmost vigor, and ascend up, till imagination winging her highest flight grows weary, they will be filled with fresh astonishment at the boundless expanse of the Creator's nature. His glory will ever illumine all heights—penetrate all depths—fill all space. It will beam with gentle ray upon the weakest intellect, and dazzle with its brightness the strongest.

God will be to all his creatures an inexhaustible source of beauty and happiness. He will ever be furnishing them with new material for thought. Their souls will be fed, satisfied, but never satiated. After they have spent long ages of Eternity in studying and adoring his character, they will be startled with new developments of his wisdom. He will still remain THE UNKNOWN GOD, dwelling in light and glory unapproachable. All holy beings will delight to lose themselves in the impenetrable mystery of the Godhead. This will constitute the glory of Heaven. They will rejoice that God is a mystery.

His greatness could be brought within the sphere of their comprehension only by a *contraction of its dimensions*, by a *depression of its native grandeur*. Should it be prostrated to the level of their feeble capacities, it would render God incapable of being the magnet of souls. He would cease to be the attraction of hearts — the wonder of the universe. Devotion would die in Heaven, and love congeal in the hearts of angels.

(2.) The design of mysteries in respect to God is to show his perfect independence. The works of his hands are very mysterious. In respect to them, He is a wonder-working God. His creatures have not yet been able to comprehend the depth of wisdom, that lies concealed in them. An infinity all undiscovered is before them. The works of God are numerous and wide-spread as the universe. They have been submitted, ever since their creation, to the scrutinizing inspection of the mightiest intellects all over his dominions. But what have they found out? Nearly every thing is yet a mystery. This shows how perfectly independent is the Creator. His wisdom is his *own*. He consulted no man in forming the works of his hands. For who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught Him? With whom took He counsel, and who instructed Him and taught Him knowledge, and showed to Him the way of understanding? His creatures cannot comprehend his works, much less can they give counsel in relation to them. He

has never taken them into his cabinet to devise measures for the government of his empire. His mode of governing his dominions is involved in great mystery. None of his creatures understand it perfectly. He is, therefore, entirely independent of them in all his actions. He brings about plans and events wholly unknown and unexpected by them. He pulleth down one and setteth up another. The nations before Him are as the small dust of the balance. He doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong. Thus do the mysteries of his providential government show his perfect independence.

> "He sits on no precarious throne,
> Nor borrows leave to be."

In conclusion, I remark, first, if there are mysteries in religion, then, they can be believed.

We are every day of our lives exercising a belief in mysteries. We believe in the existence and action of the law of gravitation. But what is it? A deep mystery. We believe in the reality of matter. One would be deemed insane, who should disbelieve it, and act as if it were a mere phantom of the brain. Yet no one can tell or explain what matter is in its essence. But yet its existence, its essence and properties can be believed. We do believe them. What light is, whence it has its origin, how it can travel with such amazing velocity, how it can be destroyed,

is a perfect mystery to men; yet they believe these things, and act in accordance with their belief. It is a great mystery, how the soul and the body are kept together; yet men believe they are in some way united. Hence, there is nothing in the nature of mysteries, nor in the laws of the human mind, to render it impossible for us to believe in mysteries. The mysteries, therefore, presented in the Bible, the doctrine of the Trinity, the incarnation of Christ, the union of his divine nature with the human, the influence of the Holy Spirit in renewing the hearts of men, can all be believed.

If it is objected, that you cannot believe any mystery, which contradicts the deductions of reason; I answer, that for the same cause you must refuse to believe any thing in nature, or the sciences, that contradicts the teachings of reason. These contradictions may be only apparent, not real; and appear such only because of our *ignorance*, or *lack of ability* to comprehend them.*

* There are things in the natural sciences and in mathematics, that apparently contradict reason. Two wheels are put to revolving. One revolves faster than the other. Each of them is to revolve an infinite number of times. The one that moves slower, will, therefore revolve an infinite number of times. The other, which moves faster, will revolve an infinitely greater number of times; hence you will have infinity infinitely greater than infinity, which is absurd. So nothing is more obvious, than that, if two lines, not parallel, be indefinitely prolonged, they will necessarily meet. Yet every mathematician knows, that it can be rigidly demonstrated, that they never will meet. There are things, then, in the natural sciences and mathematics, that appear to contradict reason. Yet no one ceases for this cause to believe the great principles of those branches of knowledge. It is not wonderful, then, that we should find some things in religion, that would seem to contradict the deductions of reason. But let us act as rationally in the one case, as in the other, and believe the great principles of religion, though they may seem to involve an absurdity. We can believe in the one case as easily as in the other.

I remark, secondly, that mysteries ought to be believed.

No one is at liberty to say in relation to any of the doctrines of religion, this is so mysterious that I cannot and will not believe it. We believe the testimony of men in regard to many things, that appear to us mysterious. For a still stronger reason should we believe the *testimony of God.* He is the God of truth. Whatever statements, therefore, He has given us in his word, and however difficult for us to understand, we may rest assured, are true. Whenever we reject any doctrine of the Bible, because it is mysterious, we place our reason above the teachings of God. We assume a superiority that ill befits our station.

We ought to believe the mysteries of religion, because there is great danger in disbelieving them. The man who disbelieves the existence of gravitation, because it is mysterious, and acts accordingly, and throws himself down a precipice, finds it dangerous to disbelieve it. The man, that, because he cannot understand what heat is, disbelieves its existence and properties, will expose himself to certain death. So the man that disbelieves the existence of God—the greatest mystery in the universe, the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, and the atonement which He has made, exposes himself to eternal death. He who rejects the doctrines of the Bible, does it at his peril. If he persists in it, he will ruin his soul. Men cannot get to Heaven but by believing in Christ

as the divine and almighty Savior. Christ told the Jews, If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins; Whither I go, ye cannot come.

I remark, finally, that though there are mysteries in the Bible, yet God has not concealed any thing, my hearers, that is essential for you to know. Whatever is intimately connected with your duty is most plainly taught; whatever is important to your welfare is clearly revealed. He hath showed thee, O man, what is good. He has taught you, that Jesus Christ came into the world as a divine personage. Although you cannot understand the mysteries of his nature, a knowledge of which is not at all essential to your salvation; yet you can understand the design of his appearance in human flesh. You know, that He came as the Lamb of God to take away the sin of the world; that He is the way, the truth and the life; and that no man cometh unto the Father but by Him. He has told you, "that you must have something to do with Christ, either in the exercise of faith and trust here, or of surprise and astonishment, when you shall lift up your eyes and see in the person of a neglected Savior, your offended Sovereign and righteous Judge!" He has revealed to you your ruined condition—that you are utterly lost without the atoning blood of Christ. He has placed life and death before you, and urged you to choose life. No knowledge is so important to you as the knowledge of Christ, and Him crucified. You are called upon to believe in Him. Have you

done it? Have you laid hold on the hope thus set before you? He has been made unto us wisdom and righteousness. He is the propitiation for our sins. Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out. All this is plain—a path opened to all. Secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but these are "things revealed, that belong unto us." He has assured you, that if you die in a state of impenitence, your doom will be to go away into everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels. Your duties have all been made known — knowledge enough has been imparted to lead you to shun Hell, and guide you to Heaven. See to it, then, that you fail not of the great salvation.

NOTE.

The preceding sermon was preached at West Machias Oct. 27, 1844; Brewer, Dec. 8, 1844; Prospect, Jan. 5, 1845; 1st Parish Church, Bangor, Feb. 2, 1845; East Brewer, Feb. 9, 1845; 1st Baptist Church, Bangor, March, 1845; Stillwater, 1845; Bucksport, May, 1845; Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 15, 1845; Rev. Mr. Lewis' Church, Brooklyn, June 29, 1845; Rev. Mr. Spear's Church, Brooklyn, June 29, 1845.

SERMON VIII.

HEAVENLY SATISFACTIONS.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED, WHEN I AWAKE, WITH THY LIKENESS. Ps. 17: 15.

This expression of the Psalmist developes the actual feelings of every true Christian. It lays open to our view his heart. We see its strong and heavy pulsations for holiness and Heaven. The true Christian longs to see Heaven. It is the theme of his frequent meditation, the object of his ardent desires,—the point, where centre all his hopes. He looks forward to it with bright expectations. He would leave earth, and go to dwell in Heaven. For he will there be satisfied;

Satisfied with himself,
Satisfied with the place,
Satisfied with his associates,
Satisfied with his employments.

I. He will be satisfied with himself.

Thus he could not be on earth. He found him-

self of the earth, earthly. Sin was the great plague of his existence. It was the leprosy of his soul; made him a contagion to the world, a loathing to himself. Sin was as rottenness in his bones. It withered all his strength. It beclouded his understanding—benummed his moral sensibilities—petrified his heart. In no step of his earthly pilgrimage was he wholly free from its influence. He found it in his holiest exercises. Every prayer he uttered was tinctured with it. When the wings of faith were lifting him up toward God's throne, how soon did the leaden weights of sin cause them to droop in despondency! Sometimes he thought himself almost free from its power. But how soon was he again entangled in its net—taken captive—sometimes an easy prey, and bound fast in chains of iron. But now he is free from sin—unbound forever from its shackles. With what delight will the Christian s soul be filled to find himself no longer defiled with the loathsome malady. He is holy, like the angels of God. He is clothed with immortal beauty. His soul reflects the perfect image of his Heavenly Father. No spot bedims its brightness; no stain of guilt disfigures its loveliness. This is what he once longed for; he has now attained it. Many hours he spent on earth in tears, and earnest were his prayers that he might be wholly free from sin. God had promised to cleanse him entirely from it. He has done so. Not one of his blessed promises has failed. God has brought him to Heaven, and done for him

all, and far more than He ever told him He would do. His utmost desires are fully met. With what unspeakable delight does the Christian now gaze upon himself? He can scarcely believe it possible, that a creature once so vile is now so lovely—once a grovelling worm, now a shining inhabitant of Heaven.

The Christian is satisfied with his intellectual powers. He once deemed them almost worthless. With the aid of their utmost reach of power he could not penetrate the darkness, that surrounded him. His mental powers were limited. To whatever point he pushed his inquiries, he found barriers erected around the mind, beyond which it could not pass. Mystery was engraven upon every pebble beneath his feet—written upon every blade of grass —whispered by every passing breeze. His powers were not only limited, but weak, unable to grasp and wield great truths. In the toil of research they soon grew weary and faint. But now immortal vigor is in his soul. His reason is to be forever active. His understanding is expanded. *It now scans great systems of truths at a glance.* It is far reaching —can ascend the heights, fathom the depths of the most abstruse sciences, and explore the deep mysteries of God's wonderful works. He rejoices that he has such powers intrusted to him. He knows their value. He sees that he is intellectually fitted to take in large and comprehensive views of God's plans and government; and he is satisfied.

The Christian is further satisfied with himself, because he knows, that he is now *safe*. He is no longer in doubt whether his immortal existence is to be spent in Heaven, or in Hell. He would value his immortality but cheaply, if it must be spent in a world of woe. But he has crossed the stormy, perilous ocean of life. He is safely moored in the haven of eternal rest. All the interests of his undying soul are safe. Death has left them all untouched. His conscious powers survive the grave. They are all springing into fresh vigor beyond the tomb. He is no longer oppressed with anxieties, no longer exposed to dangers.

II. The Christian will be satisfied with the place of his residence.

He heard much of Heaven, while on earth. He always supposed that it transcended infinitely the brilliancy of earth. But his highest conceptions, compared with the realities of the heavenly world, were but as the faint glimmerings of the glow-worm contrasted with the dazzling radiance of the noonday sun. What admiration fills his soul as he views the celestial mansions! How balmy the breezes that float around him! No blasting mildew, no deadly pestilence, no foul miasma, load the passing gale. No storms arise, no tempests rage, no whirlwinds visit, no tornadoes sweep through those blissful realms.

As he looks over the peaceful plains of Heaven, its scenery fills him with astonishment. Earth, ar-

rayed in verdure, adorned with flowers, diversified with hill and dale, forest and glade, fountains and running streams, engirdled with the ocean, overcanopied with heaven, so smiling, so fruitful, is infinitely mean, compared with the beauty and loveliness of the celestial world. No scorching heat is there nor chilling cold.

"No rising sun his needless beams displays;
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays,
The Godhead there celestial glory sheds;
The exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads."

"Before the throne a crystal river glides;
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides;
There the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears,
There the Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious."

There is the city of the living God. It hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

The scenery of Heaven is illumined by the Divine Presence. God is everywhere, but He does not reveal Himself everywhere. "The glory of God fills the earth, but there are localities in the universe where it shines forth with peculiar splendor. The glory of the Lord filled the ancient temple, but it dwelt peculiarly and visibly above the mercy seat in the most holy place. God is everywhere, but his *Shekinah* is not every where."

III. The Christian will be satisfied with his associates.

On earth he is compelled to mingle with persons of every condition and character. The circumstances of his life throw him into the midst of the vile. Oaths and horrid blasphemies are uttered in his ears. The hypocrisy of men benums his sympathies. His feelings do not gush forth toward them with that freeness which he would desire. He cannot give full vent to the tenderness of his heart. His feelings are chilled by the cold selfishness of a godless world. Few love the Being, whom he loves. He is pained with the irreverence of God exhibited by his associates, their heedlessness of his laws, the stupid indifference with which they treat his offers of pardon, and their recklessness of his threatenings. Surrounded with such associates, the anguish of his soul often prompts the expression of the pious Job, I would not live alway. He would not always live where his Savior's name is blasphemed, where his companions are those that hate God.

But in Heaven the Christian will be satisfied with his associates. He will be associated with the spirits of just men, made perfect,—those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. In that heavenly family there will be no Judas. "The Christian will have no apprehension that any traitor has taken his seat by his side." Pure love will fill every heart,—kindness beam from every eye. No suspicion will darken the countenance, no envy jaundice the soul. Each will behold in his fellow a brother and a friend.

There the Christian will meet his pious relatives and friends, whom the hand of death had separated from him. Those, whom he loved on earth, he will love with warmer affection in Heaven. The strong attachments of earth, that link the hearts of parent and child, of husband and wife, of relatives, of friends, are not sundered by death. The affections die not. They will live in Heaven. The Christian will be satisfied, when he is permitted again to greet the goodly companions of his earthly pilgrimage in the mansions of bliss; satisfied, that no power will hereafter separate them. Their farewells have all been uttered; their fellowship will continue uninterrupted forever. How enrapturing the thought! An eternity to spend together, and this too, where they are forever free from sin, amid refulgent glory, and with the full assurance that,

"No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear."

There also will the Christian enjoy the company of holy men of old. The venerable patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there, and the angels of God. With these he is to spend his Eternity. Who would not exult to be honored with such friendships? He will sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; and hear them tell of their earthly pilgrimage. He will converse with Adam, and Enoch and Noah, with Moses,

David, and Elijah, the antagonist of idolatry; with Isaiah, the seraph of prophecy, and Daniel, the pattern of pious firmness. And there too will he talk with Paul—learn from his lips something of those deep mysteries, that he found so difficult to understand while on earth. There will be the zealous and ardent Peter, and there the affectionate John, the beloved disciple. The great and holy of earth will gather around him to welcome him to their society. How happy will the Christian be with such associates! How different from those of earth! How delighted will he be to greet the glorious company of martyrs, who have long been resting in Heaven; and hear them rehearse the early history of the church—its persecutions, and its triumphs. How blessed will be his intimate friendship with such men as Luther, Melancthon—Newton and Baxter, and Bunyan, and Leighton—Brainerd and Edwards; men who shone as the brightest luminaries of earth, and are now the jewels of Heaven. And not only these, but he will have for his associates the angels of God, who shouted for joy at creation's birth, who have long lived in Heaven, and are familiar with the records of Eternity.

To be elevated to such society will fill the Christian's heart with joy. He will wonder how it was possible, that a creature so obscure and mean could be exalted to such high honors. He will be astonished also to think how he could cling so strongly to earth, when Heaven had such attractions. And these are

to be his associates not for one hour, not for a brief year, but for Eternity! With them he is to dwell forever! With what joy the thought thrills his soul! From the fulness of his heart he will say, *I am satisfied.*

IV. The Christian will be satisfied with the employments of Heaven.

He will not spend his Eternity in idleness. The inhabitants of Heaven have something to do. But its employments are far different from those of earth. There the Christian possessed two natures, the soul and the body; and though the former transcended infinitely in value the latter, yet the wants of the body were constantly pressing and urgent. Much of his earthly existence was of necessity spent in laboring for the meat, that perisheth. To provide for himself and others cost him toil and fatigue. In laboring for the welfare of his fellows—in visiting the sick—the wretched,—in working for the prosperity of the church, his strength often failed him. From all such labors he is relieved in Heaven. There they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. But this rest is by no means of a quiescent nature, a reposing in dronish inactivity. It is a rest from struggles, from fears, from pains, from conflicts. Forever free from these, the Christian is prepared for other employments. He will find much to do in praising God for his salvation. He will have many songs of gratitude to sing. Much of the employment of Heaven will consist in

worshiping and praising Jehovah. The Apostle John tells us that he beheld in vision, and, Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying—Amen, blessing, and honor, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and glory, and power, and might, be unto God forever and ever.

The Christian will be employed with the heavenly hosts in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. The theme of the Savior's love will never grow old —that song, which none but the redeemed can learn, will always be new. It will be sung by unnumbered millions of redeemed sinners, responded to by countless millions of angels, and be as the voice of many waters and of mighty thunderings.

But there will be other employments for the Christian in Heaven. The various powers of the mind will there find their appropriate work. None of its faculties will be destroyed. But they may be so enlarged in the sphere of their action, that while the heart is pouring forth a ceaseless song of thankfulness, the intellectual powers may be busy in the deep study of the Creator's works.

Though the mind, when it enters the celestial mansions, may have its powers so greatly enlarged, that it can easily comprehend the mysteries of earth; yet it will find that Heaven has its mysteries also. As the mind climbs up toward God's throne, each series of ascent is invested with new and astonishing mysteries. Between the infinite and finite mind there will be an immeasurable distance. However high toward God created intellects may ascend in the long periods of Eternity, infinity will ever deride them. Gabriel has, from the moment of his existence, been studying upon the great problem, "*What is God,*" and has not yet been able *to solve* it. God will forever remain THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

In the study of God, then, the Christian will find extensive and delightful employment. He will be furnished with occupations, that will call for the immortal vigor of all his powers. Fields of illimitable extent will be spread open for him to explore. And still new scenes will be projecting themselves upon the mind, as varied, as boundless, as numerous, and wonderful, as the worlds of the universe, which God has made.

No one of the faculties of the soul will be left without employment. They will be continually developing in energetic, harmonious action. The reason,—the memory,—the imagination,—the affections,—the sympathies,—the patient perseverance, the lofty aspirations of the soul, will all be wanted in Heaven.

After the Christian has arrived in Heaven, God will continue to manage the universe just as He always has done. With Him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. He has heretofore carried on the affairs of his government more or less by second causes,and He will still continue to do so. God will always have his creatures engaged in executing his plans and commands. His angels are all ministering spirits. God's family is a large one; and in the management of it He has a system. The strong are to assist the weak—the learned to instruct the ignorant—the old to guide the feeble footsteps of infancy. Many are to go on messages of love; some are to speak words of comfort, of encouragement, and of joy. Others will be commissioned to inflict judgments upon the enemies of the divine government. Heaven has no drones.

There the Christian will find himself and his associates all thought, all action, all zeal, all love. He will delight to study the history of other orders of beings—to go on errands of mercy to distant worlds, rejoiced to explore the wonders of the universe. But chiefly of all, he will delight in bowing in adoration before the throne of the Eternal; in worshiping the blessed Savior, who redeemed him from sin, and death, and Hell; and made him an heir of eternal life, and immortal glory. It will be pleasant to sing his dying love, and to tell the story of redemption to the listening inhabitants of Heaven. This will be his joy—with this he will be satisfied.

In conclusion, I remark, first, If such be thy home, Christian, then eagerly seek it.

Cast aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset thee, and run with patience the race that is set before thee, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of thy faith. Be not entangled in the bondage of this world. Seek to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God. Set not thy thoughts and affections on things of earth. Lay not up for thyself treasures here. Thy treasure is in Heaven. Seek not for honors on earth, when thrones and crowns await thee in Heaven. Live as a stranger and pilgrim here; thou art a sojourner of earth—a seeker of another country, even an heavenly one. Live by faith on the Son of God. Thine enemies are many; thy conflicts must be numerous. Thy foes are fierce, thine encounters will be bloody. Their attacks will be unexpected; thou must watch.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. God will be with thee—thy Redeemer ever liveth—his promises are sure.

I remark, secondly, Heaven, Christian, is thine.

Those celestial mansions are prepared for thee. Thou art a child of immortality, an heir of glory. Thou shalt outride the storms of earth. Thy foes shall all be be slain; thou shalt throw away thy shield, unbind thy helmet and lay thine armor off. The conflict shall be past,—thou shalt sing the song of triumph. Thou shalt wear the crown of victory, purchased by the precious blood of the Son of God,—thou shalt enter the gates of the New Jerusalem,—thy feet shall stand on Mount Zion above —thou shalt be a fellow citizen with the saints in glory. Thou shalt be where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Peace as a river shall fill thy soul. Thou shalt behold the king in his beauty. *Thou shalt be satisfied.*

NOTE.

The preceding sermon was preached in West Machias, Nov. 1844; Prospect, Jan. 5, 1845; Pilgrim Church, N. Y. June 11th, 1845; First Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. * * 1845.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

An examination of some of the popular views, which sustain the practice of war.

The vices of another age, says a learned and distinguished historian, astonish and shock us; the vices of our own age become familiar, and excite little horror. This remark is equally true in relation to *opinions*. Every age has had its opinions and systems of moral action. Some of them have been copied from the faint delineations drawn upon the tablet of the human heart by the dark and shadowy hand of nature; others have been gathered amid the twilight of experience; while the most are but the wild deductions of unguided passion, and have too often been written out in frightful characters with human blood. Occupying a position at so great a remove from the scenes of other ages, and cut off from all local interest in their sentiments and feelings, it is not surprising, that we experience a degree of astonishment and of horror even, when we examine some of their prevalent views and principles of

action, and learn the sad results of error united to the worst passions of the human heart.

The dark pall of oblivion has, indeed, been thrown over many of the mournful effects of these opinions; yet enough remain disclosed to our view to fill us with sorrow, that so many popular, but false principles should have beset in every age the path of man. Popular delusions have beguiled multitudes. Nations have followed with unhesitating confidence the conjured phantoms of their imagination, until they have found themselves in a wilderness of mistakes and dangers, or hurrying down the precipice of certain ruin.

We wonder at the superstition and mistakes of other ages,—the monstrous absurdities, that became their ruling principles; but if we turn to the *present* age, we shall find that a complete delivery from all popular delusions and pernicious errors cannot, by any means, be the boast of our times. Many opinions, at the present day, which pass among men as current as the laws of nature, if examined by the plain principles of common sense, or weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, would be found wanting.

There is too frequently little, if any, inquiry into the *correctness* of popular opinions and the *moral principles* involved in them. Assuming them as correct, many, under the sanction of public favor, have committed the most flagrant crimes, while they supposed they were doing God service. Most take their views from others, without troubling themselves

as to their truth. Reason is too often set aside. Hence it is that many sentiments prevalent in society, are the results of excited, stormy feeling, rather than the deductions of conscientious inquiry and sound judgment. It is from this want of investigation of popular opinions, that many systems of error maintain for so long time, their hold upon the public mind. This is among the causes, why war, which is not only a popular delusion, but one of the most withering curses that ever blasted the heritage of God, has traveled down through the successive ages of the world to the very confines of the Millenium; and still lives, and is here permitted to erect its altars, and sacrifice its victims amid the noon-day splendor of Christianity. It is then to the examination of some of the popular views and principles, that sustain the practice of war, that we invite your attention on this occasion.

These views and principles are either correct or false. They are founded upon truth, both as it exists in the nature of things, and as exhibited in the Bible, or they are not. The practice of war is consistent with reason and fully sustained by the precepts of the Gospel, or it is not. If the former be true, then the Cæsars, the Napoleons, the Wellingtons, have an undisputed claim to be numbered among the greatest benefactors of our race; and it becomes the duty of all to encourage men to "devote themselves, with increased vigor, to the lawful and just work of human destruction." On the other hand, if the expediency, if the lawfulness of war can not be clearly

shown, nor sustained by reason and the principles of divine truth, then it follows, that nations have been pursuing a most inexpedient and unjust policy—that it is the duty of the church to put off her "garments rolled in blood," and henceforth *remain free* from the blood of all men; that there is a claim upon every one to give to the subject a dispassionate consideration—to endeavor to divest the public of its prejudice and its intemperate zeal for war, that the monstrous custom of human butchery may be banished from every civilized, christianized nation, and from the world.

But before entering upon the direct examination of some of the popular views that sustain the practice of war, it is important to learn its true origin, as this may aid in testing the correctness of the views and principles, which are offered as justifying its practice.

Looking then at war as it has always exhibited itself, we find its prominent characteristics to be, *excessive love of applause, ambition, treachery, deep seated revenge, unbounded selfishness, deception in all its forms, and unmitigated cruelty.* These are the prominent characteristics of every war recorded upon the page of history. They are its elements. No war has ever been carried on without them. Were these feelings to cease their operation in the human breast, war would become an *impossibility*, and never again disgrace our world. Tracing up these feelings to their source, we find their true

origin to be in the disordered state of the propensities and affections. They cannot spring from the intellect, for the intellect is characterized by no emotions, or feelings whatever. Nor can they be discovered in the higher or moral nature of man. Conscience necessarily stands opposed to every excess of passion, and every species of known injustice. The elements of war, then, are not found in either of these departments of man's nature. Nor do they exist within the circle, that bounds the proper limits of the propensities and desires. It is only when these limits *are passed*, that the elements of war are generated. Beyond them the wild tempests of passion rage in furious tumult. *It is the region of storms, of lightnings and thunderings—rocked by earthquakes, the home of desolation.*

The fact, then, that war has its origin in the inordinate desires and corrupt passions of the heart, is an insuperable objection to the correctness of those principles, that sustain its practice. For, by no process of reasoning, can it ever be made to appear, that it is right to indulge and cherish the unnatural affections of the heart. It is a state of the feelings, which reason teaches is wrong—against which conscience protests,—which the Bible condemns, and for the indulgence of which the judgments of Heaven fall thick upon the heads of guilty men and nations. Yet these feelings of the heart, with all their corruption and guilt, are excused, justified, or defended by the popular views and principles, which uphold the system of war.

The first of these views, which we propose to examine, is, that *war is necessary for the punishment of nations.*

This principle of war, at first view, appears so futile, that we should not present it, were it not, that men of the graver cast, and even profound theologians, bring it forward as an argument of no inconsiderable strength. Such persons exhibit a high degree of anxiety, lest, should wars cease, the Ruler of the universe would not find means to sustain his moral government. They seem to fear, lest the thunderer should be bereft of his bolts, his lightnings be stolen from him; and as the consequence, the nations of the earth would "set their mouths against the heavens." It is indeed true, that God makes use of war as a means for punishing nations. Bnt it does not, therefore, follow that war is right; or that nations can engage in it without guilt. Things are so constituted, that in the common course of events, crime is always punished. And when a nation, by engaging in war, throws off the restraints upon vice, and lets loose the corrupt passions within, it must of *necessity* experience the punishment of its folly. But it is a necessity, *which is under its own control*, and may therefore be avoided. So that however great this necessity may be, which cannot be incurred by any people without guilt, it can never render war expedient or right. But the means of the moral Governor of the world are not limited to one particular way or thing. The ele-

ments are under his control. The yawning earth, the howling tempests and mad tornado are ministers of his justice. He can shut up the windows of heaven, until the earth becomes as iron, and the heavens above are as brass. He can cause pestilence and death to brood over the nations, until their beauty and strength are consumed awaylike a moth.

"He calls for famine;
And the meagre fiend blows
Mildew from between his shriveled lips,
And taints the golden ear."

Another prevalent view in favor of war is, that national honor cannot be preserved and maintained without it.

National honor has been "the *whetstone* of the sword" for ages. Men have believed it right to brave every danger—to peril life and liberty to secure and defend it. But it is difficult to tell, in what this honor consists. It may include any thing, and every thing, connected with the military prowess of a nation.

According to it,

"Every deed
Hath sanctity, if bearing for its aim
The freedom of our country; and the sword
Alike is honored in the patriot's hand,
Searching midst warrior-hosts the heart, which gave
Oppression birth; or flashing through the gloom
Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch
At dead of night."

It is the boasted vindication of a nation's charac-

ter from every injury and every insult—the applause of the world won by deeds of slaughter and carnage. But is *such* honor of so much importance, as to render it *right* to sacrifice myriads of lives to obtain it? Does it compensate for the ruin it brings upon a nation's commerce? Is it a sufficient reason for driving the ploughshare of desolation over the fairest portions of the earth? Is it a sufficient reason for laying waste villages, burning cities, turning a fruitful paradise into a barren wilderness? Is it of so great value, that it can be purchased only by the agonies, shrieks and dying groans of thousands stretched upon the battle plain? Is there no price, that can be paid for it but the low moans and heart-rending grief of widows,—the tears and agonizing cries of orphans? Can it be obtained in no other way than by surrendering our dearest liberties, and trampling upon our laws and constitutions? Must the rights of conscience, the principles and institutions of our religion, all be sacrificed for it? Is there any thing in natnre requiring this? Does reason teach that it is either right or expedient? Or has God so constituted the world that national honor can only be obtained at such a vast expense? No.

A nation's real honor consists in the practice of virtue—acts of justice—in enduring wrongs with patience—promoting the welfare of other nations by deeds of kindness—in endeavoring to allay animosities and secure peace among all—in advancing lit-

erature and fostering the arts and sciences. These are the virtues that command respect and admiration; the gems, that render radiant a nation's brow.

What is it, that gives character and permanence to a nation's fame? Is it its military exploits, its heroes and warriors? What would there be to admire in the history of ancient Greece and Rome, were it not that we meet the instructions of the distinguished philosophers of Athens—listen to the strains of their poets—are moved by the eloquence of Cicero,—are quailed beneath the thunders of Demosthenes? What but their names gave to these republics a splendor, that eclipses the mightiest efforts of all modern nations?

What adorns the character of France and England, and renders them venerable? Were the names of Napoleon, Cromwell, Nelson, and Wellington, blotted from the pages of their history, their national honor would remain unstained, their splendor untarnished. It is such men as Laplace, Cousin, Milton, Locke, Newton, Johnson, Stewart, Davy, Burke and Brougham, that render these nations renowned, and give them a character that is respected by the world. These are names, that will be cherished and remembered long after those of heroes and warriors are forgotten. They will ever remain the pyramids of their nation's glory, majestic in the midst of ruins, gilded with light, the admiration of future ages.

But there is another prevalent principle urged in sustaining the practice of war, that national safety

and liberty cannot be secured without it; that war is therefore expedient, as the only means of national defence and freedom.

Could it be clearly shown, that the practice of war was always expedient, this would not justify a nation in engaging in it, if its practice is condemned by the principles of the Bible. But so far is war from being expedient, that it is an act bordering upon insanity for a nation ever to engage in it.

There is always uncertainty attendant upon it. The nation, which engages in it, for self-defence, or liberty, pursues a most uncertain policy. When the sword is once unsheathed, it is impossible to tell where, or upon whom it may fall. Those, who appeal to it for justice or freedom, may be the first to be cloven down by its stroke. The issue of a battle may turn the nation's destiny. "The fate of a battle," said Napoleon, "is the result of a moment—of a thought. The critical moment arrives, a mental flash decides the day, and the forces in reserve accomplish the object."

As a means of securing justice, it can never be depended upon. Justice can only be upon one side. But some unforseen circumstances may give the victory to the opposite. Scotland, injured and wronged, flew to the sword for aid and redress. But it only brought down the thunder-bolt of war upon its own head. Poland, loaded with chains, and galled with oppression, strove to free itself from its bondage, and maintain its liberty. And if ever the plea

of justice was with a people, it was with them. But they trusted their cause to the sword, and appealed for aid and success to the God of battles. With equal propriety might the midnight assassin, with revenge boiling in his heart, pray for aid from Heaven to avenge the injuries he may have received from the hands of the man for whose blood he thirsts. God answered not their prayers. They were dashed to the ground by the herculean arm of Russia, and the chains of slavery were again riveted more strongly upon them. Thus has it been in hundreds of instances. To such a system does a nation commit its happiness and liberty, when it rushes to battle to defend them. It is an act of hazard, of folly. It is for a nation to cut from its moorings, and in the midst of a tempest, put forth upon a raging sea, lashed into fury by hurricanes, where nothing can be gained, but every thing may be lost.

But if war is the means, as has generally been supposed, of national safety and liberty, we should naturally expect to find those, who have depended upon it for security, sitting under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make them afraid. If war secures the existence and liberties of a people, why have so many warlike nations gone down into the grave of *oblivion*? Egypt was once full of chariots and horsemen, but where now is the long line of its dynasties? What simoom withered their glory and dried up their strength? What convulsion of nature shook down the massive walls of Bab-

ylon—sunk the thrones of the Nebuchadnezzars, and made the halls and palaces of that great city *the abode of dragons*? Why does not Rome now exist in her ancient glory? What but the sword clove down her strength, cut asunder her iron sinews, and pierced her mighty heart?

Nations may for a time be successful in war, and raise themselves to a height of power—but

> "They, that stand high, have many blasts to shake them,
> And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces."

Athens, with her allies, fought successfully the battles of Marathon and Salamis; but the haughtiness, which the Athenians exhibited in consequence of the success of their arms, gathered about them the jealousies of the other members of the confederacy. Soon the flames of civil war were lighted, and a long train of conflagrations followed in quick succession—each kindled afresh from the expiring embers of the preceding, until at last Greece became exhausted, fell an easy prey to her enemies, and tamely submitted her neck to the yoke of the Ottoman.

War never secures, for any length of time, the safety and happiness of a people. It has kept an *earthquake* in France for ages, and made Europe a *Golgotha*. The ends, for which it is undertaken, are never accomplished. After many bloody battles, and the sacrifice of thousands of lives, nations find that guns and swords do not come in contact with *the mind*, that their difficulties, after all, must be settled by reason. And they come together, like

reasonable beings, and by negotiation lay the foundations of future peace and happiness.

It is safe for a people never to engage in war. Where this system has been *practised*, it has never been known to fail in affording security and protection. It has preserved for thirteen hundred years a little republic situated within the limits of Italy. The surges of war have broken all around it, yet it has remained secure.

The same system has given equal protection in the deserts of Africa, and in the wilderness of America. The spirit of forbearance and peace, as exhibited by the first settlers of Pennsylvania, was so omnipotent, as godlike, that it held in check the furious passions of the wild savage; and he bowed before it with reverence and awe. While the clouds of war rolled in thick gloom and darkness over New England, and the Indian's warhoop woke up the silence of the wilderness, the followers of Penn were enjoying the sunshine of peace, and reclining in safety beneath the banner of love.

The nation, that throws aside its arms, and resolves to act upon principles of strict justice, becomes the common friend of others. Its character for uprightness and integrity secures the respect, and its kindness and forbearance win the affection of all. These build around it a wall more impregnable than the towers and battlements of Babylon, and a defence more safe than shores lined with cannon, or gates of brass and bulwarks of iron.

A fourth popular view is, that war is *right* from the fact, that there is implanted in man by nature an instinctive feeling of resentment, whenever injury is inflicted. And to strengthen this position an analogy is drawn from what is seen in the possession and conduct of animals. The lion possesses strength, the bullock horns, the bee a sting, and even the dove will fight for its young. As to that part of the view drawn from analogy, we would remark,that were the analogy carried still farther, we might quite as easily prove, that it isright to carry on wars of aggression, of conquest and plunder. For, the brute creation have the means and the disposition to attack and destroy the weaker and more defenceless animals. So that the argument in this case proves too much to be a correct one. It is true, the lion has strength, the bullock horns, and the bee a sting ; but man has something superior to all these—*he has reason.* It was given him as a " defence." Wisdom is better than strength, or weapons of war.

But there may be a secret impression remaining in the minds of many, that though the analogy attempted in the case mentioned fails,yet this instinctive feeling of resentment does render war, in cases of self-de-fence, right.

That there is this feeling of resentment implanted in man, we do not pretend to deny. It is an important principle and necessary to man's existence. But there is a distinction to be made between its *instinctive* and its *voluntary* action. It is by over-

looking this marked difference in its instinctive and voluntary action, that any error in the case has arisen.

Instinctive resentment always acts suddenly without thought and reflection. It is neither praise, nor blame-worthy, being simply innocent. The design of it is to preserve man, when exposed to sudden danger in situations, where thought and reflection would come too late for his rescue. It is plainly evident, that there is no instinctive action of the principle of resentment, when a nation engages in war; for a nation is always supposed to act upon reflection.

But with voluntary resentment the case is far different. This acts in connection with reason and after consideration. It being a voluntary action, there is accountability connected with it, whether it be the action of a private individual, or of a nation. Its action may be right or wrong. It is right, when it is in accordance with reason, with enlightened conscience, and the teachings of Revelation. It is wrong, when it proceeds in opposition to these, and runs into excess. In order to check and restrain its improper exercise, nature has set landmarks all along the boundary, that limits its action. When it passes beyond these, pain and guilt are the certain consequences.

This principle of resentment, then, in its right action, prompts a nation, in connection with reason, to avoid all occasions of offense to others; under the guidance of conscience, to act in perfect justice and good faith to all; and in accordance with the

instructions of revealed truth, to recompense none evil for evil; but to live in peace with all men, and overcome evil with good.

In its wrong action, it urges a nation to revenge; to demand an eye for eye, and a tooth for a tooth; to hate and destroy its enemies, to return evil for evil. But in every case of such unlawful exercise of this principle, nature remains true to her duty, and brings upon such a nation merited punishment, giving it the bread of affliction to eat, and blood to drink.

The last popular view, which we shall examine, is that war is justified by the Bible.

In every case of *uncertainty* as to a course of conduct to be pursued, the Bible should be the ultimate test. And whatever reasons there may be from any other source either in favor of, or against such a course of conduct, the testimony of the Bible respecting it should be received as decisive.

We have already seen, that war has its origin in the inordinate action of the propensities and desires of the heart,—that it is an *unnatural* state of the feelings. It is destructive to all the social dispositions. It is condemned by nature, both *within* man, and *without* him.

> "Even the dull rock claims kindred of its own:
> The tree, left single, spreads her widowed arms
> To share with poplar mates her charms;
> Rills to each other's bosoms steal with care,
> Blend into one, and flow more quiet there."

We have a right, then, from the nature of the

case, since war is totally opposed to man's natural state, and condemned by the laws of his being, to suppose that it must be inconsistent with Revelation; since Revelation and nature are from the same divine source. For it cannot be supposed, that a perfect being acts inconsistently with himself.

We find accordingly, that the Bible as a system of morals is opposed to wars of every kind. It holds in check the dispositions and feelings, which are necessary to the practice of war. It teaches us to do good, to succor the oppressed. But war teaches us to inflict evil, to overwhelm with ruin the defenseless. The system of morality taught by the Bible will not suffer us to promote our dearest interests by any fraudulent acts. The maxims of war applaud them, when used for the destruction of our enemies. The command of the Bible is, *Thou shalt not kill.* But the object of every war is to murder; *knowingly, deliberately,* KILL. The law of God says, *Thou shalt not steal*; but plunder forms a part of the business of every war. We are commanded to remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy. But in time of war this command is never thought worthy of being obeyed. There is not, in fine, a moral principle in the whole Bible, which is not violated in carrying on war, even in cases of self-defense. A government engaged in it does virtually repeal the whole moral law of God. It

steps in between God and his creatures, sunders the ties of obligation, which bind them to Him, and sends them forth upon a course of legalized crime and murder. It permits men to commit acts of wickedness, which, if done in time of peace, would bring down upon them the iron mace of the law. It can not be, then, that the practice of war can be justified by the system of morality taught in the Bible, which is far more rigid in its requirements, than any civil enactments.

The spirit of Christianity, as well as the moral law, is opposed to war. The principles of the moral law are designed to restrain and limit the action of the passions, and thereby subdue them. The spirit of Christianity aims to accomplish the same object, by cherishing opposite and counteracting feelings. The instructions of the Gospel are, *be merciful, be courteous, render to no man evil, be gentle, showing all meekness to all men.* It commands us to live in peace, *to put away all bitterness, wrath, anger, with all malice.* It says, *Love your enemies, bless them that curse you; do good to them, that hate you, and pray for them, that despitefully use you and persecute you.* Such is the spirit, that Christianity breathes,—such the feelings it would cherish. It would check every emotion of anger and revenge, by inculcating kindness and forgiveness. It would bind men together by the strong bonds of affection —shed upon every heart the cheering influences of love—gladden every countenance with joy—erect in

each breast an altar, from which the pure incense of gratitude and the flame of holy devotion should go up to Heaven, which angels would admire and God approve. Christianity would quell every turbulent passion, and make us abound in patience, meekness and long suffering. It teaches us not to limit our feelings and acts of kindness to the narrow sphere of our own state or nation; but to send forth our thoughts to others. Its object is to produce such feelings of benevolence toward all men, as no circumstances may change.

But how different are the feelings and dispositions engendered by the practice of war. There is none of the meekness, gentleness and forbearance, none of the love of enemies and forgiveness of injuries, required by the Gospel. But every malignant propensity of man's nature is let loose. The wild passions are permitted to sweep in furious tempests across the soul; revenge and cruelty are unchained, to prowl like tigers over the land and riot in blood. There is a reckless disregard of all law, but that of brute force. The noise and tumult of war drown alike the voice of conscience and of God. How can it be possible, then, for Christianity to uphold and justify such a system of sin? How can the spirit of war and the spirit of Christ meet and flourish together in the bosom of the same nation?

But it may be said, that in the views of Christianity presented, we do not recognize the obvious dis-

tinction there is between *personal revenge* and *public war*, the pacific principles of Christianity admitting of no application to national circumstances.

To suppose that Christianity gives directions to man individually, without laying any restraints upon him in a political condition, is to assume a defect in it, which might prove fatal to its progress. For, as a private person, one might be a Christian; but as a *public man*, he might worship idols. As *individuals*, we cannot innocently steal or murder, but as *public men* we can do either. What progress would Christianity ever make, if its principles are never to be applied to the action of governments? To show how men in their public acts are able to put off their responsibilities, to divest themselves of their duties and obligations as individuals, is a problem, which we shall leave for others to solve. To us it seems as difficult as it would be to divest themselves of their personal identity. It is worthy of remark, however, that there is not a private virtue, which is not called for in public life, under higher sanctions and for more important purposes.

The inquiry may here be raised, if the precepts and the spirit of Cristianity are binding equally upon individuals and governments; is it *safe* for a people, in its dealings with other nations, to act upon these principles? We answer, YES. It is as safe as the nature of things will permit, as safe as is consistent with man's probation, as safe as God designed it should be. If the Gospel was intended to be applied in the fullest

extent to nations as well as to individuals, *then it is safe to apply it.* Why should it not be so? Has God devised a system of moral government, which it is *unsafe* to put into operation? Has Infinite Wisdom formed a code of laws, which, if obeyed by a nation, would bring certain destruction upon it? Has the Creator given his creatures general laws of conduct, which cannot be applied, only in particular cases, without ultimate danger? Are the laws in the natural world so well adapted to their design, that the stars in perfect safety, and

> "Silent as the foot of time
> Pursue their destined courses,"

while the *moral universe* is bound together with cobwebs, and liable at any moment to go to ruin? Was there ever an instance known, where either a private individual, or a nation, pursuing the path of duty, with a humble reliance on God, did not find it to be the path of safety? Did the three men, in the midst of the burning fiery furnace, discover that the laws of God could not stand the test of fire? Did Daniel, who confided in God, obtain no deliverance when cast into the den of lions? When the king of Israel trusted in Jehovah for protection, did the Assyrian besiege his city, or shoot an arrow upon its walls?

Was there ever an Atilla, or Genghis Khan, who poured hordes of Goths and Vandals upon the peaceful shores of an inoffensive and unwarlike people, who were without the means of defense, and who

trusted in Heaven for security? Did a large body of Friends, during the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland, when the flames of civil war burst forth all around them, and rolled in frightful waves of desolation over that unhappy land, find no protection or safety? Has it ever been the case, that when men's ways have pleased the Lord, He has *not* made their enemies to be at peace round about them?

Is there any ultimate danger, then, when an individual, or a nation acts fully up to the requirements and spirit of the Gospel? If there is, the proof of it should be shown; and the truth proclaimed abroad, that the principles of the Bible are *not calculated* to accomplish the ends they design, or secure the safety and highest happiness of men.

But it should be remembered by those, who are yet unwilling to embrace the pacific principles of the Gospel and place themselves under the protecting arm of the Almighty, that every other system of defense is fraught with *equal* and even *greater* danger; that no other source of strength can be relied on with confidence; that it stands recorded on the page of Inspiration, as well as experience, that it is a vain thing to trust in an arm of flesh; that except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. Therefore cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?

In conclusion, I make one remark,—that from the testimony of the sacred Scriptures, and from the

great change of opinions, at the present day, as to the expediency of wars, we may rest assured, that *the sword shall not devour forever.* The Bible points us to the time, when men shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. God will yet make wars to cease to the ends of the earth; He will break the bow and cut the spear in sunder, and burn the chariot in fire. God is overturning and will continue to overturn till He shall come, whose right it is to reign. The indications among the nations, at the present time, are certainly favorable to the progress of universal peace. Discoveries in the arts and sciences—improvements in the modes of travelling, and a more general diffusion of knowledge, are bringing men together. They are becoming better acquainted one with another,—their sympathies and friendships are binding them together in harmonious action. The subject of peace is receiving more general attention among the nations of Europe. Wars are becoming unpopular. There is encouragement, therefore, to hope that the cause of peace, the same that thrilled the hearts of angels, when with notes of joy they heralded the birth of the Prince of Peace, will yet be triumphant; that the song of peace on earth, which at first, was heard by the shepherds of Bethlehem, and rolled sweetly along the vales of Palestine, till it broke among the hills of Rome

upon the astonished ears of heroes and mighty warriors, will yet become the universal chorus of earth; that Christianity will yet be seen, walking our world, clad in the shining habiliments of Heaven—dispersing the dark clouds that have so long hung around our horizon as sackcloth, and closing with her own hand the temple of Janus;—that the handfuls of corn, which have been planted upon the tops of the mountains, will yet spring forth, and grow like the cedars and the fruit thereof shake like Lebanon:—

"One realm of peace the universe become,
Mankind a brother-hood, and earth a home."

NOTE.

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THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

WHAT ARE THE GROUNDS AND LIMITS OF OUR RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE PROPAGATION OF TRUTH ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY?

Truth is the reality of things, whether they exist objectively or subjectively; that is, in the natural or moral world. It is the great instrument which we are to use in laboring to advance any true reform; the great moral lever, by which we are to shake down the battlements of tyranny, and pry up its massive bulwarks. The possession of the truth, therefore, is of vital importance to those, who wish to effect any great moral or political changes. Every effort, where this element is wanting, will be characterized by weakness, and end in delusion. It must constitute the granite basis upon which the whole superstructure must rest. But the *possession* of truth, in relation to any great moral or political subject, is not the only thing of importance. It is of greater importance to know how to *rightly* use it. The materials may be at hand, but it requires some knowledge, some art and skill, to cause them to assume the form of the solid, durable, and magnificent edifice. The truth may be misused—bunglingly applied, and thus be productive

of great mischief,by those who do not understand the true grounds and limits of the responsibilities, connected with its propagation. The true friends of the slave may, in this way, through their ignorance do much injury. We propose, therefore, to show what are the true grounds and limits of our responsibilities in the propagation of truth.

And we remark, in the first place, that the mere *possession* of truth does not lay any responsibility upon us to propagate it. To some this position may, at first, appear extremely erroneous; but a little reflection will lead to the acknowledgment of its truth. For, let it be considered, in the first place, that the truth, in relation to any subject or event, may relate wholly to one's self, and in no way concern any other individual. I may, for intance, have gathered up a certain amount of historical truths,—gained a knowledge of many events and incidents, which occurred thousands of years ago, and which are, in no way, connected with the present state of affairs, and are altogether unimportant in themselves. The *possession* of these truths does not place one under the least *obligation* to propagate them. I may also have discovered some truths in relation to the exercises of my own mind —certain bad habits, that need correcting—certain notions and feelings that pertain wholly to myself —certain acts of my life, either good or bad, which in no way concern any other one than myself; but the possession of the truth in relation to these things,

can not lay one under any obligation to make them known—to propagate them abroad. If this were the case, then, every individual is under obligations to tell all that he knows about himself, whether it may interest any other person, or not, or however injurious it may be to himself.

Let it be considered, in the second place, that the truths in possession may relate mostly to others, and their promulgation would be injurious to them, and of no profit to the community at large. There are many truths, in relation to domestic affairs—to the proceedings of associated bodies, the propagation of which would be exceedingly painful to them, and contribute in no way to the happiness or virtue of the community. And should they be divulged, the confidence of man in his fellow man would be shaken to its very foundation—all connections of friendship would be dissevered—positive repulsion would every where exist, leading men to seek a refuge from society in the seclusions of solitude. But, if the mere possession of truth obligates an individual to propagate it, he must do so, whatever the evils may be, which may flow from the act. The bare fact, that I know that an individual has broken the laws of my country — has murdered a fellow being—or that the master of slaves uses them in a most barbarous manner, lays me under no obligation to proclaim these things abroad. The obligation no more exists in this case, than the knowledge of certain acts of generosity and benevolence, done in behalf of in-

dividuals or the state, creates an obligation, on my part, to proclaim such acts. There may be obligations resting upon us to make known the criminal conduct of the master toward his slave, and all the injustice that is heaped upon him; but they arise not from the fact that we have possession of the truth; but, as we shall show, from other reasons.

This leads us to remark, that the true ground of our obligation to publish the truth rests upon the *will of God.* There must be a command from Him, expressed in some way, indicating to us his will, before it can be our duty to make known the truth. The will of our Creator is the only and ultimate rule of action. This, therefore, alone lays us under obligation to declare the truth.

But the question arises, how are we to know what is the divine will? The answer to this inquiry is, that we may discover it by the light either of the sacred Scriptures, or of nature. There may be express commands, contained in the Bible, for propagating the truth. Thus Moses and the prophets of old were commanded to declare the truth, to speak unto the people all the words of the law. They were to set the trumpet to their mouth, and boldly give utterance to the truth, in notes that could not be misunderstood, whether men would hear or forbear. In like manner, the disciples of Christ were commanded to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Their obligations to publish the truth arose wholly from the divine command. For He had previously forbidden them to proclaim

the truth of his Messiahship, the fact of his transfiguration, and many of the miracles, which He performed. But now the things, which they had heard in the ear, they were "to proclaim upon the housetop." The obligation resting upon the church, in every age, to make known the great moral truths of Christianity, has arisen solely from the divine command. Whenever, therefore, we hold in our possession great moral truths, for the propagation of which we find an explicit divine command, clearly revealed in the Bible; that command is the ground of our obligation to publish those truths.

But it is evident to every one, that the Scriptures of divine truth do not contain specific directions for our conduct, in every circumstance of life. And even were the precepts of the Bible multiplied a hundred or a thousand fold; still, if we are to depend on specific directions, we must, in numberless instances, be in doubt what course of conduct to pursue. Hence, in ascertaining our duty to publish the truth, we are to be guided, in a great measure, by the general will of the Creator. This general will can be known from the general laws of nature, physical, social and moral. Because, these laws originated with the Creator, and are but certain expressions of the divine will. So that, whenever we act in accordance with them, we may rest assured, that we are obeying the divine will, as well as securing our own highest happiness. And we are under moral obligation to yield obedience to these laws, not because they tend to

produce the greatest amount of happiness; but, from the fact, that this tendency *shows* us what is the will of our Creator. These laws are no less imperative, nor are our obligations to yield obedience to them any the less, than in cases where precepts are directly revealed.

We find no direct precepts, revealed in the Scriptures, by which we are commanded to publish any new truths, which we may have discovered in the arts and sciences. But yet, he, who discovers any such truths is bound to make them known, not because there is any direct precept in the Bible commanding him to do so, but from the great and general laws of humanity and benevolence. A knowledge of the physical laws is of the greatest importance; for, we can be happy only as we obey them. And we can obey them only as we know what they are. The general laws of humanity and benevolence, then, revealed by nature, and the general precept of Scripture, that "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," indicate clearly that it is the will of the Creator, that new discoveries should be published. God has put it in the power of the discoverer to confer a special benefit upon others. Should he withhold from mankind this knowledge, so essential to their welfare, he cannot, by any means, be innocent. He is responsible in a great measure for all the evils, which may result from that ignorance, which he might have prevented. So the law of general utility, the voice of humanity

and benevolence, command the individual, who has discovered a remedy, which will cure an epidemic, to publish the remedy. What if Jenner had not published his discoveries of the effects of vaccination? What if the inventor of the compass had concealed his invention? or Franklin and others had refused to make known the laws of electricity? What if the art of printing had been kept a secret? What if Newton had determined not to publish his discoveries of the great laws, which control matter and bind world to world? Who can tell the consequences of such a course of proceedure? the evils, that would have befallen the race? and the darkness in which they would now have been enveloped? And would not these men have been, in a measure, responsible for all the evil results, flowing from that ignorance which they could have dispelled?

But the obligation to propagate great *moral* truths rests upon the same basis, as the obligation to publish any physical truth. They both rest upon the will of God. Hence, if we hold in our possession truths, which relate to the interests of our fellow men, to their happiness, either present or future; the will of God, as indicated in the general laws of humanity and benevolence, distinctly commands us to publish them to the world. And we are under obligations to do so, unless there is a special command revealed to the contrary. If we have the Bible in our hands, containing revelations of divine truths, unless positively forbidden, we are, by the

general laws of the divine will, under obligations to make its truths known. For those truths are of vital importance both to the present and future happiness of the whole race. So, great natural truths, which relate to the rights of man, his right to life, to possess himself, to the pursuit of happiness, to the possession and enjoyment of the results of his own efforts, either bodily or mental, should be published. For, what truths are of greater importance to every individual of our race, or are more intimately connected with, and essential to his happiness? He, therefore, who has these great truths in his possession, is commanded, by the general laws of humanity and benevolence, which reveal the will of God, to publish them boldly, whenever and wherever the general good requires it. If they are denied, he should vindicate them. If they are violated, he should make known that violation. To violate any of these natural rights of man, is a burning shame, one of the greatest injuries, which it is in the power of man to inflict upon his fellow man. Hence, whenever these rights have been violated, as in the case of murder, or highway robbery, if the knowledge of the fact is in our possession, we ought to make it known, to complain of this infringement of right, that it may receive its due punishment. So when we know of the slave-holder's conduct, of his violating all the natural rights of man, we are bound to complain of his villanous acts, to publish anew these great natural truths, and boldly defend them. The will of God requires us to do this.

So, if the right to think and speak our thoughts, in relation to these great principles, is denied or violated by others, we should publish and reiterate these truths, and solemnly protest against their violation. The consequences resulting from a neglect to publish and vindicate those great moral truths, which relate to the rights and happiness of man, would be most disastrous. What if they had never been proclaimed or defended at Rome and in Greece? Where would have been their political freedom? What if Wickliff, Huss, Luther, Zuinglius and Latimer, had never agitated any of these truths? What dawning light would have ever broken upon the midnight of Papal darkness? And what if Clarkson, and his confederates, having a knowledge of the truth, had held their peace? When would that legalized banditti of men-stealers have been conquered? and those numerous and powerful perpetrators and advocates of rapine, murder and slavery, have been compelled to cease from their acts of barbarity? What would have been the present political state of our own country, had none been found, in the days of Washington, Adams and Franklin, to stand up and boldly declare those eternal truths, upon which our social and political freedom is based? There is, then, an obligation resting upon every one, to give utterance to such truths, and, especially, at the present day, when they are openly denied and violated by the partisans of slavery.

It may be objected to the views already presented,

that it is not unfrequently the case, that the propagation of the truth is attended with injurious effects, that the publishing of a new discovery, while it is a benefit to some, may seriously injure others, who by this means, will be thrown out of present employment, and their property nearly if not wholly lost to them; that the publishing of great moral truths, also, may result in the sacrifice of a vast amount of wealth—leaving many in the depths of poverty; serve to stir up wrath, and promote contentions, disunion and oftentimes bloodshed: that these are indications of the general will of the Creator, that we should not publish the truth.

This objection, so far as it goes, is a valid one. For, if the mere possession of the truth forms no reason why we should proclaim it, and lays no obligation upon us to do so; certainly the injurious results of truth cannot obligate us to publish it. If injury will be done to some individual, or company of individuals, by making known a new discovery, this is a reason certainly why we should not make it known. For, we have no right to injure any one's employment or property, either directly or indirectly, without a sufficient reason for so doing. Have we, then, a sufficient and proper reason? This can be determined by taking into view, not merely the particular, but the general consequences of the act. The particular consequences may, in many instances, be injurious to some, while the particular consequences to others, and the general con-

sequences to all, may be in the highest degree beneficial. Thus the invention of some new mechanical instrument, or a cheaper and more expeditious locomotive power, might injure those at present engaged in making and using steam machinery; but the invention, while thus injurious to individuals, may be of the greatest benefit to the *whole race*, augmenting essentially their happiness. The temporary good of a *part* should never be put in competition with the permanent good of the *whole*. This, then, plainly shows us what is the divine will in all cases of this kind.

So, in relation to the propagation of any great moral truth, the injurious effects flowing from it, is a reason for not publishing it. We have no right, by publishing the truth, to injure the feelings or cause pain in the bosom of any one, without a satisfactory reason. To unreasonably and unnecessarily inflict pain upon the heart of any one, is as great a violation of right, as to take his property without his consent, or unjustly injure him in any other way. And we have no right, by publishing the truth, to enrage others, so as to produce discord and violence, unless we are compelled to do so from satisfactory and urgent reasons. Thus we have no right to wound the feelings of the slave-holder, by exhibiting the atrocities of slavery in their real form, without reasons for so doing. It will, beyond doubt, produce pain to tell him the plain truth—that he is committing one of the greatest crimes, which it is in the power of man to commit, that he is violating

those eternal laws established by the will of God; and it may even stir up the unholy passions of his heart, and kindle them to a flame. But are we to refrain from telling him the truth on account of its producing this pain and exciting his anger? We can determine this point by inquiring what these truths are and what the general consequences would be, if they are not published. Truths, which relate to man's right to himself, to life and the pursuit of happiness, to the right to labor for himself, to improve his intellectual powers, to read the word of God, to enjoy, in all respects, equal liberty with other men, when he has done nothing to forfeit this right, are in the highest degree important. No others take precedence of these. None can be of greater interest to men as a race. They are general truths, reaching to every human being on the earth. What, then, if the publishing of them does cause much evil, much excitement? What if these truths, on account of their conflicting with his own interests, excite his rage, and cause him, in his fury to belch forth the bitterest gall, the very dregs, the vilest slime of his depravity? These are only the particular consequences. The general benefits, resulting from the propagation of such truths, infinitely outweigh these particular evils. "Truths of this kind, being indispensable to man considered as a moral being, are above all expediency of this sort, all accidental consequences. For, as sure as God is holy, and man immortal, there can be no evil so great as

as the ignorance or disregard of them. It is the very madness of mock prudence to oppose the removal of a poisoned dish, on account of the pleasant sauces or nutritious viands, which would be lost with it."

When we wish to ascertain our duty to proclaim truths, which lie at the very foundation of the happiness of man, in his social, political and religious relations, we are not to take into the account the particular evils, that may attend the promulgation of these truths. For, these truths are so closely linked with the highest happiness of beings, that they of themselves indicate the general will of the Creator, that they should every where be known, and every where obeyed. Opposition to them will undoubtedly exist. Urged on by the selfish feelings of his own heart, the slave-holder, and all, who are personally interested in slavery, will make vigorous opposition to these truths, and especially to their propagation. For, they are, from the circumstances of their situation and the preponderance of selfishness in their hearts, *truth-haters*. They know full well, if these great truths, in relation to human rights, are permitted to be promulgated, that they, being so simple in their nature and such plain axioms, must at once be obvious to the weakest understanding, and compel the assent of every man. Hence the anxious fears on the part of slave-holders. Hence the bitter hostility exhibited to the propagation of these great primary truths. They have made and are making great

efforts to suppress these truths. They would put out these lights in the firmament of heaven, that they may the better perpetrate their deeds of cruelty and acts of barbarism, in the midnight darkness, that would ensue. But, thanks to Heaven, these lights are situated far above their reach. They may, for a few brief moments, be bedimmed by the clouds of dust and the dark angry tempests of passion, with which the slave-holder has filled the air and covered his horizon ; but these heavenly luminaries still continue to shine, in all their radiance and calmness, far above the storms, that rage below. "As the tempest and thunder affect not the sun nor the stars, but spend their fury on stones and trees below," so will these wild storms and dark clouds expend all their strength and let fall their fiercest bolts upon the devoted heads of slave-holders.

All their efforts to oppose and destroy these great moral truths, will prove abortive. They might as well think, by hurling clubs and brickbats into the air, to thrust the planets of heaven from their orbits, as to suppose that by the means they are now employing, they can annihilate those great truths they so much hate.

On account of the strong opposition made to these great and eternal principles of right and justice, many among us boldly assert that we should forbear to proclaim them. But no position taken can be more fallacious or more contrary to moral duty, than this. *Let the truth be maintained, though the heavens*

fall. If we are to cease from propagating the truth, because a strong and vigorous opposition is made to it, then we may as well give up, at once, all great and important truths, however dear. For, when was there ever any truth maintained against error, that did not call forth fierce opposition? Did ever justice and equity take off the hinges and throw open the palace gates of cruelty and despotism, when they were not greeted with blasphemies and the bitterest curses? Were any great and important truths ever proclaimed in the ears of truth-haters, in any age of the world, when those who gave utterance to those truths, were not violently opposed, and called by the most opprobrious epithets? When Christ was upon earth, did not *truth-haters* then oppose him? And to render their opposition the more effective, did they not make use of the most reproachful language? What did they call Christ but a partisan of Beelzebub? a traitor, plotting the overthrow of civil government? a notorious friend of publicans and sinners? a most abandoned wretch, carousing with wine-bibbers, that he might gain an influence, and thus the more successfully carry out his dark designs? what did the truth-haters, in the days of the Apostles, say of them? They were drunken fanatics. What did Paul receive but mockery from the truth-haters of Athens? And what did Luther experience from truth-haters, in the early part of the Reformation? He gave utterance to the simple truth—the truth-haters all over Europe run

mad—they raved and foamed with fury, and every part of Christendom was filled with their clamorous howlings for his blood. Truth-haters, in the days of Clarkson's earliest in efforts propagating the truth, did not fail to oppose him by every means in their power. They left no measures untried to arrest the progress of light. They were determined that truth and justice should be bound in chains, and kept as felons in the prison-house of darkness forever. Nor have the truth-haters of the present day ceased to rend the air with their loud out-cries, and to make the welkin ring with their notes of alarm, whenever the plain, simple, eternal principles of truth have been uttered in the ear of the nation. They have kindled their alarm-fires on every mountain and hill-top all along the boundaries of the land of slavery, and the overseer's horn has loaded every gale with blasts of defiance and death to the hateful fanatic, who dares to croak of liberty and the equal rights of man. And why is all this alarm, why all this excitement and the numberless mobs in our land, that have filched New England of her glory? Simply because this plain, obvious truth has been uttered—that every man has a right to the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which expressed in the language of Scripture is, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself—whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. The truth embodied in these words, is *the thing* which slave-holders have attempted *to destroy—the thing*,

which the upholders of slavery wish *to annihilate.* Cease to proclaim this truth, and the trump of slavery would quickly sound—"To your tents, O Israel."

Not a few, at the present day, hold those who have proclaimed abroad primary truths affecting slavery, responsible for all the excitement, the ebullition of passion, and mobs that have taken place in our land within the last few years. They charge upon them the guilt of all these evil results. But are these the natural results of *the truth* or of *opposition* to the truth? Truth, like a deep, broad, and quiet river, rolls onward without noise and without a ripple upon its surface; but men undertake to arrest its progress—plant themselves in the midst of the stream, attempt to breast its strong current, throw obstructions across its onward course; and then cry out, what is all this wake about here? why all this noise, tumult, dashing and raging of the waters? why this deafening roar of the cataract, and these earth-quake shakings of the ground? We say to them, take away the obstructions you have thrown across these quiet waters, and they will wind their onward course gently as the evening zephyr glides through the quiet vale.

Nothing is more meek and peaceful than truth when unopposed. But when it is met by strong and obstinate opposition, its power is accumulative, its native strength is put forth, and it speaks with a voice like that of many waters. Then to attempt to

check its progress, or hush its voice, is utter folly. You might as well attempt to turn back the waters of the Niagara, or bid them cease their deafening thunders.

Whenever, then, evils arise from publishing the truth, before we cease from proclaiming it, we should inquire whether these evils are fairly chargeable upon the truth; or do not arise solely from an unjust and unholy opposition to it. This opposition is not the standard by which our duty is to be determined. The consequences, arising from this opposition, should not deter us from declaring the truth. For, no greater evils can possibly befall the race of man, than the denial and open violation of those eternal, unchangeable principles, which lie at the very foundation of man's happiness. All the opposition, that has been made by slave-holders and others to arrest and destroy the truth, will utterly fail of its design. The truth will still live. And it will ever remain the same "venerable fabric, which has stood for ages, splendid and immutable; which time could not crumble, nor persecutions shake, nor revolutions change; which has ever stood, like some stupendous and majestic Apennine, the earth rocking at its feet, and the heavens roaring around its head, firmly balanced on the base of its eternity—the relic of *what was;* the the solemn and sublime memento of what *must be.*"

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SKEPTICISM.

ITS ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE.

Truth gains access to the mind in various ways, and under different forms, always presenting itself as the reality of things. It produces the conviction that things are really what they appear to be. The sources of this conviction are the senses, intuition, consciousness, reason and testimony. These are the grounds of all certainty. Aside from these, there is no possibility of knowledge. The state of mind, attendant upon the exercise of the senses and the various mental faculties, is belief. Belief may vary in strength, as the amount of evidence offered proceeds from slight presumption up to absolute, or moral certainty. In some minds these grounds of belief do not produce conviction, the evidence presented does not satisfy them. Hence doubts arise; doubts as to the reality of matter, the existence of mind and of a Supreme Being; doubts in relation to the authenticity of the Bible, and the great truths of religion. Such breathe an atmosphere of skepticism. They fly off from the primary laws of our nature. They break away from the great balancing principles of truth, and their thoughts under the influence of pas-

sion, are driven about like dust in the whirlwind, until reason is bereft of its power and lies prostrate. Upon such minds argument is lost. To such, evidence is offered in vain; truth, though writ with sunbeams, is thick darkness.

Skepticism does not come from the intellect; it emanates from the heart, from the depraved affections, and vicious habits. It is the mist, that rises up from the stagnant region of the natural affections, and gathering in thick clouds settles down upon the understanding. And it pervades not only the low vale of humble minds, but shrouds with impenetrable darkness the summits of the loftiest intellects.

Under the forms of atheism, infidelity and heresy, skepticism assumes a terrific aspect. It takes away the fear of God, cuts off accountability and eternity from the soul; puts out the hope of immortality —consigns man to the grave of oblivion, and locks up his existence in eternal sleep. It unspiritualizes the soul—lets in upon it a deluge of materialism. It sweeps away every vestige of civil government, and permits men to run reckless of law. It extinguishes the light that beams from the Bible,—dries up the fountain of the social affections, and pollutes with its poison the cup of domestic bliss. It completely unsystematizes the whole course of things, and introduces universal chaos.

In its application to civil government its effects are more clearly seen. The fear of the Supreme Being lies at the foundation of every successful form of human government. It is the corner stone in the

temple of liberty—one of the pillars upon which it rests. Strike from the minds of men the belief in the existence and overruling power of the Supreme Being, and there is no possibility of sustaining civil authority. No republican form of government can exist for a day, when this belief is once blotted out. The history of ancient republics affords clear evidence of this truth. The founders and rulers of Greece and Rome, in order to the establishment and the permanency of their civil institutions, found it necessary to introduce a system of religious belief in the existence and controlling agency of a divine mind. They took care that the people were instructed as to the existence of such a being, that they might learn to fear his power. And whether they believed in this system themselves or not, in its relations to civil government they understood its importance. They knew what were the elements of the human mind—that it was impossible to restrain the perverseness and lawlessness of men, without appealing to a higher than human power. They knew, that the fear of the gods was necessary to strengthen the sinews, to temper and harden the iron hand of law, before it could be stretched forth and laid upon the turbulent passions and "boiling wrath" of men. And it was under the influence of this belief and fear, that Greece and Rome were able to thrust themselves up to a proud eminence above the level of the surrounding nations;—to plant their academic groves—to build their temples—erect their altars, and burn incense to liberty. And their glory did

not depart nor their splendor become extinguished, nor did they fall from the high eminence they had attained, till the philosophy of Epicurus begun to pervade the public mind. It was not till Epicurean atheism had sapped the foundations of virtue and morality, that they experienced a political earthquake, that sunk them in the grave of despotism. And in a modern nation of theorists, where

"Vice prevailed, and impious men bore sway,"

the effects of skepticism are clearly exhibited. That great nation of skeptics, in their solemn assembly, deliberately voted God out of the world and out of existence. And when they sent forth the proclamation, that there was no God, and that death was an eternal sleep, the tocsin of infidelity rung with loud peals of joy through the whole realm of France; and the people shouted with exultation, as they hailed the ushering in of an atheistic jubilee. But the effect of turning off from human conduct the inspection of the eye of Omniscience was terrific. It was like the uncapping of a volcano, the waking up of its silent thunders—the kindling to a flame its smothered embers, and letting a broad and fiery sheet of desolation roll up and settle down upon the nation.

But skepticism not only removes the fear of the Supreme Being from men, but it seeks openly and avowedly the destruction of human government. It calls it superstition and tyranny. It would take off the restraints that civil authority throws around men —obliterate the distinction between right and wrong,

and give free and unbounded scope to the desires and passions. It would strike down the system of separate property—annihilate the great principle of attraction, that binds together the family circle and human society. It would herd men together like cattle, and send them forth, day by day, into one common pasture, to feed upon the dried husks and withered shrubbery of nature. It would quench the kindlings of maternal affection,—remove helpless infancy away from parental love, and commit it to the cold embrace of a selected few, whose care should be to watch over and protect it, but whose hearts cold as an iceberg would seal up its warm existence with the frosts of death.

Skepticism removes every barrier and imbankment that conscience and religion have thrown up to check and restrain the passions, and permits them to rush with head-long impetuosity down upon the delicate and complicated structure of human society. It cuts the last strand in that cable by which our hopes and safety are moored, and sends us forth upon the broad ocean of uncertainty, to be tossed and driven by the tempests and whirlwinds of passion. In its nature it is opposed to all truth, and would efface every vestige of it from the universe.

*** The foregoing article was written in the spring session of the Author's senior year in college.

REVIEW OF E. O. SMITH'S POEMS.

THE POETICAL WRITINGS OF MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH. New York, J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, 1845, pp. 204, 18mo. Edited by RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

This is the first of anything like a complete edition of Mrs. Smith's poetical writings. And this is by no means a complete edition of them. The 'Sinless Child and other Poems' were first published in 1842, and met with a very favorable reception. The public have become somewhat acquainted with her writings in this way, and also through the various magazines. A more complete collection of her writings has been felt for sometime, by many, to be a desideratum. They are now given to the public in an elegant form. The typographical execution does honor to the publishers.

The work consists of 'The Sinless Child,' Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems. 'The Sinless Child,' we perceive, has been re-written and much improved since it was published in 1842. This poem has been deservedly admired by all who have read it. Eva, the sinless child, is 'a simple cottage maiden, given to the world in the widowhood of one

parent, and the angelic existence of the other, like a bud developed amid the sad, sweet sunshine of autumn, when its sister flowers are all sleeping, and is found from her birth to be as gentle as are those pale flowers that look imploringly upon us, blooming as they do apart from the season destined for their existence, and when those that should hold tender companionship with them have ceased to be. She is gifted with the power of interpreting the beautiful mysteries of our earth. The delicate penciling traced upon the petals of the flowers, she finds full of gentle wisdom, as well as beauty. The song of the bird is not merely the gushing forth of a nature too full of blessedness to be silent, but she finds it responsive to the great harp of the universe, whose every tone is wisdom and goodness. She sees the world, not merely with mortal eyes, but looks within to the pure internal life, of which the outward is but a type.'—p. 17.

All lowly and familiar things
In earth, or air, or sky
A lesson brought to Eva's mind
Of import deep and high;
She learned from blossom in the wild,
From bird upon the wing,
From silence and the midnight stars,
Truth dwells in every thing.'—p. 25.

This poem cannot fail to have an elevating effect upon those who read it. The reader feels he is breathing in a heavenly atmosphere—that there is a blessedness in being "pure in heart"—and that to

such alone it is given to see God in every thing. He is also convinced that *intellectual* greatness is not the highest elevation of his nature. There may be much of happiness in the workings of a highly cultivated intellect; but he, who stops at that point, stops far short of the true end of existence. There is a higher life, which he has not begun to live. There is a purer blessedness he has not felt,—blissful bowers he has not visited,—rose gardens whose fragrant air he has never breathed, pearly islands where he has never dwelt. The highest bliss is given only to those who are sinless. The intellectual man may heap together his stores of knowledge, and hope to find it there. But he finds it not. He is as wretched as the famishing miser with nothing but his bags of gold, starving in the midst of wealth. Every one, who is convinced of this point, will also be convinced in reading this poem, that something more than mere imagination or intellect was necessary to compose it. The pure, cool, refreshing stream from which he drinks, tells him of the purity of *the fountain*. There are peculiar states of mind, which, to describe, one must have experienced. There are feelings given to the "pure in heart," which language fails to express. They dwell veiled within the soul, uttered not, and comprehended only by those who have "waked the better soul" within. For

> "He who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
> Though all around is beautiful."

The better thoughts and feelings never get uttered.

The author of this poem evidently felt this, and has beautifully expressed it in her inscription to 'The Sinless Child.'

'Alas! for I have failed, methinks, thy mystic life to trace,
Thy holiness of thought and soul, thy wild, enchanting grace.
Thou dwellest still within my heart, thy beauty all unsung;
Like bells that wake the village ear, by echo sweeter rung;
And, as thy graces one by one, upon my fancy steal,
There lingereth yet another grace the *soul alone can feel.*'—p. 16.

There are quite a number of other Poems and Sonnets in this volume. 'The Acorn' is a popular poem, admired for its finish and play of fancy, and still more for its sentiment, by those who penetrate its meaning. 'The April Rain,' 'The Brook,' (one of our Maine brooks) and 'The Drowned Mariner,' every one will delight to read. Mrs. Smith has written admirable sonnets. But we think it will take some time to make the sonnets admired by American readers. It requires more of penetration and delicate taste than is usually met with, to appreciate a sonnet. Those who like them will be pleased with those found in this volume. We might point to many other pieces of much beauty in this volume, had we space. But we will simply remark upon some of the prominent characteristics brought out in the writings of Mrs. Smith.

The first is a keen perception of *the beautiful.* Blended with this is a nice perception of *the delicate.* There is also a strong sympathy with *the loveliness* that dwells in natural objects, ever beckoning the soul to a sweet communion. She sees beauty and

loveliness not only in the fleecy cloud and starry diadem of night, but in the lowly dell, the butterfly on golden wings—in the 'rocking branch,'

> —'And the ripples bright,
> As down the stream they go;
> The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
> And dark and wet below.'—p. 71.

She points us to a thousand beauties, sparkling all around us, which we never thought of before.

Another thing is purity and elevation of thought. Sometimes there is much strength of thought, often much sublimity. There is always, however, in her poetical writings, the truly *feminine*. We do not forget that she is a woman, and has a woman's heart filled with the love of the pure, the elevating. We like this feature. It adorns, it graces. Yet Mrs. Smith has shown in her prose writings that she can put forth a masculine, sinewy strength in grappling with argument. She is no stranger in the schools of philosophy, and has as great a taste for metaphysics as for poetry.

We will specify one other feature in her writings, and that is, the use she makes of the *Saxon* element of our tongue. Almost every word is Saxon. We deem her fortunate in this. The Saxon element is the best element. It is rich, flexible, strong. There is a clearness in it, that is adapted to metaphysics; the philosopher who uses it will not swim in muddy waters. It has also strength, which can clothe the orator with power. Mrs. Smith has shown that it is also capable of bringing out the most delicate beau-

ties of poetry as well as the purest hues of the soul. We feel proud of the Saxon tongue, as we turn over the pages of this volume. Our wonder is, that our poets can be willing to use any other. It sounds as sweetly in song, as the delicate notes of the guitar, and the melody of the harp. Our ear may be sadly out of tune; be it so. We are not sorry. We will only ask, when you sing to us, sing to us in the Saxon melody.

Mrs. Smith has been placed by some at the head of the female poetic writers of our country. Those who read her writings, will not be disposed probably, to deny to her that position. Should her life be spared, we may yet expect much from her pen, that shall adorn American genius. This volume proves, that some of the most delicate flowers of genius may be found on this side of the Atlantic, and can bud and blossom even in the cold regions of Maine.

Mrs. Smith is a native of our own State. She has sailed along our craggy shores, and breathed our mountain air,—admired our glassy lakes and visited our beautiful bays. It is not wonderful then, that she possesses a fortitude that sustains her amid a sea of troubles. A native of Maine never thinks of yielding to difficulties, but meets and moves through them with the ease and calmness, with which the storm-bird encounters the tempest.

To those who have read the writings of our author, we need not recommend this volume. They will very soon obtain it. But to those who have not

seen her writings, we would say, purchase this volume—you will not regret it. You will be better for having read it. A heavenly dew silently falls on the spirit as you read.

HAUSEN HERRLINGKEIT.

Bangor, August 20, 1845.

THOUGHTS ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST NOT AN IMPOSSIBILITY, NOT IRRATIONAL; NOT FALSE BECAUSE IT IS MYSTERIOUS. IT CAN BE BELIEVED, AND BE REVEALED.

By the divinity of Christ, I mean, that Christ possesses a nature similar to that of God, embracing in it all the attributes of God, so that whatever can be predicated of the existence and nature of God, can with equal truth be predicated of the existence and nature of Christ.

The divinity of Christ, as thus stated, is either *true* or *false*. If it is false, then it is so for some one, or all of the following reasons.

I. Because it is impossible for Christ to possess the nature and attributes of God. This impossibility arises necessarily from the nature of God. He is the uncaused first cause of all things. His nature is a perfect unity. As it respects his natural and moral attributes, his nature is *sui generis*. His *unity* cannot be broken up, and divided. His omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence, independence, wisdom, and immutability cannot be shared with another. Could this be done, whatever con-

stitutes Him God would depart from Him, and He would cease to be God. Hence arises the utter impossibility of the possession of these attributes by Christ, a distinct person, and thus the impossibility of his divinity.

In reply to this objection it may be said, (1), that if we grant that all these attributes belong to God, and that the very nature of them forbids their being imparted to another, yet the fact of the existence of these and other divine attributes and the *impossibility* of their communicability, proves nothing as to the *mode* of their existence. We may demonstrate the existence and the *degree* of benevolence in the Divine Mind, but cannot thereby demonstrate the *manner* in which it exists and is exercised. We may do the same in relation to any other attribute of God. We may take, for instance, his *unity* or *oneness*. We can show that it exists,—that it exists *necessarily*, and that it exists *perfectly*; and yet, when we have done this, we have not shown the *manner* in which this *oneness* exists and is exhibited, nor have we demonstrated that it must *necessarily* exist in *only one* mode, and that it is utterly impossible, that it should exist and be exhibited in any other. And since the bare existence of the divine unity and other attributes, proves nothing as to their *mode* of existence, it is not impossible, that they may, as one mode of their existence, dwell fully in Christ and constitute his nature.

It may be replied, (2,) that since the impossibility

in the case supposed, does not arise from the *mode of the existence* of the divine attributes, neither does it arise from the *knowledge of the mode* of the divine existence. To understand perfectly all the attributes of the Deity, and the *mode* of their existence and exercise, is to comprehend God perfectly; that is, for *the finite* to comprehend perfectly *the Infinite;* which is as impossible as it is for a part of a thing to become the whole. No one, then, can say with any truth, that it is *impossible* for Christ to possess the divine attributes, because he knows the *modes* of God's existence; for he does not know them, nor is it possible that he should, unless it is possible for a part of a thing to become the whole. Since, therefore, no knowledge of the *modes* of the divine existence can enable any one to say that it is impossible for Christ to be divine, it follows, that it is *not* impossible that Christ *should* be divine.

But we remark again, (3), that since no impossibility, in the case supposed, can arise either from the existence or the mode of the existence of certain attributes in the Divine Mind, that, therefore, the possession on the part of Christ of these attributes, is altogether *possible.* For the impossibility can only arise from the existence or the mode of the existence of these attributes, and as neither of them renders the divine nature of Christ impossible, it follows that his divine nature is possible. For what is not *impossible* is certainly *possible.*

II. If the divinity of Christ is a false doctrine, it is so because it is irrational.

In answer to this, it may be said that if this doctrine is irrational, it is so because it implies a *contradiction*, is contrary to *universal experience* and contradicts our *moral sense*. In the first place, is it a contradiction? It is not within the power of the mind to believe a contradiction to be true. That two parallel lines diverge, or a half of a thing is equal to the whole, or that one and two are equal to five, involves a contradiction. As soon as understood they appear irrational, and are so. If, then, the divinity of Christ means that he is one person, and God another person, and yet these two persons make one person, it is a plain contradiction or absurdity, and it is as utterly impossible for the human mind to believe it, as it is to believe that a whole is much less than a part, or that two and two make twenty seven. If such were the doctrine, it would be so *irrational*, that no arguments whatever could render it true or rational. But if the divinity of Christ implies that there is but one God, and yet three persons, of which Christ is one, and that these three divine persons are one God; then no one can perceive a contradiction, or any thing irrational in the divinity of Christ. We cannot form a clear conception of *three* distinct persons constituting but *one* person, because this is contrary to reason; but we can form a distinct idea of God as one person, of Christ as another, and if we may suppose, *being* may, in respect to the Deity, signify something different from person, then we can easily conceive of

God as but one being, existing as two or three divine persons. There is nothing in this absurd or contrary to reason. "There may be, for aught we know, an incomprehensible something in the one self-existent Being, which lays a proper foundation for his existing" as three persons. This doctrine of Christ's divinity, therefore, is not irrational, because that it implies a contradiction; for there is no contradiction. If it is irrational, then, it must be, (2) because it is contrary to *universal experience*, that is, contrary to the laws and operations of nature. But the laws and operations of nature are known to have an *existence* only by *experience*. Some laws in nature may have an *existence* although wholly unknown; and they may remain *unknown*, because they have never been *experienced*. But if we have actually *experienced* a thing, then any thing which contradicts that experience, is incredible, and therefore irrational. As for instance, that ice will always burn, or that the sun produces darkness—these are incredible, being contrary to experience; therefore irrational. But neither we, nor any of the rest of mankind, have had *experience* of the mode of the existence of angels; we cannot, therefore, say that it is contrary to reason that they should exist in one way, rather than in another. Much less have we had *experience* of the *mode of God's* existence, and therefore, we cannot say, whether He exists in one particular way or in another. If He should exist in a thousand different modes, it would not con-

tradict our experience or that of our race. Therefore, there is nothing in the *universal experience* that renders the divinity of Christ contrary to reason. If then, it is irrational, it must be, (3), because it contradicts our *moral sense*. If it contradicts our moral sense, it must be because there is something in the divinity of Christ, that is morally wrong—that transgresses the great rule of moral rectitude written upon our hearts. But it is difficult to see any thing contrary to the rule of moral rectitude in such a mode of God's existence as implies the divinity of Christ. It no more violates the great law of moral rectitude, than our existing in the possession of body and soul is a violation of it. It is no more a violation of it, than it is for an apple to assume the form of a circle rather than that of a triangle. Hence there is nothing in the moral sense of any being that renders the divinity of Christ irrational, or contrary to reason.

If the divinity of Christ is not impossible, is not irrational, is not contrary to *universal experience*, or contradictory to the *moral sense* of beings; then the falsity of it must arise,

III. From its mysteriousness.

But in answer to this, it may be said, in the first place, that the mere fact that a thing is *mysterious* proves nothing as to its falsity. A thing or event is mysterious, when the cause of its existence or mode of existence is *unknown*. If, then, the mere fact, that the mode of Christ's divine existence is unknown or mysterious, proves his divinity to be

false; then the mode of God's existence as the uncaused first cause, being mysterious or unknown, proves that He does not exist. We do not know the mode of the connection between our minds and bodies—it is mysterious; but if the mysteriousness of a thing proves it to be false, then, there is, in fact, no connection between body and soul, and the universal belief on the subject is the result of mere delusion.

We remark, in the second place, that so far is the mysteriousness of Christ's divinity from proving it false, that it renders the truth of it altogether probable. For (1) it is altogether according to the common course of events in the natural world. And (2) it is according to the common course of events in the moral world. And (3) it is highly necessary to the moral discipline of beings. And (4) it is absolutely necessary from the nature of God and the relations of other beings to Him. For it is impossible that a creature—a finite being—should comprehend the infinite Creator. God's existence as to its cause and mode is a mystery, and will always remain so; for the simple reason, that no creature has the powers of mind, which will enable him to know the cause and mode of his existence. If then the mysteriousness of Christ's divinity does not prove that it is false, then it is false,

IV. Because it cannot be believed. The divinity of Christ can not be comprehended; the human mind

cannot believe what it cannot comprehend; therefore, it cannot believe the divinity of Christ. And since the mind can believe what is true, but cannot believe the divinity of Christ, therefore, the divinity of Christ is false.

In answer to this, we remark, in the first place, that although no mind can believe what it does not comprehend; yet it may and does believe in the *existence* of incomprehensible things. It believes in the *existence* of duration, of immensity, of infinity, of immortality and of a first cause of things; but these are things incomprehensible. The mind has a clear perception of *the existence* of these facts, and therefore believes them, though the facts themselves are incomprehensible. So the mind can believe the *existence* of the divine nature of Christ, while it is unable to comprehend the *mode* of that existence. The fact that Christ does thus exist is what the mind can believe;—*how* He thus exists, it does not and cannot understand.

We remark, in the second place, that if we cannot believe in the *existence* of a thing unless we comprehend perfectly that thing itself, then we cannot believe in the *existence* of ourselves; for we do not comprehend perfectly either our material or spiritual nature—much less the union of the two. For the same reason, we cannot believe any thing whatever; for there is no fact, event, or thing in the universe, that we fully comprehend. The divinity of Christ then, is not false because it cannot be be-

lieved. If therefore, the doctrine is false, it must be so,

V. Because it cannot be revealed.

In reply to this, it may be said, that if the doctrine is possible, as has been shown, and is not contrary to reason, as has been proved, and is not false because it is mysterious, and can be believed, then the impossibility of its being revealed does not arise from either of these causes. Therefore the impossibility of its being revealed must arise either from the inadequacy of human language to convey such a revelation, or from the inability on the part of God to make a revelation of it. In relation to the first of these, we remark that although human language cannot convey a revelation of the mode of the divinity of Christ; yet it can convey or express *the fact* of his divine existence, as much as it can express the fact of the existence of any other being or thing. And even if language should fail entirely to convey a revelation of Christ's divine nature, yet it can be revealed without it. Christ himself stood forth in our world the complete revelation of it. He was "the brightness of God's glory—the image of his essence." Although his verbal testimony could not make a revelation of Him, yet works evidently could, and did do it.

As to the inability of God to make a revelation of this kind, it must have been either of a physical or of a moral nature. It appears from the foregoing statement, that it could not have been of a physical character; and since the doctrine is altogether a

possible one and does not contradict reason, universal experience and the moral sense of men, the inability on the part of God could not have been of a moral nature—and since there was neither a physical nor a moral inability on the part of God, that could prevent Him from making such a revelation, then, there was no inability at all on his part. Therefore a revelation of the true divinity of Christ was altogether possible.

*** The preceding article was written as *preparatory* to the presenting of the Scriptural argument for the divinity of Christ.

THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

For it is not a flower, whose scent with the dropping leaves expires,
And it is not a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires.
Mrs. Hemans.

The mind of man filled with a consciousness of its existence, and rejoicing in the possession of its mighty powers, has ever burned with the desire of immortality. Whenever the thought of annihilation has flashed across the soul, it has started back with horror, and with deep solicitude put the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Every age has borne witness to the anxiety, that men have felt, in respect to this important question, and the diligence they have manifested in tasking their energies to the uttermost to solve it. The philosophers of Greece

and Rome took up the inquiry with all that interest the question naturally inspires. Their gigantic intellects were brought to this herculean task. But it proved too mighty for them. Surrounded by the midnight darkness of heathenism, whatever direction they took, they soon found themselves foundering amid the bogs of materialism, or bound fast in the coils of superstition and their own sophistry. They struggled nobly to extricate themselves,—but it was a giant's strength, expended in vain. Reason indeed occasionally shot a ray of light through the surrounding darkness, and they caught a glimpse of the path they should take. But these glimmerings were too feeble to afford any real aid. To most they but rendered the darkness more fearful. If any fortunately gained the true path, and the light, as they travelled on, grew brighter and brighter; it was only to reap the greater disappointment of finally seeing its glories extinguished by the damp exhalations, that rose from the grave. In life they cherished the instinctive longings of the soul for immortality, and reason threw around them the pleasing reality of its truth: but when they approached the grave, the clouds of uncertainty gathered fast and thick about it. The light of reason could not penetrate the shadowy future; and they descended with many fears into the cold and gloomy chambers of the tomb.

And this gloom continued to hang over the mouth of the sepulchre, till Christianity, like an angel of mercy, descended and took her stand by its side. "She kindled a torch, which irradiated the valley of

the shadow of death—threw a radiance into the world beyond, and revealed it peopled with the spirits of the departed." So that whoever now firmly believes the teachings of the Gospel, may rest assured that, "if a man die, he *shall* live again." He has this hope as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast.

The soul of man has a strong confidence of its future existence, arising from the necessity of immortality to the full development of its powers.

It would explore nature in her most hidden recesses—visit her in her most retired apartments. And then its thoughts would turn to the study of the human race—the phenomena and laws of the mind. But, in all these efforts its energies would not be fully developed, nor its desires for knowledge satisfied. It would feel, that it had just begun to learn its own powers, and to make discoveries in the world of existence. It would look up to those bright orbs above it, that continually roll in their silent glory, and long to burst its clayey tenement, and wing its unobstructed flight in search of new and more glorious objects of thought. It would explore the boundaries of the universe—visit the most distant star, that shines on the farthest bounds of creation—learn its history—the character and customs of its inhabitants—their employments and laws. And, then, when no further discoveries could be made, stationed thus upon the very limits of creation, it would look off upon the interminable space beyond, vainly endeavoring to grasp the idea of the infinite. * * *

THE EFFECTIVE UTTERANCE OF TRUTH.

The great object of the preacher is to impress the understanding and the heart. The instrument, with which he is to do it, is the truth. This is the sword of the Spirit, taken from the armory of Heaven, pointed and edged. The preacher's success will depend upon the *manner*, in which he uses this instrument. He must have strength and skill. For truth, like edged tools in the hands of children, is a very dangerous article for some minds to meddle with. We are kept, either in constant fear lest they perform a fatal amputation upon themselves, or in pain to see so excellent a weapon used in so bungling a manner. Truth may be used in splitting hairs; but its more appropriate work is the breaking of bones, the dividing asunder of joints and marrow. It is an instrument for killing giants, for cutting off the heads of Anakims. It is so heavy, that many have not strength enough to wield it. They stagger beneath its weight. Hercules' club is too ponderous a weapon for such striplings. They had better not attempt to carry it. Let them, as a champion of truth has well remarked, "wait till they have attained to six cubits and a span, before they meddle with

Saul's armor, or venture to make the staff of their spear of a weaver's beam."

In order to do execution, the preacher should utter the truth with *clearness*. In its nature truth is *impulsive*. But it loses its impulsive power, just in proportion to its obscurity. To convince the understanding, and move the heart, there must be clearness of thought, of arrangement, and diction. The truth must lie clearly in the preacher's mind; otherwise darkness will be engendered in every sentence. He must know *what* to say, and *how* to say it. Deep, solid thinking will give him the ability to mould thought, to forge it into strong and massive links of logic. It makes him clear-headed. His mind becomes a transparent lens, gathers the scattered rays that fall upon it, and throws them with concentrated intensity upon the understanding and the heart. Sound, clear thinking will keep him from wandering off into "the dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss" of mysticism, that nursery of

> "All monstrous, all prodigious things,
> Abominable, unutterable, and worse
> Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived."

It operates upon the mind as a proper gravitating power, ever attracting it to the world of common sense. *Clear thinking* keeps the preacher from making those brilliant balloon ascensions, that so much attract the admiring gaze of the multitude, while they forget, that the *sole cause* of its rapid and lofty flight is its *extreme lightness*.

"Wisdom is always nearer when we *stoop*
Than when we *soar*."

Clear thinking also gives a lucid arrangement. Thought after thought breaks in upon the mind, like the rising light of morning, steady, glowing, fervid. The preacher walks directly forward toward his object. There is no turning aside to botanize. He makes *no butterfly excursions*.

There should be clearness of expression. Words should be well chosen—not too abundant. Truth never appears to advantage buried beneath a ponderous verbiage. Let it be freed from this weight, and step forth in its own stateliness with an easy, natural dress, though coarse and homely. If the preacher wishes *to warm* the heart, the light should not struggle through a *forest of words*. Where there is a multiplicity of words, or obscurity of diction, there will be *no melting process* in the icy regions of the heart. Words should never be so cumbersome, that the thoughts break down beneath their weight. They should be but wings to thought. In the use of them, there should be a transparency, that leaves the object clear to the apprehension. The better the conducting medium, the more effective is the truth. That preacher does wisely, who, in getting truth into the mind, acts upon the mathematical principle, that the shortest distance between two points is a *straight line*.

Vividness should be added. Vividness is the bright scintillations thrown off from a laboring, heat-

ed mind. There may be clearness *without* vividness. Clearness relates to the understanding; vividness to the imagination. Clearness shines in the sunbeam; vividness flashes in the lightning. Vividness is *arresting*. It will oftentimes flare in upon the mind, even though the eye-lids of the understanding are obstinately closed. It wakes up the leaden, dronish spirit. The preacher's mind, filled with the truth, is a well charged electric battery, that gives to those in contact with it a rousing, startling sensation. Vividness gives a glow to the truth, so that it becomes not only a hammer, but a fire, which together break the rock in pieces. It takes hold of the imagination, sets this magazine of the soul in a blaze. The imagination has an amazing power over the mind. The passions and inclinations yield to it, the reason surrenders itself a willing captive. It causes the truth to gravitate towards the heart, giving to it an accelerated movement. The emotions are excited—the desires kindle—the heart melts.

Vividness imparts to the truth a freshness—causes it to stand before the mind in its commanding, arresting greatness. It deals in illustrations, often of a bold and stirring character, so that the hearer sometimes feel beneath him "the firm earth rock"—he sees the heavens gather blackness—hears the wild winds rend the vexed air,—the thunders muttering their rage,—and as he beholds the tempest rolling all its fury upon his guilty head, his soul quakes with fear.

To render the truth effective, it should be uttered with boldness. There is here too often a point of failure. Many present the truth with a great deal of tameness. There is an apparent want of confidence in the truth. The manner of such a preacher is full of timidity. He seems, as Robert Hall remarked of a certain man, "to beg pardon of all flesh for being in this world." He fears he shall do some mischief. He is careful never to assert things *too strongly*.

> "He would not with peremptory tone,"
> Assert the nose upon his face his own,
> With hesitation, admirably slow,
> He humbly hopes, presumes, it may be so."

Truth is a weapon he would use with *great caution*. He is afraid of a sledge, lest some one's brains may be dashed out by it. Such timidity is altogether unworthy of the truth. It weakens its power. For its efficiency depends very much upon its being uttered with an honest boldness. Men are influenced by the exhibition of boldness. They are so constituted, that they yield a belief, temporary at least, and more or less strong, when objects are presented in this manner. Men suppose there must be some *truth* connected with it, as a matter of course. It is taken for granted, that he, who has the truth, may with propriety utter it boldly. No one blames him for doing so. Boldness is the inseparable complement of the truth. The truth begets it. Hence it is, that so many are taken captive by the latter, when unaccompanied by the former. Let the preacher in uttering the great

truths of the Bible, reason like Paul, and Felix will tremble. The quietude of the feelings will be disturbed—the calm ocean within will begin to heave, and boil even with violent agitation. The truth thus becomes *impulsive.* It is no longer the brilliant rainbow—something bright and beautiful to be gazed at, admired, and philosophized about; but like the lightning, it flashes, scathes, silences. Born in the skies, in its descent and effects, it shows it divinity.

The great doctrines of the Bible boldly uttered, as *stern, stubborn facts,* will always be effective upon wicked men. It blasts their hopes of Heaven. It cuts the careless sinner from his moorings, and sets him adrift upon dark and perilous waters. Men hardened in sin tremble, when they find this element of boldness in the preacher. The barren mountain, that has remained for ages unaffected by the rain and dews of heaven, rocks and is riven by the earthquake shock. Truth thus fearlessly uttered rakes open the smothered embers of depravity in the heart, so that sometimes it sends forth the black smoke and lurid flames of the pit. It will destroy men's peace, stir up their venom—drive them mad—send them away howling with rage. For, when did there ever a bold stroke fall upon the bulwarks of darkness, that did not cause gnashing of teeth?

Boldness gives directness. The truth has a point as well as an edge. The effective preacher will keep the point directed at the heart, and have nerve enough to thrust it home. The truths we most need

are those we hate most. The truth appears a beautiful weapon brandished in the glittering sunlight; but when its point is directed towards ourselves, it seems anything but interesting. To have it murderously thrust through us appears a little inhuman. Men care but little how learnedly or how eloquently the preacher talks, if he does not direct his arrows at them. When he does, they are fearful lest some joint in their armor may admit the deadly weapon to their vitals. They can look on with calmness, and perhaps with some pleasure, while Samuel hews Agag in pieces; but to be themselves hewn in pieces is not so agreeable. Many think it hard to be treated so uncivilly. They would rather the preacher would speak in more general terms—talk of truth in the abstract. It is easy to preach so as never to distress or offend men. There is a kind of preaching, that produces no quarrelling, and no repentance. It helps men comfortably down to the flames of Hell. But if the preacher would be faithful, he must like Jeremiah be *pointed*, though it shut him up in a dungeon. He must individualize his hearers,—hold the mind to the truth, till the conscience *blisters*; crowd and press heavily upon them the weight of their responsibilities,

> "Fearless of men and devils; unabashed
> By sin enthroned, or mockery of the great;
> unseduced
> By offered bribes, and mindful still of his
> Great charge, and vast responsibility;
> High in the temple of the living God
> He must stand, amidst the people and declare
> Aloud the *truth*—the whole revealed truth,
> And for his trust answer at the day
> Of Judgment."

I am the bread of life: He that cometh to me, shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. Jesus.

What remarkable words for a poor frail mortal like myself to utter! Can a mere man have the presumption to feed my deathless spirit through time and eternity? Can Paul forever impart knowledge to my soul? Can Newton with all his powers of mind always be able to teach all that I wish to know? By a humble perseverance I can in a few years climb far above the heights where he once stood. Nay, I hope to stand where Gabriel now stands, and from his highest flight to soar still higher. Can any created being always meet the wants of my soul, when in its immortal vigor it has grown up to Gabriel's stature —has a seraph's ardor and a seraph's love? What being, then, is this, that proposes to feed my soul, till its desires are all met? I am capable of infinite progression in knowledge—in bliss—and the possession of one series of the ascent toward the infinitely Perfect, only awakens a new desire to ascend still higher. I am capable of venerating and worshipping with more than a seraph's fervor; whom shall I worship, till this need of my soul is satisfied? Shall he be a man, an angel or any created being? The soul, in its upward aspirations, asks, is there not a higher? What creature dares present himself to our world as an eternal inheritance? Who could insult my own being more? Who could dishonor my Maker more? Can it be, that the spotless Jesus, the friend of God and man, should say to me, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me, shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me, shall never thirst, unless He is indeed the *living God*? the eternal Jehovah? the soul's everlasting portion? If He can fill the utmost yearnings of my soul, then, is He my God. I will worship Him as my Maker, and no power shall steal the boon of blessedness from my bosom.

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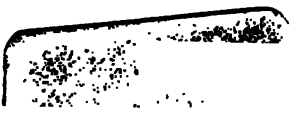

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